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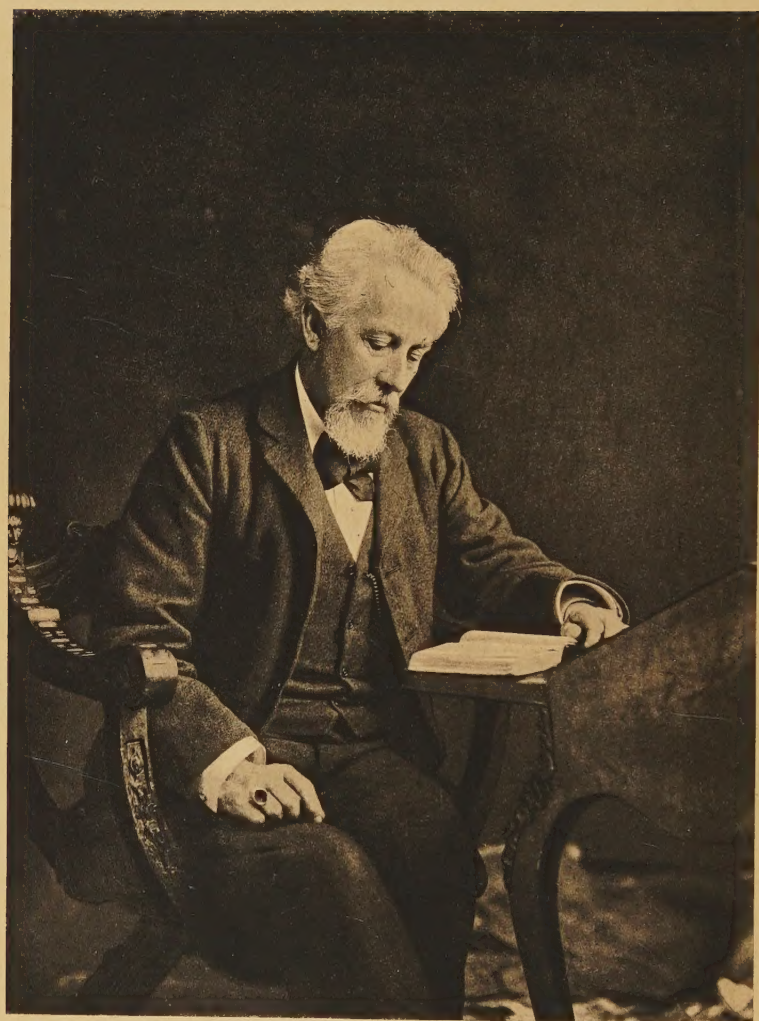
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THE BOOK OF LITERATURE

A Comprehensive Anthology

OF THE BEST LITERATURE, ANCIENT, MEDIÆVAL AND MODERN

WITH BIOGRAPHICAL AND EXPLANATORY NOTES

EDITED BY

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CHARACTERISTICS OF ELIZABETHAN LITERATURE

BY PROFESSOR DOWDEN

WHEN we name the Elizabethan period of English literature, our imagination runs forward to include those years of the reign of James I. during which the chief formative influences in literature were derived from the preceding reign. We hardly think at all of those earlier years which preceded the advent of Spenser. We grasp at results, and are unjust and ungrateful to a laborious generation, without whose toil those results could never have been attained. If we view the whole tract of time from the accession of Elizabeth to the death of King James as a single epoch, memorable for the erection of great structures of thought and imagination, having a distinctive style and character of their own, we may divide that epoch into three periods, which I would name the Foundations, the Culmination, and last, the Decline and Dissolution. The Decline came gradually and almost imperceptibly; if we date its commencement from the year in which Shakespeare ceased to write, this is only a date of convenience, not of historical precision. But we are fortunate in being able to say exactly when the Foundations were fully laid. During twenty years faithful workmen were hewing the materials, and making the substructure firm. In 1579 the work rose to view; in that year was published the first part of Lyly's *Euphues*, which presented in a popular form the new ideals of culture, of manners, of education; at the same moment appeared the greatest of English prose translations, North's *Plutarch*, which held up before Elizabethan heroism a model in the heroism of Greece and Rome; and again in that fortunate year

the future poet of modern chivalry, of English morals, English patriotism, and Italian visions of beauty was discovered in the author of *The Shepherd's Calendar*.

The work of Elizabeth's earlier years consisted chiefly in the reconstruction of order in Church and State. Dangers from France, dangers from Spain, dangers from Scotland were met or were skilfully warded off. By a series of opportune compromises an ecclesiastical settlement was effected, and the Protestantism of the English nation was secured. Social discontents were allayed; commerce and manufacture flourished, and the desire for new and splendid pleasures followed the increase of wealth. Around a great monarchy gathered great courtiers; and as a banner becomes the rallying-point and centre of enthusiasm for an armed host, so Elizabeth, the truest representative of the people, was uplifted by the hearts and imaginations of her subjects into an emblem of the national unity and the national pride.

The literary work of the period, which I name the Foundations, was in the main that of finding and bringing the materials, and of placing them in order. At the same time, workmen were receiving some training in the processes of art, though as yet their efforts were the tentative endeavours of unskilled hands, and they made those false starts which often precede, and often must precede, ultimate success. The materials were in part historical. With the sense that England was a nation, at one with herself, and holding her own among the powers of Europe, came an awakened interest in the story of her past. The printer Grafton, having retired from his labours at the press, redacted, in a business-like manner rather than a scholarly, the chronicles of England. His rival Stow, who held Grafton in scorn, collected documents, transcribed manuscripts, proved his reverence for our elder poetry by an edition of Chaucer, and, pursuing his antiquarian studies with a zeal which poverty could not diminish, compiled the most faithful of sixteenth-century annals. Foxe, in the spirit which the Marian persecutions had inevitably aroused, recorded the sufferings and the heroisms of the martyrs; dedications to Jesus Christ, and to His servant the Queen of England, are prefixed to the first edition

of his *Actes and Monuments*. Holinshed was unawares laying the bases of the chronicle plays of Shakespeare. Already Camden, encouraged by his fellow-student, Philip Sidney, was gathering that body of knowledge which makes his *Britannia* even still a substantial gift to students. Archbishop Parker, the patron of both Stow and Grafton, found time, amid the duties of the primacy, to save from destruction or loss inestimable treasures of the past, scattered from monastic libraries, and to compile a learned folio on English ecclesiastical history and biography. Even poetry looked to English history for its support and sustenance. That large and ever-expanding series of tragic narratives, *A Mirror for Magistrates*, the co-operative labour of a generation, is an encyclopædia of national history in verse. *Gorboduc*, the first regular tragedy, renders into dramatic form matter which, though not authentic history, was a fragment of the legend of ancient Britain.

But the England of Elizabeth, because it was patriotic in the best sense of the word, was also cosmopolitan. It is a timid spirit of nationality which fears to accept the gifts of other lands. The builders brought material from the Greece and Rome of classical antiquity, and from modern Italy, from France, from Spain. Shakespeare as a boy may have read Ovid in the original; he certainly was acquainted with the *Metamorphoses* in Arthur Golding's translation. The first tragedy in which Shakespeare brought terror into alliance with beauty is founded on Arthur Brooke's rehandling of Bandello's story of Romeo and Juliet as given in a French version. Painter's great collection of tales, chiefly from Italian sources, *The Palace of Pleasure*, became a store-house for the use of dramatists in search of plots or incidents. Without the work of the earlier years of Elizabeth's reign, the work of the later and greater years could never have been accomplished. It taught the Elizabethan imagination to explore the past and to fare forth in the modern world on courageous adventure; it created a demand for the colour and warmth and passion of the south; it sent the poets abroad as gallant freebooters to ravage foreign shores and bring home their treasures.

And at the same time there was at least a tuning of the instru-

ments preparatory to the great symphony. It may seem as if little progress in the harmony of verse was made since the publication of Wyatt's and Surrey's poems in *Tottel's Miscellany*; and in truth no poet during the interval between the appearance of that volume and the appearance of *The Shepherd's Calendar* was in a high sense an inventor of harmony. But it was necessary that the old forms should be worn out, and that unsuccessful experiments should be made before such nobler forms as the Spenserian stanza or the blank verse of Marlowe's *Doctor Faustus* could be created. George Gascoigne never quite succeeded in anything, but he was versatile in experiment, and opened new avenues for his successors. As he rode from Chelmsford to London, he tells us his brain was beating out the lines of an elegy, but "being overtaken with a dash of rain, I struck over into the *De Profundis*." Five sundry gentlemen desired him to write in verse something worthy to be remembered, and forthwith he compiled five sundry sorts of metre, upon five sundry themes which they delivered to him. Mr. Gosse has connected the outbreak of later Elizabethan song with the growing cultivation of music, and especially of music for the lute. Probably both developments of lyrical feeling had a common cause in the coalescing of sentiment or passion with that imagination, now refined and educated, which lives within the cells of hearing; and song lying close to music, each could render appropriate service to the other.

Imagine a young man of genius arriving at a consciousness of his adult powers in the years immediately after this preparatory work had been achieved. He would sail with wind astern and tide in his favour, and he might achieve much. He would have in him the pride of England without the insular narrowness and prejudice. He would be politically a member of a powerful and haughty nation, while intellectually the citizen of a commonwealth no less than European. Living in the present day, quick as it was with life and action, he would be the inheritor of all the past—the past of his own people, the illustrious past of Greece and Rome. The Renaissance would have brought him an enthusiasm for beauty, and a delight in the tragic, pathetic, and mirthful play of human

passion. The Reformation would have brought him seriousness, a veneration for conscience, and a sense of the sacred purpose of life. The one tradition would prepare him to pursue new avenues of the expanding intellect of man; the other tradition would reinforce his feeling for the abiding truths of the spirit. Hebraism and Hellenism might meet in his consciousness, and encounter there without opposition. Arthur Golding, the translator of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, was also the translator of Calvin's *Sermons*, and no one belonging to the middle party of wisdom and moderation would have thought of commenting upon the fact as strange.

It is true that there was a considerable body of Puritan opinion which anticipated the coming danger, and viewed with more than distrust the new unbridled appetite for pleasure. It is true that among the dramatists there was a small party of revolvers against the doctrine and even the temper of religion. But the higher mind of England held on the middle way, the way of conciliation. And the greatness of Elizabethan literature is in a large measure to be accounted for by the fact that it expressed no fragment of the life and mind of the time, but all the powers of our manhood—the senses, the passions, the intellect, the conscience, the will—co-operating one with another in a harmonious whole. In the period of the Restoration the higher mind of England was directed towards the discoveries of science; the literature of pleasure was dominated by the senses, and wit did brilliant things, but in the service of the senses; pseudo-heroics and overstrained gallantry and honour were poor substitutes for the modesty of right feeling. In the age of Queen Anne, literature was dominated by the understanding, after the violences of the two extreme parties of the nation a reconstruction had been effected, but it was a provisional reconstruction, the result of compromises and good sense, admirable for the uses of the time, but resting on a lower level than that attained in the heroic years which brought the reign of Elizabeth to its close. During the Middle Ages the natural and the supernatural were too often broadly severed, and each made reprisals upon the other; the spirit warred against the flesh, and the flesh against the spirit; some gross *fabliau*, where a priest or monk

beguiles a dotard husband, jostles an ascetic treatise, or the life of a saint decked out with the tinsel of puerile miracles. In the highest examples of Elizabethan literature the senses claim their rights; the *Faerie Queene* is a perpetual feast for the imaginative eye and ear; the uses of the senses are honoured, and their abuses are condemned. The supernatural is found to dwell within the natural; the true miracle is the passion of love in a Cordelia or the malignant craft of an Iago. Genuine heroisms are conceivable, and pseudo-heroics replace these only in the Elizabethan decline. Imaginative reason utters its oracles, which are not at variance with the words of mundane good sense; Shakespeare's Prospero does not discredit for us the prudential wisdom of Shakespeare's Ulysses. The ideal is not, as was that of the age of Swift and Pope and Addison, an ideal of moderation, balance, discretion, but an ideal of humanity developed to the full, attaining its highest points of vision, its highest reaches of passion, and including among its results the intellectual conquest of nature for the service of man.

Was it possible to unite the two streams of tendency, that derived from the Renaissance and that derived from the Reformation? Was not the central idea of the one movement antagonistic to the central idea of the other? Did not the Renaissance proclaim the excellence of the natural man, while the Reformation preached human depravity, and the need of a renewal of man's nature by divine grace? The answer to these questions may partly be found in the facts of history; for one brief period at least, the two streams ran together and made a single current swift and full. A reconciliation of the rival tendencies was attained in Elizabethan literature; afterwards, for a time the streams parted; the tradition of the Reformation, developing to further reforms, belonged in the main to the Puritan party; the tradition of the Renaissance, dwindling from its earlier and higher meanings, belonged in the main to the Cavaliers. Yet such writers as Jeremy Taylor and Donne and Herbert, show that in the Royalist party the serious temper of the religious reform could co-exist with all the learning, the eloquence, the refinement of Renaissance

culture. And, on the other hand, it is a remarkable fact that no loftier conception of a harmonious co-operation of the spirit of religion with the passion for self-development—self-development with a view to public duties—is anywhere to be found than in the writings of the Puritan Milton. Man, he tells us, is fallen; but man was created in the image of God; and it is not by some sudden ingress of divine grace that God's image can now be fully renewed and restored; every art and every science is needed to accomplish that work. Every energy of the intellect, every natural delight of the body, Milton tells us, is pure and sacred. Evil has entered into the world; but virtue is not to be attained by flying from evil into cloistered innocence; let good and evil meet in vigorous conflict; let truth and falsehood grapple. And it was the Puritan Milton who set forth a magnificent conception of the pleasures of England as organised, subsidised, and wisely controlled by an enlightened national government. It is false to assert that a reconciliation between the Renaissance and the Reformation was impossible; it is unquestionably true that the danger of a breach, caused by the extreme parties on either side, was great.

We must remember that the Renaissance influence found entrance into England, not through a literature of licentious pleasure, but in the serious form of the New Learning. Erasmus was erudite, witty, satirical; More was full of a gracious humour, a lover of domestic joys, a lover of all innocent mirth. But these representatives of the early Renaissance in England, and their fellows, were men of serious lives, who aimed at serious ends; they were, indeed, or they strove to be, reformers, reformers in matters social, in morals, in education, and even to some extent in politics. The tradition of the New Learning, its grave temper, its earnest purpose were not wholly lost in the days of Elizabeth; the Renaissance had still with some men an ethical side, and it was felt that a noble humanism included a regard for what is highest in character. On the other hand, the Reformed Church of England had its mundane side; the Queen was vice-gerent of the head of the Church; the bishops held their seats in the great council of the nation; the ecclesiastical ritual was not wanting in an ordered

beauty appealing to the senses or to the "spirit in sense"; a priest might be a husband and the father of a family. The conditions, on the whole, were favourable to the formation of a middle party, serious, and sincerely attached to the reformed faith, and at the same time not averse to learning and culture, not averse to the honest joys of life. The Reformation to some extent was, like the Renaissance, an enfranchisement of reason, an enfranchisement of humanity; and by its appeal to Scripture, and to private judgment, it assuredly quickened the intellect as well as the conscience of men. The Queen, essentially a woman of the Renaissance in her craft, her passions, her versatility, her love of pomp and splendour, was loyal, for political reasons, if for no other, to the teaching of the Reformation; below her sensuality, her fits of temper, her shifting moods, she was eminently rational; she felt deeply the importance of maintaining the unity of the nation's life, and had a genuine hatred of the madness of extremes. And Puritanism as yet was chiefly concerned with details of ceremony; the more deep-seated theological controversies between Arminian high-churchman and Calvinistic Puritan waited for the reign of King James; the alliance of political passions with Puritanism waited for the reign of Charles.

Thus broad-based, Elizabethan literature, in its best and most characteristic work, was naturally broad-minded. The pupil of its great masters will come to think of literature as concerned with life, and with life as a whole. The work of those masters has neither the narrowness of the ascetic, nor the narrowness of the voluptuary. There is a beautiful idealism in art, which ignores the presence of evil in the world, and dreams such celestial dreams as Fra Angelico made radiant in colour. We shall not find such idealism in Shakespeare or even in Spenser. They have their feet planted on the earth, and Elizabethan England was very far removed from the Paradise of the mediæval painter. But it was equally far removed from the world of sots and gallants, and the women who know how to court their own pursuit by rake or gallant, in Restoration comedy.

The great effort of the time may be described as an attempt to

make a conquest of the world of nature and the world of humanity for the service of man. Such an attempt might be essentially Pagan, if "man" and "the service of man" were conceived in the way of the Renaissance, as narrowed in its meanings by the spokesmen of what we may term the extreme left. But to place our great writers in separate groups, as Taine has done in his *History of English Literature*, with the titles "The Pagan Renaissance," and "The Christian Renaissance," and to include under the former Sidney and Spenser and Bacon, is to present a wholly erroneous view of Elizabethan literature. The service of man was understood by these great writers as the service of our complete manhood; humanism was seen to be not merely sensual or material, not merely intellectual and imaginative, but also ethical and religious. And although questions of religion, considered apart from character and action, do not form part of the theme of dramatic poetry, there can be no doubt that the foundations of Shakespeare's tragedies were laid deep in the spiritual nature of man as they could not have been in an age which thought only, or which thought chiefly, of the sensual or material parts of life. On the other hand, no such treatise on theological and ecclesiastical affairs as Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity*, so broad-based on reason and historical tradition, so comprehensive in its habit of thought, so majestic in its way of utterance, could have been written in an age which exalted faith at the expense of reason, which opposed the supernatural to the natural, which divorced the life of the Church from the life of the nation, or which was insensible to the beauty and dignity of literary form.

Lyly's *Euphues*, in its poor way, amid much dreary moralising, and under the trappings of a detestably artificial style, held up the new ideal of manhood. To be well-born, well-bred, beautiful in person, accomplished in all the graces of life, courtly, amorous, a student of philosophy and a lover of fair women, versed in Italian culture, yet one who honoured English morals and manners, a patriot serious and religious, a devout servant of the English Queen—such was the ideal. And not only young gentlemen, but young ladies for a few years found in *Euphues* a manual of good

breeding. If that ideal were incarnated in flesh and blood, we can imagine how such a veritable Euphues would be cherished and exalted in the imagination of his contemporaries, and if he were withdrawn from their observation by an early and heroic death, how a legend of admiration and love and modern chivalry would gather around his memory. And this was in fact what happened. To the Elizabethan imagination, Philip Sidney was what Arthur Hallam was to the imagination of Tennyson—the “Hesper-Phosphor” of the time, recalling what was most beautiful in the past and prophetic of the newer day. The legend of Sidney, indeed, was not far removed from the actual fact. His peculiar fascination lay in brilliance standing forth from a background of seriousness. His ardour and impetuosity sprang from a nobility of nature; his passion was controlled and was directed by conscience; his wide and various culture seemed to be only the flowering of a beautiful character. Even in boyhood he was noted for a “lovely and familiar gravity”; in youth he already showed some of the sagacity of a statesman, and all the courage of an English patriot. He was a champion of the Protestant cause; in sympathy with the French Huguenots, the unswerving foe of Spain and of Rome, the friend of the learned controversialist Languet, the translator of Duplessis Mornay’s treatise on the Christian religion. Yet Sidney was at the same time a true child of the Renaissance, skilled in every accomplishment, a brilliant figure at the tournament, a student of music, of poetry, of astronomy, a lover of Spanish and Italian letters, an experimenter in classical metres, the defender of the drama against Puritan scruples, author of a masque, of amorous sonnets, of a pastoral-chivalric romance, the acquaintance of Tintoretto and of Paolo Veronese, the patron of Giordano Bruno, the aider of those bold explorers and adventurers who would for England make conquest of the globe, an enthusiastic sympathiser with Drake and Frobisher, with Raleigh and Sir Humphrey Gilbert; withal, Sidney was famous for a tragic passion of love and famous for inviolable friendships. The light work upon a sad or solemn ground, which Bacon commends in embroideries, appears even in the close of his life. The noble act of generosity to a

wounded fellow-soldier on the battlefield is not the latest incident. As he lay dying, Sidney attended devoutly to the ministrations of religion, but he also had spirit to compose his poem—can we doubt that it was playfully pathetic!—*La Cuisse rompue*, which, being arranged to music, was sung beside his bed. No wonder that the public sorrow called forth by his early death was like that for a great national calamity. All that was best and most characteristic of the age had been embodied in him; the Pagan Renaissance, as it is named by Taine, and the Christian Renaissance, had been united in the spirit of this young man; what is national and what is cosmopolitan had in his genius been fused into one.

The ideal which had been more nearly realised in Sidney than in any of his contemporaries forms the subject of the master-work of Sidney's friend and fellow-poet, who had dedicated to him, as the "president of chivalry," that volume of verse, *The Shepherd's Calendar*, which heralded the greater years of Elizabethan literature. *The Faerie Queene* was designed to set forth Spenser's conception of a gentleman or noble person, and such an one as he had actually found in Sidney. Upon a first view the poem seems a labyrinth of flowery glades, through which for mere delight the imagination may wander without end or aim; but Spenser had planned it with a purpose, and that purpose had the high seriousness of the time. He would exhibit all the chief elements which go to form a heroic character, all the chief dangers to which such a character is exposed in the warfare of this world, and would incite men towards the attainment of that magnanimity, or, as he terms it, "magnificence," which sums up all the virtues of our fully developed manhood. Poetry, as Sidney had conceived it, is to be like a trumpet-call summoning men to action, and, as Sidney had conceived, history on the one hand and moral philosophy on the other, are to be the auxiliaries and subordinate allies of poetry. Such was Spenser's design. He thinks of life as a warfare against the principalities and powers of evil; he represents godliness, self-control, and chastity as the foundation virtues on which a complete and beautiful humanity is to be erected; he is at once a son of the Renaissance and a son of the Reformation; a cosmopolitan in his

culture, and a patriot in his passion; enamoured of all beauty appealing to the sense and to the spirit, yet no wanton lover of sensual delights; rather, indeed, with a certain sternness at his heart, honouring, as much as any Puritan, the girt loins and the lit lamp. Ariosto and Tasso, Aristotle and Plato, St. Paul and the writer of the Apocalypse, alike contribute to the structure or the adornment of *The Faerie Queene*.

When some former pupils of Hooker on one occasion visited their master, they found him in the fields, tending his sheep, with a book in his hand; it was no treatise on theology which he had brought with him as the solace of his retirement; it was the Odes of Horace. He, too, the chief spokesman of the Anglican Church in Elizabethan days, possessed that breadth of mind and that feeling for beauty united with seriousness, which were characteristic of a time when the two great streams of tendency, Renaissance and Reformation, made a single current deep and full. He would give its due place of authority to Scripture, to tradition, to the voice of wisdom and of learning, but in the last resort the basis of belief must be found in the reason of man. He honours all that is venerable in the past; he recognises the service which the senses can render to the soul; order and beauty in the rites and ceremonies of religion are precious to him; he is a liberal conservative in ecclesiastical affairs, having the same temper of mind which Edmund Burke two centuries later applied to politics. He acknowledges the due power of authority; yet the authority, he tells us, not of four, but of ten thousand, General Councils cannot overthrow or resist one plain demonstration: "Companies of men, be they never so great and reverend, are to yield unto reason, the weight whereof is no whit prejudiced by the simplicity of the person which doth allege it." Hooker's dominant idea is that set forth with a majestic sweep of thought and a grave harmony of utterance in the first book of the *Ecclesiastical Polity*—the idea of the whole universe as a cosmos under the reign of law; and such an idea is in no ill-keeping with a period which mirrored the moral world of man in Shakespeare's plays, and attempted a method of exploring the laws of the material universe in Bacon's *Novum Organum*.

How and why did the decline and dissolution creep on, and transform the literature of the great years of Elizabeth's reign to the literature of the succeeding generation? The answer is too large to be set down here; it is partly to be discovered in the record of political history. King James I. was learned and acute in logical distinctions; he had not the wisdom or the tact of Elizabeth. Buckingham was a mean successor to the great councillors of the preceding reign. The Hampton Court conference, and the outbreaks of the King's intolerant temper, struck an opening note of discord. The Commons and the King were soon at war about the new impositions. The foreign policy of James became hopelessly discredited. The lowered tone of court morals is reflected in the drama of Fletcher. An open breach between the two camps of the nation was already threatening. The more serious part of the mind of England withdrew from the more pleasure-loving part. Liberty, political and ecclesiastical, became a more urgent need than the liberation of the mind through humanism. The two streams of tendency which had flowed into one in the literature of Elizabeth, now flowed, not wholly, indeed, but in great measure, in separate channels. For the ultimate ends of humanism political freedom and religious toleration were necessary; but during the clatter of pamphlets and the clash of swords humanism must bide its time. It was not until the great scientific movement of post-Restoration days that the Renaissance resumed its course, and that the serious temper of Puritanism—the temper of the loins girt and the lamp lit—applied itself to noble intellectual purposes, which were other than those dictated by the immediate public needs of the nation. In Newton, in Locke, in the liberal spirit of Tillotson, we see the recovery of lost things; but the large wisdom and deep imaginative insight of Elizabethan literature were not wholly recovered. Enthusiasm had been discredited, and it needed a century, with a methodist revival and a French Revolution, to restore it to its rights.

Edward Dowden.

LAST DAYS OF GUY OF WARWICK.

[From the old English romance "History of Guy Earl of Warwick." It is not based on any historical character.]

As THE most bright and glorious shining day will have a night of darkness to succeed, in which the earth will be wrapped up in clouds, and all the world be clothed in sable weeds, presenting us with drowsy heavy sleep, to keep the thoughts of death in memory, so youth, the day of nature's strength and beauty, which had a splendor like the eye of heaven, must yield to fate, by the great law of nature, when length of years shall bring life's evening on. This cogitation dwelt in Guy's sage breast, and made him, when he was in Palestine, think of returning to his native country. He found himself to be well struck in years, and that his glass had but few sands to run before the close of his declining days; and therefore he to England comes at last, there to be buried where he had been born; for this was all the cause that drew him back, to end his days there where they first began: that his poor body after all his toils, which through the world no resting-place had found, in English ground at last might safely rest.

Being arrived upon his native shore, his country in extreme distress he found; for in each place great store of armed troops against the foe was got in readiness. The King of Denmark to destroy the realm a mighty army had securely landed, which with incredible destruction marched, laying the country waste, and burning towns, and filling all the nation full of terror; which forced King Athelstan, for his security, with his small forces to retire to Winchester; which when the Danes once knew, they thither away, and with their warlike troops set down before it. But that was far too strong for them to take;

their walls of stone were then invincible, nor had they cannon keys to let them in. The monk's invention was not then found out, of murdering men by wholesale with their gunpowder : a soldier then that would attain to honor, by manly strokes could only purchase it.

Beholding now how oft they were repulsed by those strong sallies that the English made, and that they were not like to take the city, they beat a parley, and therein proposed that they were willing to decide their quarrel by single combat, to save shedding blood, between a Dane and an Englishman ; to which, when both sides had agreed, the Danes brought forth a mighty giant of a prodigious stature, demanding where the foxes all were hid ; saying : " If there be one dare meet me here, that for his country will his valor show, let him come forth and try with me his manhood ; or else the English are the worst of cowards. For craven cocks on their own dunghills will both crow and strike before they run and cry. Is English courage now become so low that none will fight ? Are you so fearful grown ? Then I pronounce you all faint-hearted fools, afraid to look upon a martial man. O what prodigious lies, in foreign lands, of these men's valor have I heard repeated ! What great achievements have they oft performed, if lies be true ! But they are sadly slandered ; for in their feet their valor chiefly lies, for they with them can swiftly run away. They have an ancient proverb to instruct them, *That it is best sleeping in a whole skin.*" Thus did he vaunt in terms of high disdain ; and threw down his gauntlet, saying, " There is my glove."

All this and more Guy unperceived had heard, and for his country's sake could bear no longer the insulting boast of this proud Danish monster : and therefore straightway goes unto the King, and thus, in pilgrim's weeds, addresses him : " Dread Lord, though in this simple habit hid, this proud, insulting foe I beg to combat ; for though I seem unfit for what I ask, I never attempted aught but what I did : and therefore doubt not but to free your kingdom from the invasion of injurious Danes, by overcoming this their boasted champion."

To whom the royal Athelstan replied : " Palmer, thou seemest to be a man of courage ; but I fear for Colbron thou art much too weak. Ah ! I remember once I had a champion, upon whose head my crown I would have ventured : but valiant Guy,

alas ! is no more. Had he been here, I had not been thus distressed."

To which Guy thus replied: "Great Athelstan, trust me for once, for though I am unknown, it is a just cause in which I do engage; and Heaven does still both favor and succeed the just side. I cannot see one brave an English king, but, aged as I am, my blood is fired, and nothing but his head shall be to me satisfaction for the affront."

At which bold speech of Guy's the king was amazed; and, wondering at the greatness of his spirit, said, "Palmer, I accept thee for my champion, and thou alone shalt be the man on whom I am resolved to venture England's crown." And thereupon ordered immediately that his own armor should be brought; which Guy, having received, soon put on; then girding his massy sword about him, came to the King, and of him took his leave; the King assuring him he did not doubt but Heaven, in whose great cause he was engaged now, would be his strong defense, and give him victory. "Amen," quoth Guy; and with great courage goes from Winchester's north gate unto Hide Mead, where he soon found that monster of a man, treading two yards of ground at every step.

"Art thou," the giant cried, "that mighty man on whom the King will venture England's crown? What, can he find for me no fitter match than this poor rascal in a threadbare coat! Where are all his worthy knights and champions now? A wretch so base as thou art I disdain."

"Giant," said Guy, "I matter not thy words, for hadst thou manhood, thus thou wouldst not rail, nor spend with blasts of empty wind thy breath. A soldier's weapon best his tale can tell. Thy destiny thou on my sword shall find, which, whilst thou hast drops to bleed, will let thee blood: and thus I to chastise thee will begin." And thereupon such blows he on him laid, that Colbron never had felt the like before; who with his club waited to meet his sword, intending to have broke it with one blow. But Guy was well aware of his design, and by his now agility prevented him; and therefore boldly he about him laid, until the lubbard's breath was almost gone. For with a weighty club did Colbron fight, which missing of his blow, fell on the ground, and the very earth itself gave way, so ponderous were the strokes that he designed. So long they held this wrathful, furious fight that the spectators knew not what to judge:

though Guy on Colbron still fresh wounds bestowed, as a presage of his ensuing victory; and by his activity escaped the danger with which each blow of Colbron's threatened him. At last, quoth Colbron, "Englishman, forbear, and sue for mercy, ere I strike thee down." "Villain," quoth Guy, "thy coward's fear I scorn, I will have thy life, or it my own shall cost. We will never part till one be conqueror; the King hath ventured England on my head, and therefore I will not yield an inch to thee, for all the wrath that Denmark ere could boast: thou shalt find metal in these aged limbs; although thy body bulkier be than mine, I have a heart bigger than thine by odds. Think on thy ancient grandsire, Gogmagog, who was at Dover fought by Corinæus, and by that worthy Briton overcome, though he with boldness like to thine had challenged him; and as he then was served, so shalt thou now." And thereupon Guy gave him such a stroke it made wide ruptures in the giant's flesh, and very much provoked his furious choler, laying about him with the utmost rage; meantime Guy managed both his parts so well, which was to lay on a load upon his foe, and save himself from his destructive blows, that he at length gave Colbron such a wound that on the earth he tumbled in his gore; whilst with his blood his soul departed hence, and in the sooty regions took fresh quarters.

Forthwith a shout from out of the town was heard, that made the welkin echo back the sound, which joyful was to every English heart, and brought as great a terror to the Danes, who with the utmost grief away departed.

King Athelstan then for his champion sent, to do him honor for this great exploit; who by the clergymen was first received with that solemnity his worth deserved; and next by all the nobles was embraced, and entertained with trumpets, drums, and other martial music. But Guy in these things took but little pleasure; refusing costly ornaments and jewels as things that he was out of love withal. To God he only gave the praise of all, blessing His name that thus had given him power to free his country from invading foes; and so entreats that he unknown might pass, to live where poverty regards not wealth, and be beholden to the help of none, and there, by stealth, sometime to view the world; *for true content doth bring so great a treasure, it makes the beggar richer than the king.* "With true content will I abide," said he, "in homely cottage, free from all resort: for I have found within a monarch's court content can never long

be made to dwell. No, there is ambition, pride, and envy there, and fawning flattery stepping still between." "Yet, gentle palmer," said the King, "I pray that thou at least wilt so far honor me, wherever thou resolvest to abide, as to acquaint me with thy name in private, which is the only boon I ask of thee. Tell me but who thou art, I will ask no more, and on my royal word I will conceal it."

"Why then," said he, "if it may please your majesty, I am your subject, Guy of Warwick named, that have for many years not seen your land, but been where youth by age and travel is tamed: yet there, dread prince, experience taught me wit, and of the follies of the world convinced me. And now I am returned to make my grave within that kingdom which first gave me life. Yet shall no creature else have the least notice of my arrival; no, not my dear wife, till sickness comes, such as does threaten death; then I will acquaint her of my last farewell."

The King thus having heard what Guy had said, went to him, and with joy in his arms embraced him, and with great admiration answers thus: "Most worthy Earl, preserver of thy country, it grieves my soul thou wilt not live with me. O would thy resolutions were to make, that my persuasions might prevent thy vow! But it is too late, they are grown ripe, I see, and thou art fixed in thy determination. Well, worthy man, in this I joy, however, that to thy native soil thou bringest thy bones; where standing monuments of thy great deeds shall last unto the world's remotest ages. In Warwick Castle shall thy sword be lodged, to witness to the world what thou hast been. And lest the future age should grow neglectful in the preserving of thy memory, the castle keeper shall receive a salary, which I myself will straightways settle on him, to keep thy sword in memory of thee. Thy armor likewise, and thy martial spear, which did thee service in thy high designs, shall all be carefully preserved there; that all such men as have distrustful thoughts may think (if from a truth it did not spring) a king would scorn to cheat his people so. And in thy chapel (distant thence a mile) a bone shall hang of that devouring beast, which did so long near Coventry remain, whose rib, by measure, was at least six foot, destroying many that did that way pass, until thy valiant arm the savage slew. By tradition it may down be handed, and unto those that thither come reported, this was Guy's armor, this his massy blade; these bones of murdering beasts which he overcame; and this the tomb wherein his corpse was safe

deposited; this the true picture of his shape at length; and this the spear that of his strength did witness: for sure I hold it as a thing ungrateful (when thy remains shall moldered be to dust) if none shall cause some muse to sing thy fame, and tell the worth of Guy, that English hero. Thy countrymen cannot so forgetful be, when out of sight to leave thee out of mind, when thou for them hast done such mighty things."

This said, in humble duty, wondrous meek, Guy, with a lowly reverence, left the King, to seek some solitary cave or den, which he unto his mansion house converted; and buried whilst alive, he poorly lives, making his meat of wholesome herbs and roots. Sometimes he would repair to Warwick Castle, and crave an alms at his dear lady's hands; who to pilgrims did more bounty show than any lady in the land besides: and she would ask all palmers that came there if they were ever in the Holy Land; or, if they in their travels had seen an Englishman, lord of that noble castle, who many years from hence had been away? "He was a knight that never was conquered yet by any human power: I only fear one cruel tyrant, who is called death; if he has met him, then, my dearest lord, I never shall behold thy face again, until that monster do as much for me, and so unite our hearts again together, which gracious Heaven grant: if Guy be dead, O let me on the earth no longer stay."

Thus often did he hear his wife inquiring with deep complaints, from extreme passion flowing, yet by no means would grant her kind request, nor yet bestow one hopeful word of comfort; but yet would view her, as if his heart would break; then, to prevent his speaking, turn away; and so, even weeping, to his cell depart: there placing before his eyes a dead man's head; saying: "With thee I will shortly come to dwell, and therefore do despise this sinful flesh: my soul is weary of a guest so bad, and therefore doth at rest desire to be. My strength is from my feeble limbs departed, and sickness now begins to gripe my heart: my happiness is now apace approaching, and I am in hope my foe and I shall part. Long time, alas! I have fed this adversary, by whom my soul hath been misled so oft. To my dear Phælice I will send my ring, which I to keep did promise for her sake. I now no longer will the time defer, for fear lest death surprise me unawares. Methinks I feel his messenger approach, and poor, weak nature must be forced to yield."

Then called a herdsman as he passed by, and said: "Good friend, one kindness I desire of thee, and hope thou wilt not deny it me, for it is a matter that concerns me highly: it is thou wilt repair to Warwick Castle, and for the Countess ask with trusty care, and then into her hand this ring deliver, and say the ancient pilgrim sent it her that lately at her gate with scrip did stand, to beg an alms in blessed Jesus' name. And if she ask thee where I may be found, direct her hither; she will well reward thee."

"Sir," said the herdsman, "I shall be ashamed who never yet spake to a lady in my life: besides, I may perhaps come into trouble, to carry rings to the Earl of Warwick's Countess. And then say I should lose it by the way, what would the Countess or yourself say to me?"

"Prithee," said Guy, "frame no such idle doubts, no prejudice can come to thee at all; the thing is honest about which thou goest, and none can call thee into question for it. A courteous ear the lady will give thee, and on my word you will receive no harm."

With that he goes and delivers the token to the Countess; which she receiving, was presently with admiration struck.

"O friend," said she, "where is my husband's being?"

"Husband!" said he, "I nothing know of that. It was from an ancient beggar I received the ring, whose house I cannot well describe; for it is neither made of wood nor stone, but under ground he went into a hole. And in my conscience, there alone he dwells, and never pays his landlord quarter's rent."

"Ah! it is my Guy," said she; "show me his cell, and for thy pains I will very well reward thee." And then ordering her steward to give the messenger a hundred marks for bringing her those welcome tidings, she straight went with him to the lonely cave, in which her lord led such a solitary life; but he, espying her, as weak and feeble as he was, went forth to meet her, and there her lord and she embraced each other, and wept awhile ere they could speak a word: and after a good space that they had been silent, Guy first the doors of silence thus did break:—

"Phælice," said he, "now take thy leave of Guy, who sent to thee, ere his sight decays: within thy arms I do entreat to die, and breathe my spirit hence from thy sweet soul. It is not long since to me thou gavest alms at Warwick's Castle

gate ; it is blessedness poor men's estate to pity. Look not so strange, my dear, lament not so. Ah ! weep not, love, I do not want thy tears ; for since my coming here I have plenty of tears of true remorse, conscience knows. Thou weepest not now, because I wept no more ; but to behold me friendless, poor, and wretched. My love, I have sought the place that I desire, though few endeavor for eternal rest. The soul which unto heaven doth aspire, and only seeks after celestial things, must leave the world and all its fading joys, and all the vanities thereof detest : for could we see it with a spiritual eye, we should discern it full of naught but devils, that always lie in wait to ruin souls, and to that end are always laying baits to trap and ensnare them. O Phælice ! I have spent (and then he wept) youth, nature's day, upon the love of thee ; and for my God have kept old rotten age, the night of nature : Christ, my sin forgive ; sorrow for this lies heavy on my soul. O blessed Savior ! pardon my misdeeds, in that I have destroyed so many men, even for one woman, to enjoy her love. And therefore in this solitary cave, with God above I have sought my peace to make ; against whom I have been more misled by sin than all the hairs upon my head can number. The other day, finding my body ill, and all the parts thereof with pain oppressed, I did compose this will and testament to be the last I ever ordain. Lo ! here it is, and, if I can, I will read it, before I cease to be a living man.

HIS LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.

“Even in the name of Him whose mighty power did heaven and earth and all things else create, as one that is this instant hour to die, I do with an unfeigned heart and mind leave both the world and everything therein. My soul I give to Him that gave it me ; receive it, Jesus, as in Thee I trust. I owe a debt of life that is due to death, and when I have paid Him, He can ask no more. It is but a little breath, a very vapor, and I could wish He had it long ago. But here is my comfort : whensoever He comes, it is ready for Him, though He calls to-day. I owe the world that stock of wealth it lent me when I at first began to traffic with it. Less would have given nature more content : the world leaves me naked, as I came into it ; I ask but one poor sheet to wrap me in. I do bequeath my numberless transgressions, my sins and evils, they that are so

many that they exceed the bounds of all arithmetic, those past, those present, all that are to come, to him that made them loads to burden me ; Satan, receive them, for from thee they came. I give good thoughts, and every virtuous action, that every grace has guided me unto, to Him from whom proceedeth all that is good. For only evil I by nature do, being conceived, bred, and born in sin, and all my life has been most vile and vain. I give to sorrow all my sighs and tears, fetched from the bottom of a bleeding heart. I give to repentance, tears and watery eyes of a true convert, and unfeigned sighs. Let earth, or sea, a grave yield to my body ; so, Jesus, to my soul grant room in heaven."

"Phælice, I faint ; farewell, my loyal spouse : thy husband dies ; assist me with thy prayers. I trust to meet thee in a better life, where tears from weeping eyes shall be wiped before the blessed Spirit ; come, in Jesus' name receive, and then convey my soul to heaven." With these last words, death closed his eyes, and he to his Creator his blessed soul resigned, while mournful Phælice, well-nigh dead with grief, to sorrow all her senses did abandon, and with her tears drowns her departed lord ; beating her breast till breast and heart were sore, wringing her hands till she could no more strive. Then sighing said : "Ah ! cruel, cruel death, the dismal, doleful cause of all my sorrows, thou hast deprived me of my dearest lord. Since loathsome air my vital spirits draw, that thou, to recompense me for my loss, would strike that stroke which all my cares may kill : let me not see to-morrow's light ; but make me cold as this dead carcass that before me lies ; this true description of a mortal man : —

"Whose deeds of wonder, passed and gone before,
Hath left him now at death's dark prison door."

Kissing his face with a farewell of tears, she leaves the body for the grave to claim ; and from that place she bears as sad a soul as any of her sex on that occasion was ever known to do ; her real grief soon sending her to her departed lord : living but fifteen days after his death, and then, through extreme sorrow, followed him.

ROBERT THE DEVIL.

(Old English Romance.)

[“It is not to be supposed that there was any historical foundation for the legend. Robert the Devil has been identified with the Norman Robert I., the Magnificent, who died in 1035; also with Robert II., Courte-Heuse, son of William the Conqueror, who died in 1134. Le Héricher has found him in the Norman Rollo. Trébutien says that there is nothing to hinder us from believing that he was, not Duke, but Dux, son of an Aubert, who in the eighth century ruled over the future Normandy. There is nothing to hinder us from so believing, because faith is free; and there is nothing that will help to such belief. It is a church legend shaped from popular ideas to enforce the efficacy of repentance.”—HENRY MORLEY.]

Here beginneth the life of the most mischievous Robert the Devil, which was afterward called the servant of God.

IT BEFEL IN TIME PAST, there was a duke in Normandy, which was called Oubert, the which duke was passing rich of goods, and also virtuous of living, and loved and feared God above all things, and did great almsdeeds, and exceeded all others in righteousness and justice, and most chivalrous in deeds of arms and notable acts doing.

How the duke of Normandy with great royalty brought his wife, the daughter of the duke of Bourgone [Burgundy], into Roan [Rouen] in Normandy after he had married her.

After that the aforesaid duke had married the said lady, he brought her with a great company of barons, knights, and ladies, with great triumph and glory, into the land of Normandy, and in the city of Roan, in the which city she was honorably received and with great melody; and there was great amity between the Bourgonians and the Normans, which I let pass for to come the sooner to my matter. The aforesaid duke and duchess lived together the space of eighteen years without any child. Whether it were God's will it should be so, or it were through their own default, I cannot judge, for it were better otherwhile that some people had no children, and also it were better for the father and mother to get no children

than to lack of chastising, the children and father and mother should all go to the devil : yet was this duke and duchess devout people, which loved and feared God, and gave great alms ; and what time this duke would meddle with his lady, he ever prayed to God to send him a child, to honor and serve God, and to multiply and fortify his lineage ; but neither with prayer nor with almsdeeds, this good duke and duchess could get no children.

How upon a time this duke and duchess walked alone, sore complaining the one to the other that they could have no children together.

Upon a time this duke and duchess walked, and the duke began to show his mind to his lady, saying, "Madam, we be not fortunate, insomuch that we can get no children ; and they that made the marriage between us both, they did great sin, for I believe an ye had been given to another man, ye should have had children, and I also if I had another lady." This lady understood his saying : she answered softly, saying thus, "Good lord, we must thank God of that which he sendeth us, and take it patiently of whatsoever it be."

How Robert the Devil was conceived, and how his mother gave him to the devil in his conception.

This duke upon a time rode out an hunting in a great anger and pensiveness for thought that he could have no child, sore complaining, saying to himself, I see many women have many fair children in which they joy greatly, by which I see well that I am hated of God, and marvel it is that I fall not in despair, for it grieveth me so sore at my heart that I can get no children. The devil, which is alway ready to deceive mankind, tempted the good duke, and troubled his mind so that he wist not what to do or say. Thus moved, he left his hunting and went home to his palace, where he found his lady also vexed and moved. As he came home he took her in his arms, and kissed her, and did his will with her, saying his prayers to our Lord in this wise : "O ! Lord Jesu, I beseech thee that I may get a child, at this hour, by the which thou mayst be honored and served." But the lady being so sore moved, spake thus foolishly, and said : "In the devil's name be it, insomuch as

God hath not the power that I conceive ; and if I be conceived with child in this hour, I give it to the devil, body and soul." And this same hour that this duke and duchess were thus moved, the said lady was conceived with a man child, which in his life wrought much mischief, as ye shall hear after this, but afterwards he was converted, and did great penance, and died a holy man, as is showed hereafter.

How Robert the Devil was born, and what great pain his mother suffered in his birth.

This lady could not be delivered without great pain, for she travailed more than a month ; and if good prayers had not been, and almsdeeds, good works, and great penance done for her, she had died of child. When this child was born, the sky waxed as dark as though it had been night, as it is showed in old chronicles, that it thundered and lightened so sore, that men thought the firmament had been open, and all the world should have perished. And there blew so much wind out of the four quarters of the world, and was such storm and tempest, that all the house trembled so sore, that it shook a great piece of it to the earth, and in so much that all they that were in the house weened that the world had been at an end, and that they, with the house and all, should have sunken. But in short time it pleased God that all this trouble ceased, and the weather cleared up, and the child was brought to church to be christened, which was named Robert. This child was large of stature at his birth as he had been a year old, whereof the people had great wonder ; and as this child was a bearing to the church to be christened and home again, it never ceased crying and howling. And in short space he had long teeth wherewith he bit the nurse's paps in such wise, that there was no woman durst give him suck, for he bit off the heads of their breasts ; wherefore they were fain to give him suck and to bring him up with an horn. And when he was twelve months old, he could speak and go alone better than other children that were three year old. And the elder that this child Robert waxed, more cursted ; and there was no man that could rule him ; and when he found or could come by any children, he smote and bit and cast stones at them, and brake their arms and legs and necks, and scrat out their eyes out of their heads, and therein was all his delight and pleasure.

How all the children with one assent named this child Robert the Devil.

This child within few years grew marvelously, and more and more increased of all, and boldness, and shrewdness, and set by no correction, but was ever smiting, and tasting, and cursed deeds doing. And sometime there gathered together all the boys of the street to fight with him, but when they see him they durst not abide him, but cried one to another, "Here cometh the wode [mad] Robert!" Another many cried, "Here cometh the cursed mad Robert!" and some cried, "Here cometh Robert the Devil!" and thus crying they voided all the streets, for they durst not abide and look him in the face, and forthwith the children that knew him with one assent called him Robert the Devil, which name he kept during his life, and shall do as long as the world standeth. When this child was seven years old or thereabout, the duke his father, seeing and considering his wicked condition, called him and said unto him thus, "My son, methink it necessary and time for me to get you a wise schoolmaster, to learn virtues and doctrine, for ye be of age enough"; and when the duke had thus said, he betook his son to a good, discreet, and wise schoolmaster to rule and teach him all good conditions and manners.

How Robert killed his schoolmaster.

It fell upon a day that his schoolmaster should chastise Robert, and would have made him to have left his cursed conditions; but Robert gat a murderer or bodkin, and thrust his master in the belly that he fell down dead to the earth, and Robert threw his book against the walls in despite of his master, saying, "Thus now have I taught thee that never priest nor clerk shall correct me, nor be my master." And from thence forth there could be no master be found that was so bold to take in hand to teach and correct this Robert, but were glad to let him alone and have his own ways, and he put himself to vice and mischief, and to no manner of virtue nor grace, nor would he learn for no man living, but mocked both God and holy church. And when he came to the church, and found the priests and clerks singing God's service, he came privily behind them, and cast ashes or dust in their mouths in despite of God. And when he saw anybody in the church busy in their prayers, he would come behind them and give them a sous in the neck

that their heads kissed the ground, insomuch that everybody cursed him for his wicked deeds doing. And the duke his father, seeing his mischievous disposition and cursed life of his son, he was so angry with himself that he wished himself many times dead and out of the world. And the duchess in likewise was greatly moved and much sorrowful by cause of the mischievous life of her son, saying in this wise: "My lord, our son is now of sufficient age and able to bear arms, wherefore methink it were best that ye made him knight, if then he would remember the order of knighthood whereby he might leave his wickedness." The duke was herewithal content. And Robert had at that time but eighteen years of age.

[He is knighted, but kills and maims a number of the knights in the joust, and breaks up the feast.]

How Robert the Devil rode about the country of Normandy, robbing, stealing, murdering, and burning churches, abbeyes, and other holy places of religion, and forcing of women.

Then when Robert see there was no man more left in the field, and that he could do no more mischief there, then he took his horse with the spurs to seek his adventures, and began to do every day more harm than the other one, for he forced and ravished maidens and wives without number, he killed and murdered so much people that it was pity; also he robbed churches, abbeyes, hermitages, and farms; there was not an abbey in all the country but he robbed and pillled them. These wicked deeds of Robert came to the ears of the good duke, and all they that were thus robbed and rebuked [buffeted] came to complain of the great outrage and suppression done by Robert, and still was doing throughout all the country. Thus lay they grievously complaining before the good duke, that great pity it was therefor to see the good duke hearing the grievous and lamentable complaints of the great murder done by Robert his son throughout all the land of Normandy. Then his heart was suppressed with so great sorrow and thought, that the salt tears burst out of his eyes, and he wept tenderly and said: "O right wise God, creator of heaven and earth, I have so many times prayed ye to send me a child, and all my delight was to have a son, to the intent that I might of him have great joy and solace. And now have I one, the which doth my heart so much pain, sorrow, and thought, that I wot in no wise what to begin, nor do, nor

say thereto; but good Lord only I cry upon thee for help, and remedy, to be a little released of my pain and sorrow."

How the duke sent out men of arms for to take Robert his son, which Robert took them all, and put out their eyes in despite of his father, and sent them so home again.

There was a knight of the duke's house, which perceived that this good duke was very sorrowful and pensive, and knew no remedy; then this knight spake and said to him, "My lord, I would advise you to send for your son Robert, and let him be brought to your presence, and there before your nobles, and next friends to rebuke him, and then command him to leave his cursed life, and if he will not, ye to do justice upon him as on a strange man." Hereto the duke consented, and thought the knight gave him good counsel; and incontinent sent out men to seek Robert, and in any wise they were to bring him to his presence. This Robert, hearing of the complaints made of all the people upon him unto his father, and that his father had sent out men to take him, wherefore all them that he could get, he put out their eyes, and so he took the men that his father sent for him, and put out their eyes, in despite of his father. And when he had thus blinded his father's servants, he said to them in mocking, "Sirs, now shall ye sleep the better; go now home to my father, and tell him that I set little by him, and because he sendeth you to bring me to him, therefore to his despite I have put out your eyes." These poor servants which the duke had sent for Robert his son, came home with great pain and in great heaviness, saying thus: "O good lord, see how your son Robert that ye did send us for, hath arrayed us, and blinded us." The good duke seeing his men in this case, he waxed very angry, and full of ire, and began to compass in his mind how and by what means he might come by to take Robert his son.

How the duke of Normandy made a proclamation throughout his lande, how men should take Robert his son, with all his company, and bring them every one to prison.

Then spake a wise lord, saying thus: "My lord, take no more thought, for ye shall never see the day that Robert your son will come in your presence, insomuch as he hath done so great and grievous offenses to your commons, and your own

messengers that ye send for him. But it were of necessity for you to correct and punish him for his great offenses, that he daily doth, and hath done, for we find it written, that the law bindeth you thereto." The duke, willing to accomplish the counsel of his lords, sent out messengers in all haste, unto all the ports, good towns, and barons, throughout all his dukedom, commanding on his behalf all shrines, or other officers, to do their uttermost diligence to take Robert his son prisoner, and to hold and keep him surely in prison with all his company and affinity. When Robert heard of this proclamation, he with all his company were sore afraid of the duke's malice; and when Robert see this, he was almost out of his wit for wood (insane) anger, and whetted his teeth like a boar, and sware a great oath, saying thus, "that he would have open war with his father, and subdue and spill (destroy) all his lordship."

How Robert made him a strong house in a dark thick wilderness, where he wrought mischief without comparison and above all measure or natural reason.

Then when Robert heard and knew of the aforesaid things, he let make in a thick wild forest a strong house, where in he made his dwelling place, and this place was wild and strong, and more meeter for wild beasts than for any people to abide in; and there Robert assembled and gathered for his company, all the most mischievous and falsest thieves that he could find or hear of in his father's land,—towit, murderers, thieves, street robbers, rebels, burners of churches and houses, forcers of women, robbers of churches, and the most wickedest and cursedest thieves that were under the sun, Robert had gathered to do him service; whereof he was captain. And in the foresaid wilderness, Robert with his company did so much mischief, that no tongue can tell. He murdered merchants and all that came by the way, no man durst look out nor come abroad for fear of Robert and his company, of whom every man was afraid; for they robbed all the country, insomuch that no man durst look out, but they were killed of Robert or his men. Also poor pilgrims that went on pilgrimage were murdered by Robert and his company, insomuch, that every man fled from them, like as the sheep fled from the wolfe: for they were as wolves waring, slaying all that they could come by, and thus, Robert and his company led an ungracious life. Also he

was a great glutton of eating and drinking, and never fasting, though it were never so great a fasting day. In Lent, or on Ymber days, he ate flesh, as well on Fridays as on Sundays ; but after he had done all this mischief, he suffered great pain, as hereafter ye shall hear.

How Robert the Devil rode to his mother, the duchess of Normandy, being in the castle of Darques : she was come to a feast.

Robert rode so far and so long, that he came to the castle of Darques ; but he met before with a shepherd which had told him that his mother the duchess should come of the said castle to dinner, and so he rode thither. But when Robert came there, and the people see him come, they ran away from him, like the hare from the hounds ; one ran and shut him in his house, another ran into the church for fear. Robert seeing this, that all the people fled from him for fear, he began to sigh in his heart, and said to himself : “ O ! Almighty God, how may this be, that every man thus fleeth from me ! Now I perceive that I am the most mischievous and the most cursedest wretch of this world, for I sent better to be a Jew or a Saracen, than any Christian man, and I see well that I am the worst of all ill. Alas ! ” said Robert the Devil, “ I may well hate and curse mine ungracious and cursed life, wherefore I am worthy to be hated of God and the world. ” In this mind and heaviness came Robert to the castle gate, and lighted down from his horse, but there was no man that durst abide about him, nor come nigh him to hold his horse ; and he had no servant to serve him, but let his horse stand there at the gate, and drew out his sword, which was all bloody, and incontinent took the way unto the hall, where the duchess, his mother, was. When the duchess saw Robert, her son, come in this wise, with a bloody sword in his hand, she was sore afraid, and would have fled away from him, for she knew well his conditions. Robert, seeing that everybody did flee from him, and that his own mother would have fled in likewise, he called unto her piteously afar, and said, “ Sweet lady mother, be not afraid of me, but stand still till I have spoken with you, and flee not from me, in the worship of Christ’s passion ! ” Then Robert’s heart being full of thought and repentance, went nigher her, saying thus : “ Dear lady mother, I pray and require you to tell me how and by what manner or whereby cometh it that I am so

vicious and cursed, for I know well I have it other by you or of my father ; wherefore incontinent I heartily desire and pray you that ye show me the truth hereof."

How the Duchess desired Robert her son to smite off her head, and then she told him how she had given him to the devil in his conception.

The duchess greatly marveled when she heard her son speak these words ; and piteously weeping, with a sorrowful heart, saying thus to him, " My dear son, I require you heartily that ye will smite off my head." This said the lady for very great pity that she had upon him, for because she had given him to the devil in his conception. Robert answered his mother with an heavy and piteous cheer, saying thus, " O ! dear mother, why should I do so, that so much mischief have done, and this should be the worst deed that ever I did ; but I pray you to show me that I desire to wete [know] of you." Then the duchess, hearing his hearty desire, told unto him the cause why he was so vicious and full of mischief, and how she gave him to the devil in his conception, herself mispraising, said thus unto Robert : " O ! son, I am the most unfortunate woman living, and I knowlege that it is all my fault that ye be so cursed and wicked a liver."

How Robert the Devil took leave of his mother.

Robert, hearing his mother's saying, he fell down to the earth into a swoon, for very great sorrow, and lay still a long while, then he moved again and came to himself and began bitterly to weep, and complain, saying thus : " The fiends of hell be with great diligence to apply them to get and have my body and soul, but now from this time forth, I forsake them and all their work, and will never do more harm than good, and amend my life and leave my sins and do penance therefore." Then after this, Robert spake to his mother, the which was in great sorrow, and heaviness, saying thus : " O most reverent lady mother, I heartily beseech and require you that it will please you to have me recommended unto my father ; for I will take the way to Rome to be assoiled of my sins, which are innumerable, and too abominable to recount. Therefore I will never sleep one night there I sleep another, till I come to Rome and God will."

A DANISH BARROW ON THE DEVON COAST.

By FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE.

[1824- .]

LIE still, old Dane, below thy heap !
A sturdy back and sturdy limb,
Whoe'er he was, I warrant him
Upon whose mound the single sheep
Browses and tinkles in the sun,
Within the narrow vale alone.

Lie still, old Dane ! this restful scene
Suits well thy centuries of sleep ;
The soft brown roots above thee creep,
The lotus flaunts his ruddy sheen,
And — vain memento of the spot —
The turquoise-eyed forget-me-not.

Lie still ! Thy mother-land herself
Would know thee not again : no more
The raven from the northern shore
Hails the bald crew to push for pelf,
Through fire and blood and slaughtered kings,
'Neath the black terror of his wings.

And thou — thy very name is lost !
The peasant only knows that here
Bold Alfred scooped thy flinty bier,
And prayed a foeman's prayer, and tost
His auburn head, and said, "One more
Of England's foes guards England's shore" ;

And turned and passed to other feats,
And left thee in thine iron robe,
To circle with the circling globe ;
While Time's corrosive dewdrop eats
The giant warrior to a crust
Of earth in earth, and rust in rust.

So lie ; and let the children play
And sit like flowers upon thy grave
And crown with flowers, — that hardly have
A briefer blooming-tide than they, —
By hurrying years urged on to rest,
As thou within thy mother's breast.

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.

BY ROBERT BROWNING.

[ROBERT BROWNING, English poet, was born in London, May 7, 1812; married Elizabeth Barrett in 1846, and lived in Italy the greater part of his life afterward. His first considerable poem was "Pauline" (1833, anonymous). There followed, among others, "Paracelsus," "Strafford," "Sordello," "Bells and Pomegranates" (a collection including "Pippa Passes," "King Victor and King Charles," "Colombe's Birthday," "The Return of the Druses," "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon," "Luria," and "A Soul's Tragedy"), "Men and Women," "Dramatis Personæ," "The Ring and the Book," "Balaustion's Adventure," "Fifine at the Fair," "Red Cotton Nightcap Country." He died in Venice, December 12, 1889.]

HAMELIN Town's in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover city;
The river Weser, deep and wide,
Washes its wall on the southern side;
A pleasanter spot you never spied;
But, when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townsmen suffer so
From vermin was a pity.

Rats!
They fought the dogs, and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cook's own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats,
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

At last the people in a body
To the Townhall came flocking:
"Tis clear," cried they, "our Mayor's a noddy;
And as for our Corporation — shocking
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
For dolts that can't or won't determine
What's best to rid us of our vermin!
You hope, because you're old and obese,
To find in the furry civic robe ease?

Rouse up, sirs ! Give your brains a racking
To find the remedy we're lacking,
Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing !"
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

An hour they sate in council,
At length the Mayor broke silence:
"For a guilder I'd my ermine gown sell;
I wish I were a mile hence !
It's easy to bid one rack one's brain —
I'm sure my poor head aches again
I've scratched it so, and all in vain,
Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap!"
Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber door but a gentle tap ?
"Bless us," cried the Mayor, "what's that ?"
(With the Corporation as he sat,
Looking little though wondrous fat;
Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister,
Than a too long opened oyster,
Save when at noon his paunch grew mutinous
For a plate of turtle green and glutinous),
"Only a scraping of shoes on the mat ?
Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pitapat! —

"Come in!" — the Mayor cried, looking bigger
And in did come the strangest figure.
His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red;
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in —
There was no guessing his kith and kin!
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire:
Quoth one: "It's as my great-grandsire,
Starting up at the Trump of Doom's tone,
Had walked this way from his painted tombstone."

He advanced to the council table:
And, "Please your honors," said he, "I'm able,
By means of a secret charm, to draw

All creatures living beneath the sun,
 That creep, or swim, or fly, or run,
 After me so as you never saw!
 And I chiefly use my charm
 On creatures that do people harm,
 The mole, and toad, and newt, and viper;
 And people call me the Pied Piper."
 (And here they noticed round his neck
 A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
 To match with his coat of the selfsame check;
 And at the scarf's end hung a pipe;
 And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying
 As if impatient to be playing
 Upon this pipe, as low it dangled
 Over his vesture so old-fangled.)
 "Yet," said he, "poor piper as I am,
 In Tartary I freed the Cham,
 Last June, from his huge swarms of gnats;
 I eased in Asia the Nizam
 Of a monstrous brood of vampyre bats:
 And, as for what your brain bewilders,
 If I can rid your town of rats
 Will you give me a thousand guilders?"
 "One? fifty thousand!" — was the exclamation
 Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

Into the street the Piper stept,
 Smiling first a little smile,
 As if he knew what magic slept
 In his quiet pipe the while;
 Then, like a musical adept,
 To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
 And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled
 Like a candle flame where salt is sprinkled;
 And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
 You heard as if an army muttered;
 And the muttering grew to a grumbling;
 And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling;
 And out of the house the rats came tumbling.
 Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
 Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,
 Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
 Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
 Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,
 Families by tens and dozens,

Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives —
 Followed the Piper for their lives.
 From street to street he piped advancing,
 And step for step they followed dancing,
 Until they came to the river Weser
 Wherein all plunged and perished
 — Save one, who, stout as Julius Cæsar,
 Swam across and lived to carry
 (As he the manuscript he cherished)
 To Rat land home his commentary,
 Which was, “At the first shrill notes of the pipe,
 I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
 And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
 Into a cider press’s gripe;
 And a moving away of pickle-tub boards,
 And a leaving ajar of conserve cupboards,
 And a drawing the corks of train-oil flasks,
 And a breaking the hoops of butter casks;
 And it seemed as if a voice
 (Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery,
 Is breathed) called out, Oh! rats, rejoice!
 The world is grown to one vast drysaltery!
 So munch on, crunch on, take your luncheon,
 Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon!
 And just as a bulky sugar puncheon,
 All ready staved, like a great sun shone
 Glorious scarce an inch before me,
 Just as methought it said, come, bore me!
 — I found the Weser rolling o’er me.”

You should have heard the Hamelin people
 Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple;
 “Go,” cried the Mayor, “and get long poles!
 Poke out the nests and block up the holes!
 Consult with carpenters and builders,
 And leave in our town not even a trace
 Of the rats!” — when suddenly up the face
 Of the Piper perked in the market place,
 With a, “First, if you please, my thousand guilders!”

A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked blue;
 So did the Corporation too.
 For council dinners made rare havock
 With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock;

And half the money would replenish
 Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish.
 To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
 With a gypsy coat of red and yellow!
 "Beside," quoth the Mayor, with a knowing wink,
 "Our business was done at the river's brink;
 We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
 And what's dead can't come to life, I think.
 So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink
 From the duty of giving you something to drink,
 And a matter of money to put in your poke;
 But, as for the guilders, what we spoke
 Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.
 Beside, our losses have made us thrifty;
 A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty!"

The piper's face fell, and he cried,
 "No trifling! I can't wait, beside!
 I've promised to visit by dinner time
 Bagdat, and accepted the prime
 Of the Head Cook's pottage, all he's rich in,
 For having left, in the Caliph's kitchen,
 Of a nest of scorpions no survivor —
 With him I proved no bargain driver,
 With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver!
 And folks who put me in a passion
 May find me pipe to another fashion."

"How?" cried the Mayor, "d'ye think I'll brook
 Being worse treated than a Cook?
 Insulted by a lazy ribald
 With idle pipe and vesture piebald?
 You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst,
 Blow your pipe there till you burst!"

Once more he stept into the street;
 And to his lips again
 Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane;
 And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
 Soft notes as yet musicians cunning
 Never gave the enraptured air)
 There was a rustling, that seemed like a bustling
 Of merry crowds justling, at pitching and hustling,
 Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,

Little hands clapping, and little tongues chattering,
And, like fowls in a farmyard when barley is scattering,
Out came the children running.
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children merrily skipping by —
And could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.
But how the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,
As the Piper turned from the High Street
To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters!
However he turned from South to West,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
And after him the children pressed;
Great was the joy in every breast.

“He never can cross that mighty top!

He's forced to let the piping drop,

And we shall see our children stop!”

When lo, as they reached the mountain's side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;
And the Piper advanced and the children followed,
And when all were in to the very last,
The door in the mountain side shut fast.
Did I say all? No! one was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way;
And in after years, if you would blame
His sadness, he was used to say: —

“It's dull in our town since my playmates left;

I can't forget that I'm bereft

Of all the pleasant sights they see,

Which the Piper also promised me;

For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,

Joining the town and just at hand,

Where waters gushed and fruit trees grew,

And flowers put forth a fairer hue,

And everything was strange and new;

The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
 And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
 And honeybees had lost their stings;
 And horses were born with eagle's wings;
 And just as I became assured
 My lame foot would be speedily cured,
 The music stopped and I stood still,
 And found myself outside the Hill,
 Left alone against my will,
 To go now limping as before,
 And never hear of that country more!"

Alas, alas for Hamelin!

There came into many a burgher's pate
 A text which says, that Heaven's Gate
 Opes to the Rich at as easy rate
 As the needle's eye takes a camel in!
 The Mayor sent East, West, North, and South
 To offer the Piper by word of mouth,

Wherever it was men's lot to find him,
 Silver and gold to his heart's content,
 If he'd only return the way he went,
 And bring the children behind him.

But when they saw t'was a lost endeavor,
 And Piper and dancers were gone forever,
 They made a decree that lawyers never

Should think their records dated duly
 If, after the day of the month and year,
 These words did not as well appear,

"And so long after what happened here

On the twenty-second of July,

Thirteen hundred and seventy-six:"

And the better in memory to fix

The place of the Children's last retreat,
 They called it, the Pied Piper's street —
 Where any one playing on pipe or tabor,
 Was sure for the future to lose his labor.
 Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern

To shock with mirth a street so solemn;
 But opposite the place of the cavern

They wrote the story on a column,
 And on the great church window painted
 The same, to make the world acquainted
 How their children were stolen away;
 And there it stands to this very day,
 And I must not omit to say

That in Transylvania there's a tribe
 Of alien people that ascribe
 The outlandish ways and dress
 On which their neighbors lay such stress
 To their fathers and mothers having risen
 Out of some subterraneous prison,
 Into which they were trepanned
 Long time ago in a mighty band,
 Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,
 But how or why they don't understand.



HARALD HAARFAGER'S SAGA.

BY SNORRO STURLESON.

(From the "Heimskringla.")

[SNORRO (OR SNORRI) STURLESON (OR STURLASON), the greatest of Icelandic men of letters, and a great man of affairs as well, was born 1178, of a very old family claiming royal descent. His tutor was grandson of the compiler of the "Elder Edda," and he became deeply learned in Scandinavian antiquities and literature. Marrying an heiress and shortly losing his father, he became while young one of the richest and most influential men on the island, and was elected chief magistrate. His ability and profundity were conspicuous, his greed and intriguing ambition alleged as not less so; he drew on himself implacable feuds in which some of his own family took part against him, and finally embroiled himself with Hakon king of Norway, who sent orders to have him arrested or assassinated. The latter was done in 1241. He wrote panegyrical court poems said to be good; but his great work is the "Heimskringla" (World Circle), a history of the kings of Norway down to 1177. He is believed also to have shared in collecting the songs of the "Elder Edda," and contributed to the "Younger Edda."]

HARALD was but ten years old when he succeeded his father [Halfdan the Black]. He became a stout, strong, and comely man, and withal prudent and manly. His mother's brother, Guttorm, was regent over the court and country, and commander of the men-at-arms of the court. After Halfdan the Black's death, many chiefs coveted the dominions he had left. Among these, King Gandalf was the first; then Høgne and Frode, sons of Eystein king of Hedemark; and also Høgne Karason came from Ringerige. Hako, the son of Gandalf, began with an expedition of three hundred men against Westfold, marched round the head of and over some valleys, and expected to come suddenly upon King Harald; while his father Gandalf sat at

home with his army and prepared to cross over the fiord into Westfold. When Guttorm heard of this, he gathered an army, and marched up the country with King Harald against Hako. They met in a valley in which they fought a great battle, and King Harald was victorious; and there fell King Hako and most of his people. The place has since been called Hakodale. Then King Harald and Guttorm turned back, but they found King Gandalf had come to Westfold. The two armies marched against each other, and met, and had a great battle; and it ended in King Gandalf flying, after leaving most of his men dead on the spot, and in that state he came back to his kingdom. Now when the sons of King Eystein in Hedemark heard the news, they expected the war would come upon them, and they sent a message to Høgne Karason and to Herse Gudbrand, and appointed a meeting with them at Ringsager in Hedemark.

After the battle, King Harald and Guttorm turned back, and went with all the men they could gather through the forests towards the Uplands. They found out where the Upland kings had appointed their meeting-place, and came there about the time of midnight, without the watchmen observing them until their army was before the door of the house in which Høgne Karason was, as well as that in which Gudbrand slept. They set fire to both houses; but King Eystein's sons slipped out with their men, and fought for a while, until both Høgne and Frode fell. After the fall of these four chiefs, King Harald, by his relation Guttorm's success and power, subdued Hedemark, Ringerige, Gudbrandsdal, Hadeland, Thoten, Raumarige, and the whole northern part of Vingulmark. King Harald and Guttorm had thereafter war with King Gandalf, and fought several battles with him; and in the last of them King Gandalf was slain, and King Harald took the whole of his kingdom as far south as the Glommen.

King Harald sent his men to a girl called Gyda, a daughter of King Eric of Hordaland, who was brought up as foster-child in the house of a great bonder in Valders. The king wanted her for his concubine; for she was a remarkably handsome girl, but of high spirit withal. Now when the messengers came there and delivered their errand to the girl, she answered that she would not throw herself away even to take a king for her husband, who had no greater kingdom to rule over than a few districts. "And methinks," said she, "it is wonderful that no king here in Norway will make the whole country subject to him, in the

same way as Gorm the Old did in Denmark, or Eric at Upsal." The messengers thought her answer was dreadfully haughty, and asked what she thought would come of such an answer ; for Harald was so mighty a man that his invitation was good enough for her. But although she had replied to their errand differently from what they wished, they saw no chance, on this occasion, of taking her with them against her will, so they prepared to return. When they were ready, and the people followed them out, Gyda said to the messengers, " Now tell to King Harald these my words, — I will only agree to be his lawful wife upon condition that he shall first, for my sake, subject to himself the whole of Norway, so that he may rule over that kingdom as freely and fully as King Eric over the Swedish dominions, or King Gorm over Denmark ; for only then, methinks, can he be called the king of a people."

Now came the messengers back to King Harald, bringing him the words of the girl, and saying she was so bold and foolish that she well deserved that the king should send a greater troop of people for her, and inflict on her some disgrace. Then answered the king : " This girl has not spoken or done so much amiss that she should be punished, but rather she should be thanked for her words. She has reminded me," said he, " of something which it appears to me wonderful I did not think of before. And now," added he, " I make the solemn vow, and take God to witness, who made me and rules over all things, that never shall I clip or comb my hair until I have subdued the whole of Norway, with scatt, and duties, and domains ; or if not, have died in the attempt." Guttorm thanked the king warmly for his vow ; adding, that it was royal work to fulfill royal words.

After this battle King Harald met no opposition in Norway, for all his opponents and greatest enemies were cut off. But some, and they were a great multitude, fled out of the country, and thereby great districts were peopled. Jemteland and Helsingland were peopled then, although some Norwegians had already set up their habitation there. In the discontent that King Harald seized on the lands of Norway, the out-countries of Iceland and the Faroe Isle were discovered and peopled. The Northmen had also a great resort to Shetland, and many men left Norway, flying the country on account of King Harald, and went on viking cruises into the West Sea. In winter they

were in the Orkney Islands and Hebrides ; but marauded in summer in Norway, and did great damage. Many, however, were the mighty men who took service under King Harald, and became his men, and dwelt in the land with him.

When King Harald had now become sole king over all Norway, he remembered what that proud girl had said to him ; so he sent men to her, and had her brought to him, and took her to his bed. And these were their children : Alaf, she was the eldest ; then was their son Hraereck ; then Sigtryg, Frode, and Thorgils. King Harald had many wives and many children. Among them he had one wife who was called Ragnhild the Mighty, a daughter of King Eric, from Jutland ; and by her he had a son, Eric Bloodyaxe. He was also married to Swanhilde, a daughter of Earl Eystein ; and their sons were Olaf Geirstadaalf, Biorn, and Ragnar Ryskill. Lastly, King Harald married Ashilda, a daughter of King Dagsson, up in Ringerige ; and their children were Dag, Ring, Gudrod, Skiria, and Ingi-gerd. It is told that King Harald put away nine wives when he married Ragnhild the Mighty.

King Harald heard that the vikings, who were in the West Sea in winter, plundered far and wide in the middle part of Norway ; and therefore, every summer, he made an expedition to search the isles and outskeries on the coast. Wheresoever the vikings heard of him they all took to flight, and most of them out into the open ocean. At last the king grew weary of this work, and therefore, one summer he sailed with his fleet right out into the West Sea. First he came to Shetland, and he slew all the vikings who could not save themselves by flight. Then King Harald sailed southward, to the Orkney Islands, and cleared them all of vikings. Thereafter he proceeded to the Hebrides, plundered there, and slew many vikings who formerly had had men-at-arms under them. Many a battle was fought, and King Harald was always victorious. He then plundered far and wide in Scotland itself, and had a battle there. When he was come westward as far as the Isle of Man, the report of his exploits on the land had gone before him ; for all the inhabitants had fled over to Scotland, and the island was left entirely bare both of people and goods, so that King Harald and his men made no booty when they landed. So says Hornklof : —

“The wise, the noble king, great Harald,
Whose hand so freely scatters gold,

Led many a northern shield to war
Against the town upon the shore.
The wolves soon gathered on the sand
Of that seashore ; for Harald's hand
The Scottish army drove away,
And on the coast left wolves a prey."

In this war fell Ivar, a son of Rognvald, earl of Möre ; and King Harald gave Rognvald, as a compensation for the loss, the Orkney and Shetland isles, when he sailed from the West ; but Rognvald immediately gave both these countries to his brother Sigurd, who remained behind them ; and King Harald, before sailing eastward, gave Sigurd the earldom of them. Thorstein the Red, a son of Olaf the White, and Aude the Wealthy, entered into partnership with him ; and after plundering in Scotland, they subdued Caithness and Sutherland, as far as Ekjalsbakki. Earl Sigurd killed Melbrigda-Tonn, a Scotch earl, and hung his head to his stirrup-leather ; but the calf of his leg was scratched by the teeth, which were sticking out from the head, and the wound caused inflammation in his leg, of which the earl died, and he was laid in a mound at Ekjalsbakki. His son, Guttorm, ruled over these countries for about a year thereafter, and died without children. Many vikings, both Danes and Northmen, set themselves down then in those countries.

After King Harald had subdued the whole land, he was one day at a feast in Möre, given by Earl Rognvald. Then King Harald went into a bath, and had his hair dressed. Earl Rognvald now cut his hair, which had been uncut and uncombed for ten years ; and therefore the king had been called Ugly Head. But then Earl Rognvald gave him the distinguishing name — Harald Haarfager ; and all who saw him agreed that there was the greatest truth in that surname, for he had the most beautiful and abundant head of hair.

Earl Rognvald was King Harald's dearest friend, and the king had the greatest regard for him. He was married to Hilda, a daughter of Rolf Naefia, and their sons were Rolf and Thorer. Earl Rognvald had also three sons by concubines, — the one called Hallad, the second Einar, the third Hrollaug ; and all three were grown men when their brothers, born in marriage, were still children. Rolf became a great viking, and was of so stout a growth that no horse could carry him, and wheresoever he went he must go on foot ; and therefore he was called Gange-Rolf. He plundered much in the East Sea. One

summer, as he was coming from the eastward on a viking's expedition, to the coast of Viken, he landed there and made a cattle foray. As King Harald happened just at that time to be in Viken, he heard of it, and was in a great rage; for he had forbid, by the greatest punishment, the plundering within the bounds of the country. The king assembled a Thing, and had Rolf declared an outlaw over all Norway. When Rolf's mother, Hilda, heard of it, she hastened to the king, and entreated peace for Rolf; but the king was so enraged that her entreaty was of no avail. Then Hilda spake these lines: —

“Think'st thou, King Harald, in thy anger,
To drive away my brave Rolf Ganger,
Like a mad wolf, from out the land?
Why, Harald, raise thy mighty hand?
Why banish Naefia's gallant name-son,
The brother of brave udal-men?
Why is thy cruelty so fell?
Bethink thee, monarch, it is ill
With such a wolf at wolf to play,
Who, driven to the wild woods away,
May make the king's best deer his prey.”

Gange-Rolf went afterward over the sea to the West to the Hebudes, or Sydreyar; and at last farther west to Valland, where he plundered and subdued for himself a great earldom, which he peopled with Northmen, from which that land is called Normandy. Gange-Rolf's son was William, father to Richard, and grandfather to another Richard, who was the father of Richard Longspear, and grandfather of William the Bastard, from whom all the following English kings are descended. From Gange-Rolf also are descended the earls in Normandy. Queen Ragnhild the Mighty lived three years after she came to Norway; and, after her death, her son and King Harald's was taken to Thoror Hroaldson, and Eric was fostered by him.

King Harald, one winter, went about in guest-quarters in Upland, and had ordered a Christmas feast to be prepared for him at the farm Thopte. On Christmas eve, came Swase to the door, just as the king went to table, and sent a message to the king to ask if he would go out with him. The king was angry at such a message, and the man who had brought it in took out with him a reply of the king's displeasure. But Swase, notwithstanding, desired that his message should be delivered a

second time; adding to it, that he was the Laplander whose hut the king had promised to visit, and which stood on the other side of the ridge. Now the king went out, and promised to follow him, and went over to the ridge to his hut, although some of his men dissuaded him. There stood Snaefrid, the daughter of Swase, a most beautiful girl, and she filled a cup of mead for the king. But he took hold both of the cup and of her hand. Immediately it was as if a hot fire went through his body; and he wanted that very night to take her to his bed. But Swase said that should not be unless by main force, if he did not first make her his lawful wife. Now King Harald made Snaefrid his lawful wife, and loved her so passionately that he forgot his kingdom and all that belonged to his high dignity. They had four sons: the one was Sigurd Rise; the others, Halfdan Haaleg, Gudrod Liome, and Rognvald Rettilbeen. Thereafter Snaefrid died; but her corpse never changed, but was as fresh and red as when she lived. The king sat always beside her, and thought she would come to life again. And so it went on for three years that he was sorrowing over her death, and the people over his delusion. At last Thorlief the Wise succeeded, by his prudence, in curing him of his delusion by accosting him thus: "It is nowise wonderful, king, that thou grievest over so beautiful and noble a wife, and bestowest costly coverlets and beds of down on her corpse, as she desired; but these honors fall short of what is due, as she still lies in the same clothes. It would be more suitable to raise her, and change her dress." As soon as the body was raised in the bed, all sorts of corruption and foul smells came from it, and it was necessary in all haste to gather a pile of wood and burn it; but before this could be done the body turned blue, and worms, toads, newts, paddocks, and all sorts of ugly reptiles came out of it, and it sank into ashes. Now the king came to his understanding again, threw the madness out of his mind, and after that day ruled his kingdom as before. He was strengthened and made joyful by his subjects, and his subjects by him, and the country by both.

After King Harald had experienced the cunning of the Laplander, he was so angry that he drove from him the sons he had with her, and would not suffer them before his eyes. But one of them, Gudrod Liome, went to his foster-father, Thiodolf, and asked him to go to the king, who was then in the Uplands; for Thiodolf was a great friend of the king. And so they went,

and came to the king's house late in the evening, and sat down together unnoticed near the door. The king walked up and down the floor casting his eye along the benches ; for he had a feast in the house, and the mead was just mixed. The king then murmured out these lines : —

“Tell me, ye aged gray-haired heroes,
Who have come here to seek repose,
Wherefore must I so many keep
Of such a set, who, one and all,
Right dearly love their souls to steep,
From morn till night, in the mead-bowl ?”

Then Thiodolf replies : —

“A certain wealthy chief, I think,
Would gladly have had more to drink
With him, upon one bloody day,
When crowns were cracked in our sword-play.”

Thiodolf then took off his hat, and the king recognized him, and gave him a friendly reception. Thiodolf then begged the king not to cast off his sons, “for they would with great pleasure have taken a better family descent upon the mother's side, if the king had given it to them.” The king assented, and told him to take Gudrod with him as formerly ; and he sent Halfdan and Sigurd to Ringerige, and Rognvald to Hadeland, and all was done as the king ordered. They grew up to be very clever men, very expert in all exercises. In these times King Harald sat in peace in the land, and the land enjoyed quietness and good crops.

When King Harald was forty years of age, many of his sons were well advanced ; and, indeed, they all came early to strength and manhood. And now they began to take it ill that the king would not give them any part of the kingdom, but put earls into every district ; for they thought earls were of inferior birth to them. Then Halfdan Haaleg and Gudrod Liome set off one spring with a great force, and came suddenly upon Earl Rognvald, earl of Möre, and surrounded the house in which he was, and burnt him and sixty men in it. Thereafter Halfdan took three long-ships, and fitted them out, and sailed into the West Sea ; but Gudrod set himself down in the land which Rognvald formerly had. Now when King Harald heard this, he set out with a great force against Gudrod, who had no other

way left but to surrender, and he was sent to Agder. King Harald then set Earl Rognvald's son Thorer over Möre, and gave him his daughter Alof in marriage. Thorer, called the Silent, got the same territory his father Rognvald had possessed.

Halfdan Haaleg came very unexpectedly to Orkney, and Earl Einar immediately fled; but came back soon after, about harvest time, unnoticed by Halfdan. They met, and, after a short battle, Halfdan fled the same night. Einar and his men lay all night without tents, and when it was light in the morning they searched the whole island, and killed every man they could lay hold of. Then Einar said: "What is that I see upon the isle of Ronaldsha? Is it a man or a bird? Sometimes it raises itself up, and sometimes lies down again." They went to it, and found it was Halfdan Haaleg, and took him prisoner.

Earl Einar sang the following song the evening before he went into this battle:—

"Where is the spear of Rollaug? where
Is stout Rolf Ganger's bloody spear?
I see them not; yet never fear,
For Einar will not vengeance spare
Against his father's murderers, though
Rollaug and Rolf are somewhat slow,
And silent Thorer sits and dreams
At home, beside the mead-bowl's streams."

Thereafter Earl Einar went up to Halfdan, and cut a spread eagle upon his back, by striking his sword through his back into his belly, dividing his ribs from the backbone down to his loins, and tearing out his lungs; and so Halfdan was killed. Einar then sang:—

"For Rognvald's death my sword is red:
Of vengeance it cannot be said
That Einar's share is left unsped.
So now, brave boys, let's raise a mound,—
Heap stones and gravel on the ground
O'er Halfdan's corpse: this is the way
We Norsemen our scatt duties pay."

When Harald was seventy years of age he begat a son with a girl called Thora Mosterstang, because her family came from Moster. She was descended from good people, being connected with Horda-Kaare; and was, moreover, a very stout and remarkably handsome girl. She was called the king's servant girl;

for at that time many were subject to service to the king who were of good birth, both men and women. Then it was the custom, with people of consideration, to choose with great care the man who should pour water over their children, and give them a name. Now when the time came that Thora, who was then at Moster, expected her confinement, she would go to King Harald, who was then living at Saeim; and she went northward in a ship belonging to Earl Sigurd. They lay at night close to the land; and there Thora brought forth a child upon the land, up among the rocks, close to the ship's gangway, and it was a man child. Earl Sigurd poured water over him, and called him Hakon, after his own father, Hakon earl of Lade. The boy soon grew handsome, large in size, and very like his father, King Harald. King Harald let him follow his mother, and they were both in the king's house as long as he was an infant.

At this time, a king called Athelstan had taken the kingdom of England. He sent men to Norway to King Harald, with the errand that the messengers should present him with a sword, with the hilt and handle gilt, and also the whole sheath adorned with gold and silver, and set with precious jewels. The ambassadors presented the sword hilt to the king, saying, "Here is a sword which King Athelstan sends thee, with the request that thou wilt accept it." The king took the sword by the handle; whereupon the ambassadors said, "Now thou hast taken the sword according to our king's desire, and therefore art thou his subject, as thou hast taken his sword." King Harald saw now that this was a jest, for he would be subject to no man. But he remembered it was his rule, whenever anything raised his anger, to collect himself, and let his passion run off, and then take the matter into consideration coolly. Now he did so, and consulted his friends, who all gave him the advice to let the ambassadors, in the first place, go home in safety.

The following summer King Harald sent a ship westward to England, and gave the command of it to Hauk Haabrok. He was a great warrior, and very dear to the king. Into his hands he gave his son Hakon. Hauk proceeded westward to England, and found the king in London, where there was just at the time a great feast and entertainment. When they came to the hall, Hauk told his men how they should conduct themselves; namely, that he who went first in should go last out,

and all should stand in a row at the table, at equal distance from each other; and each should have his sword at his left side, but should fasten his cloak so that his sword should not be seen. Then they went into the hall, thirty in number. Hauk went up to the king and saluted him, and the king bade him welcome. Then Hauk took the child Hakon, and set it on the king's knee. The king looks at the boy, and asks Hauk what the meaning of this is. Hauk replies, "Harald the king bids thee foster his servant girl's child." The king was in great anger, and seized a sword which lay beside him, and drew it, as if he was going to kill the child. Hauk says, "Thou hast borne him on thy knee, and thou canst murder him if thou wilt; but thou wilt not make an end of all King Harald's sons by so doing." On that Hauk went out with all his men, and took the way direct to his ship, and put to sea,—for they were ready,—and came back to King Harald. The king was highly pleased with this; for it is the common observation of all people that the man who fosters another's children is of less consideration than the other. From these transactions between the two kings, it appears that each wanted to be held greater than the other; but in truth there was no injury to the dignity of either, for each was the upper king in his own kingdom till his dying day.

King Athelstan had Hakon baptized, and brought up in the right faith, and in good habits, and all sorts of exercises, and he loved Hakon above all his relations; and Hakon was beloved by all men. Athelstan was a man of understanding and eloquence, and also a good Christian. King Athelstan gave Hakon a sword, of which the hilt and handle were gold, and the blade still better; for with it Hakon cut down a millstone to the center eye, and the sword thereafter was called the Quernbiter. Better sword never came into Norway, and Hakon carried it to his dying day.

When King Harald was eighty years of age he became very heavy, and unable to travel through the country, or do the business of a king. Then he brought his son Eric to his high seat, and gave him the power and command over the whole land. Now when King Harald's other sons heard this, King Halfdan the Black also took a king's high seat, and took all Drontheim land, with the consent of all people, under his rule as upper king. After the death of Biorn the Merchant, his brother Olaf took the command over Westfold, and took Biorn's

son, Gudrod, as his foster-child. Olaf's son was called Tryggve; and the two foster-brothers were about the same age, and were hopeful and clever. Tryggve, especially, was remarkable as a stout and strong man. Now when the people of Viken heard that those of Horden had taken Eric as upper king, they did the same, and made Olaf the upper king in Viken, which kingdom he retained. Eric did not like this at all. Two years after this, Halfdan the Black died suddenly at a feast in Drontheim, and the general report was that Gunhild had bribed a witch to give him a death-drink. Thereafter the Drontheim people took Sigrod to be their king.

King Harald lived three years after he gave Eric the supreme authority over his kingdom, and lived mostly on his great farms which he possessed, some in Rogaland, and some in Hordaland. Eric and Gunhild had a son, on whom King Harald poured water, and gave him his own name, and the promise that he should be king after his father Eric. King Harald married most of his daughters within the country to his earls, and from them many great families are descended. King Harald died on a bed of sickness in Rogaland, and was buried under a mound at Hougar in Kormsund. In Hougasund is a church, now standing; and not far from the churchyard, at the northwest side, is King Harald Haarfager's mound; but his gravestone stands west of the church, and is thirteen feet and a half high, and two ells broad. The grave, mound, and stone are there to the present day. Harald Haarfager was, according to the report of men of knowledge, of remarkably handsome appearance, great and strong, and very generous and affable to his men. He was a great warrior in his youth; and people think that this was foretold by his mother's dream before his birth, as the lowest part of the tree she dreamt of was red as blood. The stem again was green and beautiful, which betokened his flourishing kingdom; and that the tree was white at the top showed that he should reach a gray-haired old age. The branches and twigs showed forth his posterity, spread over the whole land: for of his race, ever since, Norway has always had kings.

THE ANARCHY UNDER STEPHEN.

(From "The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle.")

[Henry I., after the death of his son in the White Ship, had sworn his subject nobles to the succession of his daughter Matilda and her son (afterward Henry II.) ; but her cousin Stephen of Blois broke the oath and had himself crowned.]

A. 1135. This year king Henry . . . died in Normandy, on the day after the feast of St. Andrew. Soon did this land fall into trouble, for every man greatly began to rob his neighbor as he might. Then king Henry's sons and his friends took his body, and brought it to England, and buried it at Reading. He was a good man, and great was the awe of him ; no man durst ill-treat another in his time : he made peace for men and deer. Whoso bare his burden of gold and silver, no man durst say to him aught but good.

In the meantime his nephew Stephen de Blois had arrived in England, and he came to London, and the inhabitants received him, and sent for the archbishop, William Corboil, who consecrated him king on midwinter-day. In this king's time was all discord, and evil-doing, and robbery ; for the powerful men who had kept aloof, soon rose up against him ; the first was Baldwin de Redvers, and he held Exeter against the king, and Stephen besieged him, and afterwards Baldwin made terms with him. Then the others took their castles, and held them against the king, and David, king of Scotland, betook him to Wessington [Derbyshire], but notwithstanding his array, messengers passed between them, and they came together, and made an agreement, though it availed little.

A. 1137. This year king Stephen went over sea to Normandy, and he was received there because it was expected that he would be altogether like his uncle, and because he had gotten possession of his treasure, but this he distributed and scattered foolishly. King Henry had gathered together much gold and silver, yet did he no good for his soul's sake with the same. When king Stephen came to England, he held an assembly at Oxford ; and there he seized Roger bishop of Salisbury, and Alexander bishop of Lincoln, and Roger the chancellor, his nephew, and he kept them all in prison till they gave up their castles. When the traitors perceived that he was a mild man,

and a soft, and a good, and that he did not enforce justice, they did all wonder. They had done homage to him, and sworn oaths, but they no faith kept; all became forsworn, and broke their allegiance, for every rich man built his castles, and defended them against him, and they filled the land full of castles.

They greatly oppressed the wretched people by making them work at these castles, and when the castles were finished they filled them with devils and evil men. Then they took those whom they suspected to have any goods, by night and by day, seizing both men and women, and they put them in prison for their gold and silver, and tortured them with pains unspeakable, for never were any martyrs tormented as these were. They hung some up by their feet, and smoked them with foul smoke; some by their thumbs, or by the head, and they hung burning things on their feet. They put a knotted string about their heads, and twisted it till it went into the brain. They put them into dungeons wherein were adders and snakes and toads, and thus wore them out. Some they put into a crucet-house, that is, into a chest that was short and narrow, and not deep, and they put sharp stones in it, and crushed the man therein so that they broke all his limbs. There were hateful and grim things called Sachenteges in many of the castles, and which two or three men had enough to do to carry. The Sachenteg was made thus: it was fastened to a beam, having a sharp iron to go round a man's throat and neck, so that he might no ways sit, nor lie, nor sleep, but that he must bear all the iron. Many thousands they exhausted with hunger. I cannot and I may not tell of all the wounds, and all the tortures that they inflicted upon the wretched men of this land; and this state of things lasted the nineteen years that Stephen was king, and ever grew worse and worse. They were continually levying an exaction from the towns, which they called Tenserie, and when the miserable inhabitants had no more to give, then plundered they, and burnt all the towns, so that well mightest thou walk a whole day's journey nor ever shouldst thou find a man seated in a town, or its lands tilled.

Then was corn dear, and flesh, and cheese, and butter, for there was none in the land—wretched men starved with hunger—some lived on alms who had been erewhile rich: some fled the country—never was there more misery, and never acted heathens worse than these. At length they spared

neither church nor churchyard, but they took all that was valuable therein, and then burned the church and all together. Neither did they spare the lands of bishops, nor of abbots, nor of priests; but they robbed the monks and the clergy, and every man plundered his neighbor as much as he could. If two or three men came riding to a town, all the township fled before them, and thought that they were robbers. The bishops and clergy were ever cursing them, but this to them was nothing, for they were all accursed, and forsworn, and reprobate. The earth bare no corn, you might as well have tilled the sea, for the land was all ruined by such deeds, and it was said openly that Christ and his saints slept. These things and more than we can say, did we suffer during nineteen years because of our sins.

Now will we relate some part of what befell in king Stephen's time. In his reign the Jews of Norwich bought a Christian child before Easter, and tortured him with all the torments wherewith our Lord was tortured, and they crucified him on Good Friday for the love of our Lord, and afterwards buried him. They believed that this would be kept secret, but our Lord made manifest that he was a holy martyr, and the monks took him and buried him honorably in the monastery, and he performed manifold and wonderful miracles through the power of our Lord, and he is called St. William.

A. 1138. This year, David king of Scotland, entered this land with an immense army resolving to conquer it, and William earl of Albemarle, to whose charge the king had committed York, and other trusty men, came against him with few troops, and fought with him, and they put the king to flight at the Standard, and slew a great part of his followers.

A. 1140. This year, Stephen attempted to take Robert earl of Gloucester the son of King Henry, but failed, for Robert was aware of his purpose. After this, in Lent, the sun and the day were darkened about noon, when men eat, so that they lighted candles to eat by. This was on the 13th, before the Kalends of April, and the people were greatly astonished. After this, William archbishop of Canterbury died, and the king made Theobald, abbot of Bec, archbishop. Then there arose a very great war between the king and Randolph earl of Chester, not because the king did not give him all that he could ask, even as he did to all others, but that the more he gave them, the worse they always carried themselves to him. The

earl held Lincoln against the king, and seized all that belonged to the king there, and the king went thither, and besieged him and his brother William de Romare, in the castle : and the earl stole out and went for Robert earl of Gloucester, and brought him thither with a large army ; and they fought furiously against their lord on Candlemas-day, and they took him captive, for his men betrayed him and fled, and they led him to Bristol, and there they put him into prison and close confinement. Now was all England more disturbed than before, and all evil was in the land.

After this, king Henry's daughter, who had been empress of Germany, and was now countess of Anjou, arrived, and she came to London, and the citizens would have seized her, but she fled with much loss. Then Henry bishop of Winchester, king Stephen's brother, spake with earl Robert and with the empress, and swore them oaths that he never more would hold with the king, his brother, and he cursed all those that did hold with him, and he said that he would give up Winchester to them, and he made them come thither. But when they were in that place, Stephen's queen brought up her strength and besieged them, till there was so great a famine in the town, they could endure it no longer. Then stole they out and fled; and the besiegers were aware of them, and followed them, and they took Robert earl of Gloucester, and led him to Rochester, and imprisoned him there : and the empress fled into a monastery. Then, wise men, friends of the king and of the earl, interfered between them, and they settled that the king should be let out of prison for the earl, and the earl for the king ; and this was done.

After this, the king and earl Randolph were reconciled at Stamford, and they took oaths and pledged their troth, that neither would betray the other : but this promise was set at nought, for the king afterwards seized the earl in Northampton, through wicked counsel, and put him in prison, but he let him free soon after, through worse, on condition that he should swear on the cross, and find hostages that he would give up all his castles. Some he did deliver up, and others not ; and he did worse than he should have done in this country.

Now was England much divided, some held with the king and some with the empress, for when the king was in prison the earls and the great men thought that he would never more come out, and they treated with the empress, and brought her

to Oxford, and gave her the town. When the king was out of prison he heard this, and he took his army and besieged her in the tower, and they let her down from the tower by night with ropes, and she stole away, and she fled: and she went on foot to Wallingford. After this she went over sea, and all the Normans turned from the king to the earl of Anjou, some willingly, and some against their will; for he besieged them till they gave up their castles, and they had no help from the king. Then the king's son Eustace went to France, and took to wife the sister of the king of France; he thought to obtain Normandy through this marriage, but little he sped, and that of right, for he was an evil man, and did more harm than good wherever he went: he spoiled the lands, and laid thereon heavy taxes: he brought his wife to England, and put her into the castle of —; she was a good woman but she had little bliss with him, and it was not the will of Christ that he should bear rule long, and he died, and his mother also.

And the earl of Anjou died, and his son Henry succeeded him; and the queen of France was divorced from the king, and she went to the young earl Henry and he took her to wife, and received all Poitou with her. Then he came into England with a great army and won castles; and the king marched against him with a much larger army, howbeit they did not fight, but the archbishop and wise men went between them and made a treaty on these terms: that the king should be lord and king while he lived, and that Henry should be king after his death, and that he should consider him as his father, and the king him as his son, and that peace and concord should be between them, and in all England. The king, and the earl, and the bishop, and the earls, and all the great men swore to observe these and the other conditions that were then made. The earl was received with much honor at Winchester and at London, and all did homage to him, and swore to keep the peace, and it soon became a very good peace, such as never was in this land. Then the king was more powerful here than ever he was; and the earl went over sea, and all the people loved him, because he did good justice, and made peace.

A. 1154. This year king Stephen died, and he was buried with his wife and his son at Faversham; they had built that monastery. When the king died the earl was beyond sea, and no man durst do other than good for very dread of him.

STRONGBOW AND DERMOT MAC MURROUGH.

BY GIRALDUS CAMBRENSIS.

[GERALD DE BARRI, "Gerald the Cambrian," one of the best-known ecclesiastics and writers of his time, was a cadet of a great Norman-Welsh house, born in Wales in 1146; studied at the University of Paris, and professes to have won great repute as a lecturer; returning in 1172, took orders, and was made archdeacon of Brecknock by the influence of his uncle, bishop of St. David's, the metropolitan Welsh see. Here he enforced clerical celibacy and tithes by unsparing excommunications. On the uncle's death, in 1176, the chapter elected Gerald bishop on their own right, St. David's having always had archiepiscopal rights; but Henry II. wanted no more Becket's (Becket was murdered 1170) nor Welsh independence, disallowed the election, and Gerald returned to Paris. The new bishop proving incompetent, Gerald was made administrator of the diocese 1180-1184. Being then appointed a royal chaplain, he went to Ireland with Prince John, refused an Irish bishopric, and in 1187 published his "Topography of Ireland" and history of its conquest. In 1188 he went through Wales with the archbishop of Canterbury preaching the third crusade, and wrote his "Itinerarium Cambrie." On Henry's last campaign, in France, 1189, Gerald accompanied him. Richard I. on acceding sent him into Wales to preserve order, made him co-regent with Longchamp and offered him two Welsh bishoprics in succession, which he refused, wanting St. David's. He put himself out of favor at court, and spent 1192-1198 in retirement, writing and studying. In 1198 St. David's chapter again elected him bishop without license; the archbishop of Canterbury annulled the election; Gerald spent five years and three journeys to Rome fighting him and appealing to the Holy See to recognize St. David's independence, was definitively beaten, resigned his archdeaconry, and retired to a remaining life of study and literary work. Near the close of his life he was offered St. David's on conditions, but refused. He died 1219. The kings were right: Gerald was an extreme type of the intractable prelates who made government so difficult in that age, but too vain, self-absorbed, and unpliant to attain a position where he could do much mischief.]

DERMITIUS, the son of Murchard, and prince of Leinster, who ruled over that fifth part of Ireland, possessed in our times the maritime districts in the east of the island, separated only from Great Britain by the sea which flowed between. His youth and inexperience in government led him to become the oppressor of the nobility, and to impose a cruel and intolerable tyranny on the chiefs of the land. This brought him into trouble, and it was not the only one; for O'Roric, prince of Meath, having gone on an expedition into a distant quarter, left his wife [Dervorgilla], the daughter of Omachlacherlin [Murtough O'Melaghlin, king of Meath], in a certain island of Meath during his absence; and she, who had long entertained a passion for Dermotius, took advantage of the absence

of her husband, and allowed herself to be ravished, not against her will. As the nature of women is fickle and given to change, she thus became the prey of the spoiler by her own contrivance. For as Mark Anthony and Troy are witnesses, almost all the greatest evils in the world have arisen from women. King O'Roric being moved by this to great wrath, but more for the shame than the loss he suffered, was fully bent on revenge, and forthwith gathered the whole force of his own people and the neighboring tribes, calling besides to his aid Roderick, prince of Connaught, then monarch of all Ireland. The people of Leinster, considering in what a strait their prince was, and seeing him beset on every side by bands of enemies, began to call to mind their own long-smothered grievances, and their chiefs leagued themselves with the foes of Mac Murchard, and deserted him in his desperate fortunes.

Dermotius, seeing himself thus forsaken and left destitute, fortune frowning upon him, and his affairs being now desperate, after many fierce conflicts with the enemy, in which he was always worsted, at length resolved, as his last refuge, to take ship and flee beyond sea. It is therefore apparent from many occurrences, that it is safer to govern willing subjects than those who are disobedient. Nero learnt this, and Domitian also, while in our times, Henry, duke of Saxony and Bavaria [Henry the Lion], was made sensible of it. It is better for a prince to be loved than to be feared; but it is expedient that he should be feared also, so that the fear proceeds rather from good-will than from coercion. For whatever is outwardly loved, it necessarily follows that the same must be also feared. Wherefore fear must be so tempered with love, that neither a lax freedom degenerate into coldness, nor terror extorted by a rash insolence be turned into tyranny. Love lengthened the reign of Augustus, but fear cut short the life and rule of the emperor Julius.

Meanwhile, Mac Murchard, submitting to his change of fortune, and confidently hoping for some favorable turn, crossed the sea with a favorable wind, and came to Henry II., king of England, for the purpose of earnestly imploring his succor. Although the king was at that time beyond sea, far away in Aquitaine, in France, and much engaged in business, he received Murchard with great kindness, and the liberality and courtesy which was natural to him; and having heard the causes of his exile and coming over, and received his bond of

allegiance and oath of fealty, granted him letters patent to the effect following: "Henry king of England, duke of Normandy and Aquitaine, and count of Anjou, to all his liegemen, English, Normans, Welsh, and Scots, and to all other nations subject to his dominion, Sendeth greeting, Whensoever these our letters shall come unto you, know ye that we have received Dermitius, prince of Leinster, into our grace and favor, — Wherefore, whosoever within the bounds of our territories shall be willing to give him aid, as our vassal and liegeman, in recovering his territories, let him be assured of our favor and license on that behalf."

Dermitius, returning through Great Britain, loaded with honorable gifts by the royal munificence, but encouraged more by hope for the future than any aid he had yet obtained, reached at last the noble town of Bristol. Here he sojourned for some time, making a liberal expenditure, as on account of the ships which made frequent voyages from Ireland to that port, he had opportunities of hearing the state of affairs in his own country and among his people. During his stay he caused the royal letters patent to be read several times in public, and made liberal offers of pay and land to many persons, but in vain. At length, however, Richard, surnamed Strongbow, earl of Strigul, the son of earl Gilbert, came and had a conference with him; and after a prolonged treaty it was agreed between them that in the ensuing spring the earl should lend him aid in recovering his territories, Dermitius solemnly promising to give him his eldest daughter for wife, with the succession to his kingdom.

At that time, Robert Fitz-Stephen, who had been made prisoner through the treachery of his followers at Aberteivy, the chief place in the district of Cardigan, of which he was castellan, and delivered up to Rhys, having been kept in close confinement for three years, was released from prison on condition of his joining Rhys in taking arms against the king of England. But Robert, considering that, on the father's side, he was naturally bound in fealty to the king, his lord, — although by his mother, Nesta, a lady of high birth, the daughter of Rhys the Great, he was cousin-german to Rhys-ap-Griffyth, — preferred committing himself to the chances of fortune and fate, at the hazard of his life, in a foreign country, than to undergo the charge of disloyalty, to the no small stain on his honor and reputation and those of his adherents and

posterity. Through the mediation, therefore, of David, bishop of St. David's, and Maurice Fitzgerald, his half-brothers, who negotiated between him and Dermotus, after license obtained from Rhys, a contract was entered into that Dermotus should grant to Robert and Maurice the town of Wexford, with two adjoining cantreds of land, to be held in fee; in consideration whereof the said Robert and Maurice engaged to succor him in recovering his territories, as soon as spring should come and the winds be favorable.

Mindful of his engagement and true to his plighted faith, he mustered thirty men-at-arms, of his own kindred and retainers, together with sixty men in half-armor, and about three hundred archers and foot soldiers, the flower of the youth of Wales, and embarking them in three ships, landed at the Banne, about the calends of May [A.D. 1170].

Mac Murchard, elated with his late successes, raised his hopes still higher, and having now recovered all his patrimonial territories, became ambitious of regaining the rights of his ancestors in old times, and formed the design of seizing by force Connaught and the monarchy of all Ireland. With a view to this, he sought a private conference with Fitz-Stephen and Maurice, and having opened to them all that was passing in his mind, received for answer that what he proposed could be easily accomplished if he could procure strong reinforcements of English troops to support his pretensions. Thereupon Dermotus used all manner of entreaties to induce them to invite over more numerous bands of their kindred and countrymen into the island, and take measures for carrying his project into execution; and at last, the better to persuade them, he offered to either of them his eldest daughter in marriage, with the right of succession to his kingdom. But as it chanced that both were already in the bonds of lawful wedlock, they came at last, after much deliberation, to the conclusion that Dermotus should forthwith dispatch messengers to earl Richard, who has been mentioned before in chapter 2, and to whom he had formerly promised to give this daughter when he was in Bristol; the messengers being the bearer of a letter to the following effect:

“Dermotus, son of Murchard, prince of Leinster, to Richard, earl of Strigul, son of earl Gilbert, sends greeting.

*“Tempora si numeres bene quæ numeramus egentes,
Non venit ante suum nostra querela diem.*

Were you, like those who wait your aid, to count the weary days,
You would not wonder that I chide these lingering delays.

"We have watched the storks and swallows; the summer birds have come, and are gone again with the southerly wind; but neither winds from the east nor the west have brought us your much desired and long expected presence. Let your present activity make up for this delay, and prove by your deeds that you have not forgotten your engagements, but only deferred their performance. The whole of Leinster has been already recovered, and if you come in time with a strong force, the other four parts of the kingdom will be easily united to the fifth. You will add to the favor of your coming if it be speedy; it will turn out famous if it be not delayed, and the sooner, the better welcome. The wound in our regards which has been partly caused by neglect will be healed by your presence; for friendship is secured by good offices, and grows by benefits to greater strength."

Earl Richard having heard these tidings, and, after taking much counsel, being encouraged by Fitz-Stephen's success, of which he had been at first doubtful, resolved on pursuing the same course as the others had done; and, bending every effort towards one object, on which his most earnest desire was set, he made all kinds of preparations for the conquest of Ireland. This earl was descended from a very noble stock, being of the famous race of the Clares: but his name was greater than his means, his descent than his talents, his rights of inheritance than his property in possession. He addressed himself, therefore, to Henry II., king of England, and earnestly prayed and entreated him that he would either put him in possession of the lands which justly belonged to him by right of inheritance, or grant him license to seek his fortune, trusting to fate, in foreign countries.

Having obtained the king's license, although it was given in jest rather than in earnest, earl Richard, suffering the winter to elapse, sent forward to Ireland about the calends [the first] of May, a young man of his own household, whose name was Raymond, with ten men-at-arms and seventy archers. He was a brave and stout soldier, expert in the practice of arms, and nephew both of Fitz-Stephen and Maurice, being the son of their elder brother.

Meanwhile earl Richard, having prepared all things neces-

sary for so great an enterprise, took his journey to St. David's along the coast of South Wales, adding to his numbers picked youths from the districts through which he passed. When all was ready for the important voyage, he betook himself to the port of Milford, and embarking there with about two hundred men-at-arms, and other troops to the number of a thousand, sailed over to Waterford with a fair wind, and landed there on the tenth of the calends of September [the 23d of August], being the eve of the feast of St. Bartholomew. On the morrow of the feast, being Tuesday, they joined their forces to those of Raymond, whose banners were already displayed against the walls of the town, and advanced together to make the assault. But having been twice repulsed by the townsmen, and the rest who had escaped the slaughter at Dundunolf, Raymond, discovering a little house of timber standing upon a post, outside the wall, to which it also hung, loudly called on the assailants from all quarters to renew the assault, and sent men in armor to hew down the post. As soon as it was done, the house fell, and carried with it a great piece of the wall, and the assailants entering manfully through the breach, rushed into the town, and slaughtering the citizens in heaps along the streets, gained a very bloody victory. The two Sytaracs being taken in the tower called Reginald's tower, were put to the sword, but Reginald and Machlachelin of Ophelan, being also taken prisoners in the same place, their lives were spared through the intervention of Dermotius, who just then came up with Maurice and Fitz-Stephen, as well as Raymond. A garrison was placed in the town, and the daughter of Dermotius, called Eva, having been then given to the earl by her father, and their marriage solemnized, according to, and in confirmation of, the treaty before made, the whole army marched towards Dublin, with banners displayed.

Dermotius having received intelligence that the citizens of Dublin had summoned the people from all parts of Ireland to succor them in defending the place, and that all the roads through the woods and other difficult passes were beset with armed men, was careful to avoid his father's mischance, and leading his army by the ridges of the mountains of Glyndelachan (Glendalough), he conducted it in safety to the walls of the city. Dermotius had a mortal hatred for the citizens of Dublin, and not without reason; for they had murdered his father, while sitting in the hall of the house of one of the chief men, which

he used for his court, of justice : and they added insult to the foul deed by burying his corpse with a dog.

Now, however, on their sending envoys to Dermotius, and through the powerful mediation of Laurence, of blessed memory, who was at that time archbishop of Dublin, a truce was agreed upon, during which the terms of a treaty of peace might be settled. Notwithstanding this, Raymond on one side of the city, and on the other a brave soldier, whose name was Milo de Cogan (of whom we shall speak further in the 21st chapter), rushed to the walls with bands of youths, eager for the fight, and greedy of plunder, and making a resolute assault, got possession of the place after a great slaughter of the citizens. The better part of them, however, under their king Hasculf, embarked in ships and boats with their most valuable effects, and sailed to the northern islands.

On the same day two great miracles occurred in the city. One was that the crucifix which the citizens struggled hard to carry away with them to the islands remained immovably fixed ; the other, that of the penny offered before it having twice leapt back ; both of which are related in my Topography.

The earl then, having spent a few days in settling order in the city, left Milo de Cogan there as constable, and at the instigation of Mac Murchard, who had not forgotten an ancient feud with O'Roric, king of Meath, made a hostile irruption into the territories of that prince, and the whole of Meath was plundered and laid waste with fire and sword.

Roderic, king of Connaught, perceiving that he was in jeopardy, "when his neighbor's house was on fire," sent envoys to Dermotius, with this message : "Contrary to the conditions of our treaty of peace, you have invited a host of foreigners into this island, and yet, as long as you kept within the bounds of Leinster, we bore it patiently. But now, forasmuch as, regardless of your solemn oaths, and having no concern for the fate of the hostage you gave, you have broken the bounds agreed on, and insolently crossed the frontiers of your own territory ; either restrain in future the irruptions of your foreign bands, or I will certainly have your son's head cut off, and send it to you." Dermotius, having received this message, made an arrogant reply, adding also that he would not desist from the enterprise he had undertaken, until he had reduced Connaught to subjection, which he claimed as his ancient inheritance, and obtained with it the monarchy of the whole of Ireland. Roderic

was so indignant at this reply, that he caused the son of Dermotius, who had been delivered to him for an hostage, to be put to death.

Reports having been spread abroad of these events, which were much exaggerated, and the earl having made himself master not only of Leinster, but of other territories to which he had no just claims in the right of his wife, the king of England made a proclamation that in future no ship sailing from any part of his dominions should carry anything to Ireland, and that all his subjects who had been at any time conveyed there should return before the ensuing Easter, on pain of forfeiting all their lands, and being banished from the kingdom forever.

The earl finding himself in great straits, and that his followers were much cast down at the loss of reinforcements and the want of necessary supplies, after consulting his friends, dispatched Raymond to the king, who was then in the most distant parts of Aquitaine, with the following letter: "My lord and king, It was with your license, as I understood, that I came over to Ireland for the purpose of aiding your faithful vassal Dermotius in the recovery of his territories. Whatever lands, therefore, I have had the good fortune to acquire in this country, either in right of his patrimony, or from any other person, I consider to be owing to your gracious favor, and I shall hold them at your free disposal."

Raymond pursuing his journey and having arrived at court with the earl's letter, the king received him with great coldness, and being as usual much occupied with business, deferred his reply. . . .

STRONGBOW IS BESIEGED IN DUBLIN.

The earl and his followers had now been confined within the walls of the city for nearly two months, and having received no supplies of food, either by land or sea, were in great want of provisions. And as evil seldom comes alone, and one misfortune is heaped upon another, just then, lo! Duvenald, son of Dermotius, arrived from Kinsale, bringing intelligence that Fitz-Stephen, with a small force, was beleaguered in his camp at Carrig by the townsmen of Wexford, joined by the men of Kinsale, to the number of about three thousand; and that, unless they were succored by a strong body of troops within three days, they must surrender at discretion. . . .

Meanwhile, as fortune is continually changing, and success always attended by some adverse event, the men of Wexford

and Kinsale, to the number of about three thousand, regardless of their oaths and the faith they had pledged, marched against Fitz-Stephen, and taking him unawares, when he apprehended nothing of the kind, and had only a few men-at-arms and archers to defend his fort, they harassed him with incessant attacks. But finding that all their efforts were fruitless, for his men, though few, were at all times ready to stand on their guard, and one particularly, whose name was William Not, much distinguished himself by his brilliant courage in this defence, they had recourse to their usual falsehood and cunning. Bringing with them to the entrenchments the bishops of Wexford and Kildare, and other ecclesiastics, in their sacred vestments, they took solemn oaths on the holy relics that Dublin was taken, and that the earl, with Maurice and Raymond, and all the English were slain; also, that the king of Connaught and his army, with the Leinster troops, were on their march, and drawing near to Wexford. They also asserted that what they proposed was for the advantage of Fitz-Stephen; for as he had treated them like a courteous and liberal prince, they wished to send him and his followers back to Wales in safety, before the arrival of the vast army which was incensed against him. At length, Fitz-Stephen gave credit to their assertions, and committed himself and his people to their pledged faith. Whereupon they suddenly fell upon the English, and killing some of them, and cruelly beating and wounding others, threw them into dungeons. A true report, however, being soon received that the siege of Dublin was raised, and that the earl was near at hand, the traitors set fire to the town with their own hands, and crossed in boats to the island of Begeri, also called the Holy Isle, which lies at the mouth of the harbor, taking with them the captives and all their effects.

The earl, continuing his march, without loss of time, descended into the low country about Wexford, where he was met by envoys, who announced to him the calamity which had befallen Fitz-Stephen, and the burning of the town. They also conveyed to him a message from the traitors, that it was their firm resolution to cut off the prisoners' heads, and send them to him, if he should venture to advance against them. On receiving this intelligence, they wheeled to the right, in great bitterness of spirit, and took the road to Waterford, where they found Hervey just returned from executing his commission to the king of England, and bringing letters, inviting the

earl to come over to England, which were seconded by a verbal message.

Accordingly the earl took shipping as soon as the wind was favorable, and, crossing the sea, met the king at Newnham, near Gloucester, where he was making preparations to pass over to Ireland, with a large army. While there, after much altercation, he succeeded, at last, by the address and mediation of Hervey, in appeasing the royal displeasure, upon the terms that he should renew his oath of fealty to the king, and surrender to him Dublin, the capital of the kingdom, and the adjacent cantreds, with the towns on the seacoast, and all the fortresses; holding the rest of his conquests to him and his heirs, of the king and his heirs.

DERMOT MAC MURROUGH.

DERMITIUS was tall in stature, and of large proportions, and being a great warrior and valiant in his nation, his voice had become hoarse by constantly shouting and raising his war cry in battle. Bent more on inspiring fear than love, he oppressed his nobles, though he advanced the lowly. A tyrant to his own people, he was hated by strangers; his hand was against every man, and the hands of every man against him.

STRONGBOW.

As to the earl's portrait, his complexion was somewhat ruddy, and his skin freckled; he had gray eyes, feminine features, a weak voice, and short neck. For the rest, he was tall in stature, and a man of great generosity, and of courteous manner. What he failed of accomplishing by force, he succeeded in by gentle words. In time of peace he was more disposed to be led by others than to command. Out of the camp he had more the air of an ordinary man-at-arms, than of a general-in-chief; but in action the mere soldier was forgotten in the commander. With the advice of those about him he was ready to dare anything; but he never ordered any attack relying on his own judgment, or rashly presuming on his personal courage. The post he occupied in battle was a sure rallying point for his troops. His equanimity and firmness in all the vicissitudes of war were remarkable, being neither driven to despair in adversity, nor puffed up by success.

THE ASPIRATION OF BISHOP GOLIAS.

ATTRIBUTED TO WALTER MAP.

(Translation of Leigh Hunt.)

[Usually attributed to WALTER MAP or MAPES, a famous English poet, man of letters, and ecclesiastic of the later twelfth century; a favorite of Henry II., and archdeacon of Oxford in 1196. He is believed to have molded the scattered Arthurian legends into the form under which we know them through Malory. This poem is part of a long satirical one, "The Confession of Golias."]

I DEVISE to end my days in a tavern drinking;
May some Christian hold for me the glass when I am shrinking;
That the Cherubim may cry, when they see me sinking,
"God be merciful to a soul of this gentleman's way of thinking."

A glass of wine amazingly enlighteneth one's internals;
'Tis wings bedewed with nectar that fly up to supernals;
Bottles cracked in taverns have much the sweeter vernils
Than the sups allowed to us in the college journals.

Every one by nature hath a mold which he was cast in:
I happen to be one of those who never could write fasting;
By a single little boy I should be surpassed in
Writing so: I'd just as soon be buried, tombed, and grassed in.

Every one by nature hath a gift, too, a dotation:
I, when I make verses, do get the inspiration
Of the very best of wine that comes into the nation;
It maketh sermons to abound, for edification.

Just as liquor floweth good, floweth forth my lay so;
But I must moreover eat, or I could not say so:
Naught it availeth inwardly, should I write all day so;
But with God's grace after meat, I beat Ovidius Naso.

Neither is there given to me prophetic animation,
Unless when I have eat and drunk — yea, even to saturation;
Then in my upper story hath Bacchus domination,
And Phœbus rusheth into me, and beggareth all relation.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE MONK.

(From the "Lytel Gest of Robin Hode.")

[Robin Hood is absolutely unhistorical. The legends do not even suggest a *locus* of reign or real men. He is a generalized type of the outlaws produced by the Forest Laws of the early Norman kings.]

[Robin Hood has sent a knight, on whose lands St. Mary Abbey was about to foreclose, money to redeem them, on the security of Our Lady, he engaging to repay it that day twelvemonth. That day has arrived.]

THE sheriff dwelled in Nottingham;
 He was fain he was agone;
 And Robin and his merry men
 Went to the wood anon.

"Go we to dinner," said Little Johan,
 Robin Hood said, "Nay;
 For I dread Our Lady be wroth with me,
 For she sent me not my pay."

"Have no doubt, master," said Little Johan;
 "Yet is not the sun at rest;
 For I dare say, and savely swear,
 The knight is true and truste."

"Take thy bow in thy hand," said Robin,
 "Let Much wend with thee;
 And so shall William Scarlock,
 And no man abide with me.

"And walk up under the Sailès,
 And to the Watling-street,
 And wait after some unketh [unexpected] guest;
 Up-chance ye may him meet.

"Whether he be messenger,
 Or a man that mirthès can [knows good stories],
 Of my good he shall have some,
 If he be a poorè man."

Forth then started Little Johan,
 Half in tray and teen [grief and vexation],
 And girded him with a full good sword,
 Under a mantel of green.

They went up to the Sailès,
 These yeomen all three;

They lookèd east, they lookèd west,
They might no man see.

But as they looked in Bernisdale,
By the highè way,
Then wère they wære of two black monks,
Each on a good palfrey.

Then bespake Little Johan,
To Much he gan say,
"I dare lay my life to wed [wager],
That these monks have brought our pay.

"Make glad cheer," said Little Johan,
"And free your bows of yew;
And look you heartès be seker [sure] and sad [firm],
Your stringès trusty and true.

"The monk hath two and fifty men,
And seven summers [sumpter horses] full strong;
There rideth no bishop in this land
So royally, I understand.

"Brethren," said Little Johan,
"Here are no more but we three;
But [except] we bringè them to dinner,
Our master dare we not see.

"Bend your bows," said Little Johan,
"Make all yon priests to stand,
The foremost monk, his life and his death
Is closèd in my hand.

"Abide, churl monk," said Little Johan,
"No further that thou gone;
If thou dost, by dear worthy God,
Thy death is in my hand.

"And evil thrift on thy head," said Little Johan,
"Right under thy hattès band;
For thou hast made our master wroth,
He is fasting so long."

"Who is your master?" said the monk;
Little Johan said, "Robin Hood;"
"He is a strong thief," said the monk,
"Of him heard I never good."

"Thou liest," then said little Johan,
"And that shall rue thee;
He is a yeoman of the forest,
To dine he hath badè thee."

Much was ready with a bolt,
Redly [quickly] and anon,
He set [shot] the monk to-fore the breast,
To the ground that he can [must] gone.

Of two and fifty wight young yeomen
There abode not one,
Save a little page and a groom,
To lead the summers with Little Johan.

They brought the monk to the lodge-door,
Whether he were loth or lief,
For to speak with Robin Hood,
Maugre in their teeth,

Robin did adown [took off] his hood,
The monk when that he see;
The monk was not so courtèous,
His hood then let he be.

"He is a churl, master, by dear worthy God,"
Then said Little Johan;
"Thereof no force [matter]," said Robin,
"For courtesy can [knows] he none.

"How many men," said Robin,
"Had this monk, Johan?"
"Fifty and two when that we met,
But many of them be gone."

"Let blow a horn," said Robin,
"That fellowship [our band] may us know;"
Seven score of wight yeomen
Came pricking on [in] a row.

And every of them a good mantel
Of scarlèt and ray [stripe];
All they came to good Robin,
To wit what he would say,

They made the monk to wash and wipe,
And sit at his dinner;

Robin Hood and Little Johan
They served him both in-fere [together].

"Do gladly, monk," said Robin.

"Gramercy, sir," said he,

"Where is your abbéy, when ye are at home;
And who is your avowé [patron saint]?"

"Saint Mary abbéy," said the monk,

"Though I be simple [poor] here."

"In what office?" said Robin:

"Sir, the highè cellarer."

"Ye be the more welcome," said Robin,

"So ever mote I thee [might I thrive];

Fill of the best wine," said Robin,

"This monk shall drink to me.

"But I have great marváil," said Robin,

"Of all this longè day;

I dread Our Lady be wroth with me,

She sent me not my pay."

"Have no doubt, master," said Little Johan,

"Ye have no need, I say;

This monk it hath brought, I dare well swear,

For he is of her abbéy."

"And she was a borrowd [pledge]," said Robin,

"Between a knight and me,

Of a little money that I him lent,

Under the greenèwood tree.

"And if thou hast that silver ibrought,

I pray thee let me see;

And I shall helpè thee eftsoon,

If thou have need to me."

The monkè swore a full great oath,

With a sorry cheer,

"Of the borrowhood [pledging] thou speakest to me,

Heard I never ere."

"I make mine avow to God," said Robin,

"Monk, thou art to blame;

For God is held a righteous man,

And so is his dame.

"Thou toldest with thine ownè tongue,
 Thou may not say nay,
 How thou art Her servant
 And servest her every day.

"And thou art made her messenger,
 My money for to pay;
 Therefore I cun [feel] the morè thank
 Thou art come at thy day.

"What is in your coffers?" said Robin,
 "True then tell thou me!"
 "Sir," he said, "twenty mark,
 All so mote I thee."

"If there be no more," said Robin,
 "I will not one penny;
 If thou hast myster [occasion] on any more,
 Sir, more I shall lend to thee.

"And if I findè more," said Robin,
 "Iwis thou shalt it forgone;
 For of thy spending-silver, monk,
 Thereof will I right none.

"Go now forth, Little Johan,
 And the truth tell thou me;
 If there be no more but twenty mark,
 No penny that I see [will I look at]."

Little Johan spread his mantle down,
 As he had done before,
 And he toldè out of the monkè's male [trunk]
 Eight hundred pound and more.

Little Johan let it lie full still,
 And went to his master in haste;
 "Sir," he said, "the monk is true enow,
 Our Lady hath doubled your cast."

"I make mine avow to God," said Robin
 "Monk, what told I thee?—

Our Lady is the might won
 That never yet found I me.

"By dear worthy God," said Robin,
"To seek all England thorough,
Yet found I never to my pay
A muchè better borrow.

"Fill of the best wine, and do him drink," said Robin,
"And greet well thy lady kind,
And if she have need to Robin Hood,
A friend she shall him find.

"And if she needeth any more silver,
Come thou again to me,
And by this token she hath me sent,
She shall have such three [three more like it]."

The monk was going to London-ward,
There to hold great moot,
The knight that rode so high on horse,
To bring him under foot.

"Whither be ye away?" said Robin.
"Sir, to manors in this lande,
To reckon with our reevès,
That have done much wrong."

"Come now forth, Little Johan,
And hearken to my tale;
A better yeoman I know none,
To seek [search] a monké's male.

"How much is in yonder other coffer?" said Robin,
"The sooth must we see;"
"By Our Lady," then said the monk,
"That were no courtesy,

"To bid a man to dinner,
And sith [afterward] him beat and bind." .
"It is our oldè manner," said Robin,
"To leave but little behind."

The monk took the horse with spur,
No longer would he abide;
"Askè to drink," then said Robin,
"Or [ere] that ye further ride,"

"Nay, for God," then said the monk,
 "Me rueth I came so near;
 For better chepe [more cheaply] I might have dined
 In Blythe or in Doncaster."

"Greet well your abbot," said Robin,
 "And your prior, I you pray,
 And bid him send me such a monk,
 To dinner every day."



ROBIN HOOD AND MAID MARIAN BEFORE RENAMING.

By THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK.

(From "Maid Marian.")

[THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK, English novelist and scholar, was born October 18, 1785, at Weymouth; son of a manufacturer. He was a precocious student; wrote several volumes of verse not memorable (1804-1812), and experimented in drama; was coexecutor of Shelley with Lord Byron; 1815-1817 wrote the novels "Headlong Hall," "Melincourt," and "Nightmare Abbey," and the poem "Rhododaphne." In 1819 he became examiner at the India House with James Mill, and was a valuable official of the East India Company for nearly forty years. He published "Maid Marian" in 1822, "The Misfortunes of Elphin" in 1829, "Crotchet Castle" in 1831. His last novel, "Gryll Grange," appeared in 1860. He also did some good magazine work. He died January 23, 1866.]

"THE abbot, in his alb arrayed," stood at the altar in the abbey chapel of Rubygill, with all his plump, sleek, rosy friars, in goodly lines disposed, to solemnize the nuptials of the beautiful Matilda Fitzwater, daughter of the Baron of Arlingford, with the noble Robert Fitz-Ooth, Earl of Locksley and Huntingdon. The abbey of Rubygill stood in a picturesque valley, at a little distance from the western boundary of Sherwood Forest, in a spot which seemed adapted by nature to be the retreat of monastic mortification, being on the banks of a fine trout stream, and in the midst of woodland coverts, abounding with excellent game. The bride, with her father and attendant maidens, entered the chapel; but the earl had not arrived. The baron was amazed, and the bridesmaids were disconcerted. Matilda feared that some evil had befallen her lover,

but felt no diminution of her confidence in his honor and love. Through the open gates of the chapel she looked down the narrow road that wound along the side of the hill ; and her ear was the first that heard the distant trampling of horses, and her eye was the first that caught the glitter of snowy plumes, and the light of polished spears. "It is strange," thought the baron, "that the earl should come in this martial array to his wedding ;" but he had not long to meditate on the phenomenon, for the foaming steeds swept up to the gate like a whirlwind, and the earl, breathless with speed, and followed by a few of his yeomen, advanced to his smiling bride. It was then no time to ask questions ; for the organ was in full peal, and the choristers were in full voice.

The abbot began to intone the ceremony in a style of modulation impressively exalted, his voice issuing most canonically from the roof of his mouth, through the medium of a very musical nose newly tuned for the occasion. But he had not proceeded far enough to exhibit all the variety and compass of this melodious instrument, when a noise was heard at the gate, and a party of armed men entered the chapel. The song of the choristers died away in a shake of demisemiquavers, contrary to all the rules of psalmody. The organ blower, who was working his musical air pump with one hand, and with two fingers and a thumb of the other insinuating a peeping place through the curtain of the organ gallery, was struck motionless by the double operation of curiosity and fear ; while the organist, intent only on his performance, and spreading all his fingers to strike a swell of magnificent chords, felt his harmonic spirit ready to desert his body on being answered by the ghastly rattle of empty keys, and in the consequent *agitato furioso* of the internal movements of his feelings, was preparing to restore harmony by the *segue subito* of an *appoggiatura con foco* with the corner of a book of anthems on the head of his neglectful assistant, when his hand and his attention together were arrested by the scene below. The voice of the abbot subsided into silence through a descending scale of long-drawn melody, like the sound of the ebbing sea to the explorers of a cave. In a few moments all was silence, interrupted only by the iron tread of the armed intruders, as it rang on the marble floor and echoed from the vaulted aisles.

The leader strode up to the altar ; and placing himself opposite to the abbot, and between the earl and Matilda, in

such a manner that the four together seemed to stand on the four points of a diamond, exclaimed, "In the name of King Henry, I forbid the ceremony, and attach Robert Earl of Huntingdon as a traitor!" and at the same time he held his drawn sword between the lovers, as if to emblem that royal authority which laid its temporal ban upon their contract. The earl drew his own sword instantly, and struck down the interposing weapon; then clasped his left arm round Matilda, who sprang into his embrace, and held his sword before her with his right hand. His yeomen ranged themselves at his side, and stood with their swords drawn, still and prepared, like men determined to die in his defense. The soldiers, confident in superiority of numbers, paused.

The abbot took advantage of the pause to introduce a word of exhortation. "My children," said he, "if you are going to cut each other's throats, I entreat you, in the name of peace and charity, to do it out of the chapel."

"Sweet Matilda," said the earl, "did you give your love to the Earl of Huntingdon, whose lands touch the Ouse and the Trent, or to Robert Fitz-Ooth, the son of his mother?"

"Neither to the earl nor his earldom," answered Matilda, firmly, "but to Robert Fitz-Ooth and his love."

"That I well knew," said the earl; "and though the ceremony be incomplete, we are not the less married in the eye of my only saint, our Lady, who will yet bring us together. Lord Fitzwater, to your care, for the present, I commit your daughter. Nay, sweet Matilda, part we must for a while; but we will soon meet under brighter skies, and be this the seal of our faith." He kissed Matilda's lips, and consigned her to the baron, who glowered about him with an expression of countenance that showed he was mortally wroth with somebody; but whatever he thought or felt he kept to himself.

The earl, with a sign to his followers, made a sudden charge on the soldiers, with the intention of cutting his way through. The soldiers were prepared for such an occurrence, and a desperate skirmish succeeded. Some of the women screamed, but none of them fainted; for fainting was not so much the fashion in those days, when the ladies breakfasted on brawn and ale at sunrise, as in our more refined age of green tea and muffins at noon. Matilda seemed disposed to fly again to her lover, but the baron forced her from the chapel. The earl's bowmen at the door sent in among the assailants a volley of arrows,

one of which whizzed past the ear of the abbot, who, in mortal fear of being suddenly translated from a ghostly friar into a friarly ghost, began to roll out of the chapel as fast as his bulk and his holy robes would permit, roaring "Sacrilege!" with all his monks at his heels—who were, like himself, more intent to go at once than to stand upon the order of their going. The abbot, thus pressed from behind, and stumbling over his own drapery before, fell suddenly prostrate in the doorway that connected the chapel with the abbey, and was instantaneously buried under a pyramid of ghostly carcasses, that fell over him and each other, and lay a rolling chaos of animated rotundities, sprawling and bawling in unseemly disarray, and sending forth the names of all the saints in and out of heaven, amidst the clashing of swords, the ringing of bucklers, the clattering of helmets, the twanging of bow-strings, the whizzing of arrows, the screams of women, the shouts of the warriors, and the vociferations of the peasantry—who had been assembled to the intended nuptials, and who, seeing a fair set-to, contrived to pick a quarrel among themselves on the occasion, and proceeded, with staff and cudgel, to crack each other's skulls for the good of the king and the earl. One tall friar alone was untouched by the panic of his brethren, and stood steadfastly watching the combat with his arms akimbo, the colossal emblem of an unarmed neutrality.

At length, through the midst of the internal confusion, the earl, by the help of his good sword, the stanch valor of his men, and the blessing of the Virgin, fought his way to the chapel gate; his bowmen closed him in; he vaulted into his saddle, clapped spurs to his horse, rallied his men on the first eminence, and changed his sword for a bow and arrow, with which he did old execution among the pursuers—who at last thought it most expedient to desist from offensive warfare, and to retreat into the abbey, where, in the king's name, they broached a pipe of the best wine and attacked all the venison in the larder, having first carefully unpacked the tuft of friars, and set the fallen abbot on his legs.

The friars, it may be well supposed, and such of the king's men as escaped unhurt from the affray, found their spirits a cup too low, and kept the flask moving from noon till night. The peaceful brethren, unused to the tumult of war, had undergone, from fear and discomposure, an exhaustion of animal spirits that required extraordinary refection. During the re-

past they interrogated Sir Ralph Montfaucon, the leader of the soldiers, respecting the nature of the earl's offense.

"A complication of offenses," replied Sir Ralph, "superinduced on the original basis of forest treason. He began with hunting the king's deer, in despite of all remonstrance; followed it up by contempt of the king's mandates, and by armed resistance to his power, in defiance of all authority; and combined with it the resolute withholding of payment of certain moneys to the Abbot of Doncaster, in denial of all law: and has thus made himself the declared enemy of church and state, and all for being too fond of venison." And the knight helped himself to half a pasty.

"A heinous offender," said a little round oily friar, appropriating the portion of pasty which Sir Ralph had left.

"The earl is a worthy peer," said the tall friar whom we have already mentioned in the chapel scene, "and the best marksman in England."

"Why, this is flat treason, Brother Michael," said the little round friar, "to call an attainted traitor a worthy peer."

"I pledge you," said Brother Michael. The little friar smiled and filled his cup. "He will draw the longbow," pursued Brother Michael, "with any bold yeoman among them all."

"Don't talk of the longbow," said the abbot, who had the sound of the arrow still whizzing in his ear: "what have we pillars of the faith to do with the longbow?"

"Be that as it may," said Sir Ralph, "he is an outlaw from this moment."

"So much the worse for the law then," said Brother Michael. "The law will have a heavier miss of him than he will have of the law. He will strike as much venison as ever, and more of other game. I know what I say; but *basta*: Let us drink."

"What other game?" said the little friar. "I hope he won't poach among our partridges."

"Poach! not he," said Brother Michael: "if he wants your partridges, he will strike them under your nose (here's to you), and drag your trout stream for you on a Thursday evening."

"Monstrous! and starve us on fast day," said the little friar.

"But that is not the game I mean," said Brother Michael.

"Surely, son Michael," said the abbot, "you do not mean to insinuate that the noble earl will turn freebooter?"

"A man must live," said Brother Michael, "earl or no. If the law takes his rents and beeves without his consent, he must take beeves and rents where he can get them without the consent of the law. This is the *lex talionis*."

"Truly," said Sir Ralph, "I am sorry for the damsel: she seems fond of this wild runagate."

"A mad girl, a mad girl," said the little friar.

"How a mad girl?" said Brother Michael. "Has she not beauty, grace, wit, sense, discretion, dexterity, learning, and valor?"

"Learning!" exclaimed the little friar; "what has a woman to do with learning? And valor! who ever heard a woman commended for valor? Meekness, and mildness, and softness, and gentleness, and tenderness, and humility, and obedience to her husband, and faith in her confessor, and domesticity, or, as learned doctors call it, the faculty of stay-at-homeitiveness, and embroidery, and music, and pickling, and preserving, and the whole complex and multiplex detail of the noble science of dinner, as well in preparation for the table, as in arrangement over it, and in distribution around it to knights, and squires, and ghostly friars, — these are female virtues: but valor — why, who ever heard —"

"She is the all in all," said Brother Michael: "gentle as a ringdove, yet high-soaring as a falcon; humble below her deserving, yet deserving beyond the estimate of panegyric; an exact economist in all superfluity, yet a most bountiful dispenser in all liberality; the chief regulator of her household, the fairest pillar of her hall, and the sweetest blossom of her bower: having, in all opposite proposings, sense to understand, judgment to weigh, discretion to choose, firmness to undertake, diligence to conduct, perseverance to accomplish, and resolution to maintain. For obedience to her husband, that is not to be tried till she has one; for faith in her confessor, she has as much as the law prescribes; for embroidery an Arachne; for music a Siren; and for pickling and preserving, did not one of her jars of sugared apricots give you your last surfeit at Arlingford Castle?" . . .

"Indeed, reverend father," said Sir Ralph, "if the young lady be half what you describe, she must be a paragon; but your commending her for valor does somewhat amaze me."

"She can fence," said the little friar, "and draw the longbow, and play at singlestick and quarterstaff."

"Yet, mark you," said Brother Michael, "not like a virago or a hoiden, or one that would crack a servingman's head for spilling gravy on her ruff, but with such womanly grace and temperate self-command as if those manly exercises belonged to her only, and were become for her sake feminine."

"You incite me," said Sir Ralph, "to view her more nearly. That madcap earl found me other employment than to remark her in the chapel."

"The earl is a worthy peer," said Brother Michael; "he is worth any fourteen earls on this side Trent, and any seven on the other." (The reader will please to remember that Rubygill Abbey was *north* of Trent.)

"His mettle will be tried," said Sir Ralph. "There is many a courtier will swear to King Henry to bring him in dead or alive."

"They must look to the brambles then," said Brother Michael. . . .

Sir Ralph's curiosity was strongly excited by the friar's description of the young lady of Arlingford; and he prepared in the morning to visit the castle, under the very plausible pretext of giving the baron an explanation of his intervention at the nuptials. Brother Michael and the little fat friar proposed to be his guides. The proposal was courteously accepted, and they set out together, leaving Sir Ralph's followers at the abbey. . . .

"Yonder are the towers of Arlingford" [said Brother Michael].

The little friar stopped. He seemed suddenly struck with an awful thought, which caused a momentary pallor in his rosy complexion; and after a brief hesitation he turned his Gallo-way, and told his companion she should give them good day.

"Why, what is in the wind now, Brother Peter?" said Friar Michael.

"The Lady Matilda," said the little friar, "can draw the longbow. She must bear no good will to Sir Ralph; and if she should espy him from her tower, she may testify her recognition with a clothyard shaft. She is not so infallible a marks-woman, but that she might shoot at a crow and kill a pigeon. She might peradventure miss the knight, and hit me, who never did her any harm."

"Tut, tut, man," said Brother Michael, "there is no such fear."

"Mass," said the little friar, "but there is such a fear, and very strong too. You who have it not may keep your way, and I who have it shall take mine. I am not just now in the vein for being picked off at a long shot." And saying these words, he spurred up his four-footed better half, and galloped off as nimbly as if he had had an arrow singing behind him.

"Is this Lady Matilda, then, so very terrible a damsel?" said Sir Ralph to Brother Michael.

"By no means," said the friar. "She has certainly a high spirit; but it is the wing of the eagle, without his beak or his claw. She is as gentle as magnanimous; but it is the gentleness of the summer wind, which, however lightly it wave the tuft of the pine, carries with it the intimation of a power that if roused to its extremity could make it bend to the dust."

"From the warmth of your panegyric, ghostly father," said the knight, "I should almost suspect you were in love with the damsel."

"So I am," said the friar, "and I care not who knows it; but all in the way of honesty, master soldier. I am, as it were, her spiritual lover; and were she a damsel errant, I would be her ghostly esquire, her friar militant. I would buckle me in armor of proof, and the devil might thresh me black with an iron flail, before I would knock under in her cause. Though they be not yet one canonically, thanks to your soldiership, the earl is her liege lord, and she is his liege lady. I am her father confessor and ghostly director: I have taken on me to show her the way to the next world; and how can I do that if I lose sight of her in this? seeing that this is but the road to the other, and has so many circumvolutions and ramifications of byways and beaten paths (all more thickly set than the true one with finger posts and milestones, not one of which tells truth), that a traveler has need of some one who knows the way, or the odds go hard against him that he will ever see the face of Saint Peter."

"But there must surely be some reason," said Sir Ralph, "for Father Peter's apprehension."

"None," said Brother Michael, "but the apprehension itself; fear being its own father, and most prolific in self-propagation. The lady did, it is true, once signalize her displeasure against our little brother, for reprimanding her in that she would go

hunting a-mornings instead of attending matins. She cut short the thread of his eloquence by sportively drawing her bowstring and loosing an arrow over his head ; he waddled off with singular speed, and was in much awe of her for many months. I thought he had forgotten it : but let that pass. In truth, she would have had little of her lover's company, if she had liked the chant of the choristers better than the cry of the hounds ; yet I know not ; for they were companions from the cradle, and reciprocally fashioned each other to the love of the fern and the foxglove. Had either been less sylvan, the other might have been more saintly ; but they will now never hear matins but those of the lark, nor reverence vaulted aisle but that of the greenwood canopy. They are twin plants of the forest, and are identified with its growth.

“For the slender beech and the sapling oak
That grow by the shadowy rill,
You may cut down both at a single stroke,
You may cut down which you will.

“But this you must know, that as long as they grow,
Whatever change may be,
You never can teach either oak or beech
To be aught but a greenwood tree.”

The knight and the friar arriving at Arlingford Castle, and leaving their horses in the care of Lady Matilda's groom, with whom the friar was in great favor, were ushered into a stately apartment where they found the baron alone, flourishing an enormous carving knife over a brother baron — of beef — with as much vehemence of action as if he were cutting down an enemy.

The baron was a gentleman of a fierce and choleric temperament : he was lineally descended from the redoubtable Fierabras of Normandy, who came over to England with the Conqueror, and who, in the battle of Hastings, killed with his own hand four and twenty Saxon cavaliers all on a row. The very excess of the baron's internal rage on the preceding day had smothered its external manifestation : he was so equally angry with both parties, that he knew not on which to vent his wrath. He was enraged with the earl for having brought himself into such a dilemma without his privity ; and he was no less enraged with the king's men for their very unseasonable intrusion. He could willingly have fallen upon both parties, but he must necessarily have begun with one ; and he felt that on whichever side he

should strike the first blow, his retainers would immediately join battle. He had therefore contented himself with forcing away his daughter from the scene of action. In the course of the evening he had received intelligence that the earl's castle was in possession of a party of the king's men, who had been detached by Sir Ralph Montfaucon to seize on it during the earl's absence. The baron inferred from this that the earl's case was desperate : and those who have had the opportunity of seeing a rich friend fall suddenly into poverty, may easily judge by their own feelings how quickly and completely the whole moral being of the earl was changed in the baron's estimation. The baron immediately proceeded to require in his daughter's mind the same summary revolution that had taken place in his own, and considered himself exceedingly ill-used by her non-compliance.

The lady had retired to her chamber, and the baron had passed a supperless and sleepless night, stalking about his apartments till an advanced hour of the morning, when hunger compelled him to summon into his presence the spoils of the buttery, which, being the intended array of an uneaten wedding feast, were more than usually abundant, and on which, when the knight and the friar entered, he was falling with desperate valor. He looked up at them fiercely, with his mouth full of beef and his eyes full of flame, and rising, as ceremony required, made an awful bow to the knight, inclining himself forward over the table and presenting his carving knife *en militaire*, in a manner that seemed to leave it doubtful whether he meant to show respect to his visitor, or to defend his provision : but the doubt was soon cleared up by his politely motioning the knight to be seated ; on which the friar advanced to the table, saying, "For what we are going to receive," and commenced operations without further prelude by filling and drinking a goblet of wine. The baron at the same time offered one to Sir Ralph, with the look of a man in whom habitual hospitality and courtesy were struggling with the ebullitions of natural anger.

They pledged each other in silence, and the baron, having completed a copious draught, continued working his lips and his throat, as if trying to swallow his wrath as he had done his wine. Sir Ralph, not knowing well what to make of these ambiguous signs, looked for instructions to the friar, who by significant looks and gestures seemed to advise him to follow his example and partake of the good cheer before him, without speaking till the baron should be more intelligible in his

demeanor. The knight and the friar, accordingly, proceeded to refeit themselves after their ride ; the baron looking first at the one and then at the other, scrutinizing alternately the serious looks of the knight and the merry face of the friar, till at length, having calmed himself sufficiently to speak, he said, " Courteous knight and ghostly father, I presume you have some other business with me than to eat my beef and drink my canary ; and if so, I patiently await your leisure to enter on the topic."

" Lord Fitzwater," said Sir Ralph, " in obedience to my royal master, King Henry, I have been the unwilling instrument of frustrating the intended nuptials of your fair daughter ; yet will you, I trust, owe me no displeasure for my agency therein, seeing that the noble maiden might otherwise by this time have been the bride of an outlaw."

" I am very much obliged to you, sir," said the baron ; " very exceedingly obliged. Your solicitude for my daughter is truly paternal, and for a young man and a stranger very singular and exemplary ; and it is very kind withal to come to the relief of my insufficiency and inexperience, and concern yourself so much in that which concerns you not."

" You misconceive the knight, noble baron," said the friar. " He urges not his reason in the shape of a preconceived intent, but in that of a subsequent extenuation. True, he has done the Lady Matilda great wrong——"

" How, great wrong?" said the baron. " What do you mean by great wrong? Would you have had her married to a wild fly-by-night, that accident made an earl and nature a deer stealer? that has not wit enough to eat venison without picking a quarrel with monarchy? that flings away his own lands into the clutches of rascally friars, for the sake of hunting in other men's grounds, and feasting vagabonds that wear Lincoln green, and would have flung away mine into the bargain if he had had my daughter? What do you mean by great wrong?"

" True," said the friar ; " great right, I meant."

" Right!" exclaimed the baron ; " what right has any man to do my daughter right but myself? What right has any man to drive my daughter's bridegroom out of the chapel in the middle of the marriage ceremony, and turn all our merry faces into green wounds and bloody coxcombs, and then come and tell me he has done us great right?"

" True," said the friar ; " he has done neither right nor wrong."

"But he has," said the baron, "he has done both, and I will maintain it with my glove."

"It shall not need," said Sir Ralph; "I will concede anything in honor."

"And I," said the baron, "will concede nothing in honor; I will concede nothing in honor to any man."

"Neither will I, Lord Fitzwater," said Sir Ralph, "in that sense; but hear me. I was commissioned by the king to apprehend the Earl of Huntingdon. I brought with me a party of soldiers, picked and tried men, knowing that he would not lightly yield. I sent my lieutenant with a detachment to surprise the earl's castle in his absence, and laid my measures for intercepting him on the way to his intended nuptials; but he seems to have had intimation of this part of my plan, for he brought with him a large armed retinue, and took a circuitous route, which made him, I believe, somewhat later than his appointed hour. When the lapse of time showed me that he had taken another track, I pursued him to the chapel; and I would have waited the close of the ceremony, if I had thought that either yourself or your daughter would have felt desirous that she should have been the bride of an outlaw."

"Who said, sir," cried the baron, "that we were desirous of any such thing? But truly, sir, if I had a mind to the devil for a son-in-law, I would fain see the man that should venture to interfere."

"That would I," said the friar; "for I have undertaken to make her renounce the devil."

"She shall not renounce the devil," said the baron, "unless I please. You are very ready with your undertakings. Will you undertake to make her renounce the earl, who, I believe, is the devil incarnate? Will you undertake that?"

"Will I undertake," said the friar, "to make Trent run westward, or to make flame burn downward, or to make a tree grow with its head in the earth and its root in the air?"

"So then," said the baron, "a girl's mind is as hard to change as nature and the elements, and it is easier to make her renounce the devil than a lover. Are you a match for the devil, and no match for a man?"

"My warfare," said the friar, "is not of this world. I am militant, not against man, but the devil, who goes about seeking what he may devour."

"Oh! does he so?" said the baron; "then I take it that

makes you look for him so often in my buttery. Will you cast out the devil whose name is Legion, when you cannot cast out the imp whose name is Love?"

"Marriages," said the friar, "are made in heaven. Love is God's work, and therewith I meddle not."

"God's work, indeed!" said the baron, "when the ceremony was cut short in the church. Could men have put them asunder, if God had joined them together? And the earl is now no earl, but plain Robert Fitz-Oeth: therefore, I'll none of him."

"He may atone," said the friar, "and the king may mollify. The earl is a worthy peer, and the king is a courteous king."

"He cannot atone," said Sir Ralph. "He has killed the king's men; and if the baron should aid and abet, he will lose his castle and land."

"Will I?" said the baron; "not while I have a drop of blood in my veins. He that comes to take them shall first serve me as the friar serves my flasks of canary: he shall drain me dry as hay. Am I not disparaged? Am I not outraged? Is not my daughter vilified, and made a mockery? A girl half-married? There was my butler brought home with a broken head. My butler, friar: there is that may move your sympathy. Friar, the earl-no-earl shall come no more to my daughter."

"Very good," said the friar.

"It is not very good," said the baron, "for I cannot get her to say so."

"I fear," said Sir Ralph, "the young lady must be much distressed and discomposed."

"Not a whit, sir," said the baron. "She is, as usual, in a most provoking imperturbability, and contradicts me so smilingly that it would enrage you to see her."

"I had hoped," said Sir Ralph, "that I might have seen her, to make my excuse in person for the hard necessity of my duty."

He had scarcely spoken, when the door opened, and the lady made her appearance.

Matilda, not dreaming of visitors, tripped into the apartment in a dress of forest green, with a small quiver by her side and a bow and arrow in her hand. Her hair, black and glossy as the raven's wing, curled like wandering clusters of dark ripe grapes under the edge of her round bonnet; and a plume of

black feathers fell back negligently above it, with an almost horizontal inclination, that seemed the habitual effect of rapid motion against the wind. Her black eyes sparkled like sunbeams on a river: a clear, deep, liquid radiance, the reflection of ethereal fire,—tempered, not subdued, in the medium of its living and gentle mirror. Her lips were half opened to speak as she entered the apartment: and with a smile of recognition to the friar and a courtesy to the stranger knight she approached the baron and said, “You are late at your breakfast, father.”

“I am not at breakfast,” said the baron: “I have been at supper—my last night’s supper, for I had none.”

“I am sorry,” said Matilda, “you should have gone to bed supperless.”

“I did not go to bed supperless,” said the baron,—“I did not go to bed at all;—and what are you doing with that green dress and that bow and arrow?”

“I am going a hunting,” said Matilda.

“A hunting,” said the baron. “What, I warrant you, to meet with the earl, and slip your neck into the same noose.”

“No,” said Matilda, “I am not going out of our own woods to-day.”

“How do I know that?” said the baron. “What surety have I of that?”

“Here is the friar,” said Matilda. “He will be surety.”

“Not he,” said the baron; “he will undertake nothing but where the devil is a party concerned.”

“Yes, I will,” said the friar: “I will undertake anything for the Lady Matilda.”

“No matter for that,” said the baron: “she shall not go hunting to-day.”

“Why, father,” said Matilda, “if you coop me up here in this odious castle, I shall pine and die like a lonely swan on a pool.”

“No,” said the baron, “the lonely swan does not die on the pool. If there be a river at hand, she flies to the river, and finds her a mate; and so shall not you.”

“But,” said Matilda “you may send with me any, or as many, of your grooms as you will.”

“My grooms,” said the baron, “are all false knaves. There is not a rascal among them but loves you better than me. Villains that I feed and clothe.”

"Surely," said Matilda, "it is not villainy to love me: if it be, I should be sorry my father were an honest man." The baron relaxed his muscles into a smile. "Or my lover either," added Matilda. The baron looked grim again.

"For your lover," said the baron, "you may give God thanks of him. He is as arrant a knave as ever poached."

"What, for hunting the king's deer?" said Matilda. "Have I not heard you rail at the forest laws by the hour?"

"Did you ever hear me," said the baron, "rail myself out of house and land? If I had done that, then were I a knave."

"My lover," said Matilda, "is a brave man, and a true man, and a generous man, and a young man, and a handsome man; ay, and an honest man too."

"How can he be an honest man," said the baron, "when he has neither house nor land, which are the better part of a man?"

"They are but the husk of a man," said Matilda, "the worthless coat of the chestnut: the man himself is the kernel."

"The man is the grapestone," said the baron, "and the pulp of the melon. The house and land are the true substantial fruit, and all that give him savor and value."

"He will never want house or lands," said Matilda, "while the meeting boughs weave a green roof in the wood, and the free range of the hart marks out the bounds of the forest."

"Vert and venison! vert and venison!" exclaimed the baron. "Treason and flat rebellion. Confound your smiling face! what makes you look so good-humored? What! you think I can't look at you and be in a passion? You think so, do you? We shall see. Have you no fear in talking thus, when here is the king's liegeman come to take us all into custody, and confiscate our goods and chattels?"

"Nay, Lord Fitzwater," said Sir Ralph, "you wrong me in your report. My visit is one of courtesy and excuse, not of menace and authority."

"There it is," said the baron: "every one takes a pleasure in contradicting me. Here is this courteous knight, who has not opened his mouth three times since he has been in my house except to take in provision, cuts me short in my story with a flat denial."

"Oh! I cry you mercy, sir knight," said Matilda; "I did not mark you before. I am your debtor for no slight favor, and so is my liege lord."

"Her liege lord!" exclaimed the baron, taking large strides across the chamber.

"Pardon me, gentle lady," said Sir Ralph. "Had I known you before yesterday, I would have cut off my right hand ere it should have been raised to do you displeasure."

"Oh, sir," said Matilda, "a good man may be forced on an ill office: but I can distinguish the man from his duty." She presented to him her hand, which he kissed respectfully, and simultaneously with the contact thirty-two invisible arrows plunged at once into his heart, one from every point of the compass of his pericardia.

"Well, father," added Matilda, "I must go to the woods."

"Must you?" said the baron; "I say you must not."

"But I am going," said Matilda.

"But I will have up the drawbridge," said the baron.

"But I will swim the moat," said Matilda.

"But I will secure the gates," said the baron.

"But I will leap from the battlement," said Matilda.

"But I will lock you in an upper chamber," said the baron.

"But I will shred the tapestry," said Matilda, "and let myself down."

"But I will lock you in a turret," said the baron, "where you shall only see light through a loophole."

"But through that loophole," said Matilda, "will I take my flight, like a young eagle from its aerie; and, father, while I go out freely, I will return willingly; but if once I slip out through a loophole——" She paused a moment, and then added, singing:—

"The love that follows fain
Will never its faith betray;
But the faith that is held in a chain
Will never be found again,
If a single link give way." . . .

[She and the friar sing a catch together till the baron in a rage hurls the platter of beef at the friar; but Matilda soothes him.]

The baron kissed his daughter, held out his hand to the friar, and said, "Sing on, in God's name, and crack away the flasks till your voice swims in canary." Then turning to Sir Ralph, he said, "You see how it is, sir knight. Matilda is my daughter; but she has me in leading strings, that is the truth of it."

THE CID.

TRANSLATED BY JOHN ORMSBY.

[THE CID is a historical character, though very unlike his legendary and poetic portrait. He was Rodrigo Diaz, born at Bivar in Castile, about 1040: a noble of royal stock, who was commander-in-chief of the army; was banished (1075 to 1080) by the Leonese king who had succeeded to the throne of Castile, but whom he had formerly driven into exile; and took service as a *condottiere* with a frontier Saracen principality, where he fought and plundered Christians and Moors alike, becoming reputed the foremost captain in Spain. In 1088 he became "protector" of the rich Moorish district of Valencia; in 1094 he captured it after a siege full of hideous cruelties, burnt the governor and some of his companions alive, and kept it for himself till his death in 1099. His utter disloyalty, perfidy, and savagery can hardly be exaggerated: he won nothing for Christendom, as Valencia was retaken by the Moors after his death, and he fought only for his own hand. But the people only remembered that he had been a terror to the Moors, glorified him as a loyal and lofty Christian cavalier, and spoke of him as the "Cid" (My Lord, an admiring Moorish title), and the "Campeador" (champion). Their best justification is the mingled abhorrence and homage of the Moors themselves. A Moorish contemporary says of him, "That man, the scourge of his time, was one of the miracles of the Lord in his love of glory, the prudent firmness of his character, and his heroic courage. Victory always followed the banner of Rodrigo — may God curse him!" The poem was probably written about 1150, by some one born not long after Rodrigo's death.]

Day and night the Moorish scouts patrolled around, and mighty was their host. And my Cid's men were cut off from the water. And they wished to go forth to battle, but he strictly forbade them; so for three weeks complete they were besieged, and at the beginning of the fourth, my Cid turned to take counsel with his men.

"From water they have cut us off, our bread is running low;
If we would steal away by night, they will not let us go;
Against us there are fearful odds, if we make choice to fight;
What would ye now, gentlemen, in this our present plight?"
Minaya was the first to speak; said the stout cavalier:
"Forth from Castile the Gentle thrust, we are but exiles here;
Unless we grapple with the Moor, bread he will never yield:
A good six hundred men or more we have to take the field:
In God's name let us falter not, nor countenance delay,
But sally forth and strike a blow upon to-morrow's day."
"Like thee the counsel," said my Cid; "thou speakest to my mind;
And ready to support thy word thy hand we ever find."
Then all the Moors that bide within the walls he bids to go
Forth from the gates, lest they, perchance, his purpose come to
know.

In making their defenses good they spend the day and night,
And at the rising of the sun they arm them for the fight.
Then said my Cid: "Let all go forth, all that are in our band;
Save only two of those on foot, beside the gate to stand.
Here they will bury us, if death we meet on yonder plain;
But if we win our battle there, rich booty shall we gain.
And thou, Pero Bermuez, this my standard thou shalt hold;
It is a trust that fits thee well, for thou art stout and bold;
But see that thou advance it not unless I give command."
Bermuez took the standard, and he kissed the Champion's hand.
Then, bursting through the Castle gates, upon the plain they show;
Back on their lines in panic fall the watchmen of the foe.
And hurrying to and fro, the Moors are arming all around,
While Moorish drums go rolling like to split the very ground;
And in hot haste they mass their troops behind their standards
twain,
Two mighty bands of men at arms — to count them it were vain.
And now their line comes sweeping on, advancing to the fray,
Sure of my Cid and all his band to make an easy prey.
"Now steady, comrades!" said my Cid. "Our ground we have to
stand;
Let no man stir beyond the ranks until I give command."
Bermuez fretted at the word, delay he could not brook;
He spurred his charger to the front, aloft the banner shook:
"O loyal Cid Campeador, God give thee aid! I go
To plant thy ensign in among the thickest of the foe;
And ye who serve it, be it yours our standard to restore."
"Not so — as thou dost love me, stay!" called the Campeador.
Came Pero's answer, "Their attack I cannot, will not stay!"
He gave his horse the spur, and dashed against the Moors' array.
To win the standard eager all the Moors await the shock:
Amid a rain of blows he stands unshaken as a rock.
Then cried my Cid, "In charity, on to the rescue — ho!"
With bucklers braced before their breasts, with lances pointing low,
With stooping crests, and heads bent down above the saddlebow,
All firm of hand and high of heart they roll upon the foe.
And he that in a good hour was born, his clarion voice rings out,
And clear above the clang of arms is heard his battle shout:
"Among them, gentlemen! Strike home, for the love of charity!
The Champion of Bivar is here — Ruy Diaz — I am he!"
Then bearing where Bermuez still maintains unequal fight,
Three hundred lances down they come, their pennons flickering
white;
Down go three hundred Moors to earth, a man to every blow;
And when they wheel, three hundred more, as charging back they go.

It was a sight to see the lances rise and fall that day ;
 The shivered shields and riven mail, to see how thick they lay ;
 The pennons that went in snow-white came out a gory red ;
 The horses running riderless, the riders lying dead :
 While Moors call on Mohammed, and " St. James ! " the Christians
 cry,

And sixty scores of Moors and more in narrow compass lie.
 Above his gilded saddlebow there played the Champion's sword ;
 And Minaya Alvar Fanez, Zurita's gallant lord ;
 And Martin Antolinez, the worthy Burgalese ;
 And Muño Gustioz, his squire — all to the front were these.
 And there was Martin Muñoz, he who ruled in Mount Mayor ;
 And there was Alvar Alvarez, and Alvar Salvator ;
 And the good Galin Garcia, stout lance of Aragon ;
 And Felix Muñoz, nephew of my Cid the Champion :
 Well did they quit themselves that day, all these and many more,
 In rescue of the standard for my Cid Campeador.
 But Minaya Alvar Fanez — the Moors have slain his steed ;
 And crowding on the Christians come to aid him in his need ;
 His lance lies shivered, sword in hand he showers blows around,
 As, giving back, he, inch by inch, on foot contests the ground.
 He saw it, the Campeador, Ruy Diaz of Castile :
 Athwart him on a goodly steed there came an Alguacil ;
 With one strong stroke of his right hand he cleft the Moor in twain ;
 And plucked him from the saddle, and flung him on the plain.
 " Now mount, Minaya, mount," quoth he, " for thou art my right
 arm ;

I have much need of thee to-day, thou must not come to harm ;
 The Moors maintain a front as yet ; unbroken still they stand."
 Mounted again Minaya goes against them sword in hand.
 With strength renewed he wields his blade as he his way doth wend,
 Cleaving a path like one who means to make a speedy end.
 And he that in a good hour was born at Fariz deals three blows ;
 Two glance aside, but full and fair the third one home it goes ;
 Forth spurring flies the blood ; the streams down the king's hauberk
 run ;

He turns the rein to quit the plain — that stroke the field hath won.
 And Martin Antolinez, he at Galve dealt a stroke ;
 Through the carbuncles of the casque the sword descending broke,
 And cleaving down right to the crown, in twain the helmet shore ;
 Well wot ye, sirs, that Galve had no lust to stay for more.
 And now are both King Galve and Fariz in retreat ;
 Great is the day for Christendom, great is the Moors' defeat.

* * * * *

The Count of Barcelona, when the tidings met his ear
 How that my Cid Ruy Diaz made forays far and near,

And laid the country waste, with wrath his inmost soul was stirred,
And in his anger hastily he spake a braggart word —
“He cometh to insult me, doth my Cid, he of Bivar.

Up to my very court, methinks, he means to carry war.
My nephew he hath wronged; the wrong remaineth unrepaired :
And now the lands that I protect to harry he hath dared.
No challenge have I sent to him, nor sought him for my foe;
But now I call him to account, since he will have it so.”

Great mustering there is of Moors and Christians through the land,
A mighty host of men at arms he hath at his command.

Two days, three nights, they march to seek the Good One of Bivar,
To snare him where he harbors in the Pine Wood of Tebar;
And such the speed of their advance, that, cumbered with his spoils,
And unaware, my Cid well-nigh was taken in the toils.

The tidings reached my Cid as down the sierra side he went,
Then straightway to Count Raymond he a friendly message sent :

“Say to the Count that he, meseems, to me no grudge doth owe:
Of him I take no spoil, with him in peace I fain would go.”

“Nay,” said the Count, “for all his deeds he hath to make amends:
This outlaw must be made to know whose honor he offends.”

With utmost speed the messenger Count Raymond’s answer brought;
Then of a surety knew my Cid a battle must be fought.

“Now, cavaliers,” quoth he, “make safe the booty we hath won.
Look to your weapons, gentlemen; with speed your armor don.

On battle bent Count Raymond comes; a mighty host hath he
Of Moors and Christians; fight we must if hence we would go free.

Here let us fight the battle out, since fight we must perforce.

On with your harness, cavaliers, quick! saddle, and to horse!

Yonder they come, the linen breeks, all down the mountain side,
For saddles they have Moorish pads, with slackened girths they
ride :

Our saddles are Galician make, our leggings tough and stout :

A hundred of us gentlemen should scatter such a rout.

Before they gain the level plain, home with the lance charge we,

And then, for every blow we strike, we empty saddles three.

Count Raymond Berenger shall know with whom he has to do,

And dearly in Tebar to-day his raid on me shall rue.”

In serried squadron while he speaks they form around my Cid.

Each grasps his lance, and firm and square each sits upon his steed.

Over against them down the hill they watch the Franks descend,

On to the level ground below, where plain and mountain blend.

Then gives my Cid the word to charge — with a good will they go :

Fast ply the lances; some they pierce, and some they overthrow.

And he that in a good hour was born soon hath he won the field;

And the Count Raymond Berenger he hath compelled to yield;

And reaping honor for his beard a noble prize hath made;
A thousand marks of silver worth, the great Colada blade.

Unto his quarters under guard the captive Count he sent,
While his men haste to gather in their spoils in high content.
Then for my Cid Don Roderic a banquet they prepare;
But little doth Count Raymond now for feast or banquet care.
They bring him meat and drink, but he repels them with disdain.
"No morsel will I touch," said he, "for all the wealth of Spain.
Let soul and body perish now; life why should I prolong,
Conquered and captive at the hands of such an ill-breeched throng?"
"Nay," said my Cid; "take bread and wine; eat, and thou goest
free;

If not, thy realms in Christendom thou never more shalt see."
"Go thou, Don Roderic," said the Count, "eat if thou wilt, but I
Have no more lust for meat or drink: I only crave to die."
Three days, while they the booty share, for all that they entreat,
The Count his purpose holds unchanged, refusing still to eat.
Then said my Cid, "I pray thee, Count, take food and trust to
me;

Thyself and two knights of thy train I promise to set free."
Glad was Count Raymond in his heart when he the promise
heard, —

"A marvel that will be, my Cid, if thou dost keep thy word."
"Then, Count, take food, and when I see thy hunger satisfied,
My word is pledged to let thee go, thyself and two beside.
But understand, one farthing's worth I render not again
Of what has been in battle lost and won on yonder plain.
I give not back the lawful spoils I fairly win in fight;
But for mine own and vassals' wants I hold them as my right.
My followers are needy men; I cannot if I would;
For spoil from thee and others won is all our livelihood.
And such, while God's good will it is, must be our daily life,
As outcasts forced to wander, with an angry king at strife."
With lighter heart Count Raymond called for water for his hands,
And then with his two gentlemen, sent by the Cid's commands,
He blithely sat him down to meat: God! with what gust ate he!
And glad was the Campeador such heartiness to see.
Quoth he, "Until thou eat thy fill we part not, Count, to-day."
"Nor loath am I," Count Raymond said, "such bidding to obey."
So he and his two cavaliers a hearty meal they made:
It pleased my Cid to watch his hands, how lustily they played.
"Now, if thou wilt," Count Raymond said, "that we are satisfied,
Bid them to lead the horses forth, that we may mount and ride.
Never since I have been a Count have I yet broken fast
With such a relish; long shall I remember this repast."

Three palfreys with caparisons of costly sort they bring,
 And on the saddles robes of fur and mantles rich they fling.
 Thus, with a knight on either hand, away Count Raymond rides;
 While to the outposts of the camp his guests the Champion guides.
 "Now speed thee, Count; ride on," quoth he, "a free Frank as
 thou art.

For the brave spoil thou leavest me I thank thee from my heart;
 And if to win it back again perchance thou hast a mind,
 Come thou and seek me when thou wilt; I am not far to find.
 But if it be not to thy taste to try another day,
 Still, somewhat, be it mine or thine, thou carriest away."
 —"Nay! go in peace for me, my Cid: no more I seek of thee;
 And thou, I think, for one year's space hast won enough of me."

THE CID'S COMPLAINT OF HIS DAUGHTERS' WRONGS, AND HIS REQUITAL.

"So please your Grace! once more upon your clemency I call;
 A grievance yet remains untold, the greatest grief of all.
 And let the court give ear, and weigh the wrong that hath been done.
 I hold myself dishonored by the Lords of Carrion.
 Redress by combat they must yield; none other will I take.
 How now, Infantes! what excuse, what answer do ye make?
 Why have ye laid my heartstrings bare? In jest or earnest, say,
 Have I offended you? and I will make amends to-day.
 My daughters in your hands I placed the day that forth ye went,
 And rich in wealth and honors from Valencia were ye sent.
 Why did ye carry with you brides ye loved not, treacherous curs?
 Why tear their flesh in Corpes wood with saddle-girths and spurs,
 And leave them to the beasts of prey? Villains throughout were ye!
 What answer ye can make to this 'tis for the court to see."

The Count García was the first that rose to make reply.

"So please ye, gracious king, of all the Kings of Spain most high;
 Strange is the guise in which my Cid before you hath appeared;
 To grace your summoned court he comes, with that long straggling
 beard;

With awe struck dumb, methinks, are some; some look as though
 they feared.

The noble Lords of Carrion of princely race are born;
 To take the daughters of my Cid for lemans they should scorn;
 Much more for brides of equal birth: in casting them aside—
 We care not for his blustering talk—we hold them justified."
 Upstood the Champion, stroked his beard, and grasped it in his
 hands.

"Thanks be to God above," he cried, "who heaven and earth
 commands,

A long and lordly growth it is, my pleasure and my pride;
In this my beard, García, say, what find you to deride?
Its nurture since it graced my chin hath ever been my care;
No son of woman born hath dared to lay a finger there;
No son of Christian or of Moor hath ever plucked a hair.
Remember Cabra, Count! of thine the same thou canst not say:
On both thy castle and thy beard I laid my hand that day:
Nay! not a groom was there but he his handful plucked away.
Look, where my hand hath been, my lords, all ragged yet it
grows!"

With noisy protest breaking in Ferran Gonzalez rose:
"Cid, let there be an end of this; your gifts you have again,
And now no pretext for dispute between us doth remain.
Princes of Carrion are we, with fitting brides we mate;
Daughters of emperors or kings, not squires of low estate:
We brook not such alliances, and yours we rightly spurned."
My Cid, Ruy Diaz, at the word, quick to Bermuez turned.
"Now is the time, Dumb Peter, speak, O man that sittest mute!
My daughters' and thy cousins' name and fame are in dispute:
To me they speak, to thee they look to answer every word.
If I am left to answer now, thou canst not draw thy sword."
Tongue-tied Bermuez stood, awhile he strove for words in vain,
But, look you, when he once began he made his meaning plain.
"Cid, first I have a word for you: you always are the same,
In Cortes ever jibing me, 'Dumb Peter' is the name;
It never was a gift of mine, and that long since you knew;
But have you found me fail in aught that fell to me to do?
You lie, Ferrando; lie in all you say upon that score.
The honor was to you, not him, the Cid Campeador;
For I know something of your worth, and somewhat I can tell.
That day beneath Valencia wall—you recollect it well—
You prayed the Cid to place you in the forefront of the fray;
You spied a Moor, and valiantly you went that Moor to slay;
And then you turned and fled—for his approach you would not stay.
Right soon he would have taught you 'twas a sorry game to play,
Had I not been in battle there to take your place that day.
I slew him at the first onfall; I gave his steed to you;
To no man have I told the tale from that hour hitherto.
Before my Cid and all his men you got yourself a name,
How you in single combat slew a Moor—a deed of fame;
And all believed in your exploit: they wist not of your shame.
You are a craven at the core; tall, handsome, as you stand:
How dare you talk as now you talk, you tongue without a hand?
Again, Ferrando, call to mind—another tale for you—
That matter of the lion; it was at Valencia too.

My Cid lay sleeping when you saw the unchained lion near;
 What did you do, Ferrando, then, in your agony of fear?
 Low did you crouch behind the couch whereon the Champion lay;
 You did, Ferrando, and by that we rate your worth to-day.
 We gathered round to guard our lord, Valencia's conqueror.
 He rose, and to the lion went, the brave Campeador;
 The lion fawned before his feet and let him grasp its mane;
 He thrust it back into the cage; he turned to us again:
 His trusty vassals to a man he saw around him there:
 Where were his sons-in-law? he asked, and none could tell him
 where.

Now take thou my defiance as a traitor, trothless knight:
 Upon this plea before our King Alfonso will I fight;
 The daughters of my lord are wronged, their wrong is mine to
 right.

That ye those ladies did desert, the baser are ye then;
 For what are they?—weak women; and what are ye?—strong
 men.

On every count I deem their cause to be the holier,
 And I will make thee own it when we meet in battle here.
 Traitor thou shalt confess thyself, so help me God on high,
 And all that I have said to-day my sword shall verify."

Thus far these two. Diego rose, and spoke as ye shall hear:

"Counts by our birth are we, of stain our lineage is clear.
 In this alliance with my Cid there was no parity.
 If we his daughters cast aside, no cause for shame we see.
 And little need we care if they in mourning pass their lives,
 Enduring the reproach that clings to scorned rejected wives.
 In leaving them we but upheld our honor and our right,
 And ready to the death am I, maintaining this, to fight."
 Here Martin Antolinez sprang upon his feet: "False hound!
 Will you not silent keep that mouth where truth was never found?
 For you to boast! the lion scare have you forgotten too?
 How through the open door you rushed, across the courtyard flew;
 How sprawling in your terror on the wine-press beam you lay?
 Ay! never more, I trow, you wore the mantle of that day.
 There is no choice; the issue now the sword alone can try;
 The daughters of my Cid ye spurned; that must ye justify.
 On every count I here declare their cause the cause of right,
 And thou shalt own thy treachery the day we join in fight."
 He ceased, and striding up the hall Assur Gonzalez passed;
 His cheek was flushed with wine, for he had stayed to break his
 fast;

Ungirt his robe, and trailing low his ermine mantle hung;
 Rude was his bearing to the Court, and reckless was his tongue.

"What a to-do is here, my lords! was the like ever seen?
What talk is this about my Cid — him of Bivar I mean?
To Riodourina let him go to take his miller's rent,
And keep his mills agoing there, as once he was content.
He, forsooth, mate his daughters with the Counts of Carrion!"
Upstartd Muño Gustioz: "False, foul-mouthed knave, have done!

Thou glutton, wont to break thy fast without a thought of prayer,
Whose heart is plotting mischief when thy lips are speaking fair;
Whose plighted word to friend or lord hath ever proved a lie;
False always to thy fellow-man, falsar to God on high.
No share in thy good will I seek; one only boon I pray:
The chance to make thee own thyself the villain that I say."
Then spoke the king: "Enough of words: ye have my leave to fight,
The challenged and the challengers; and God defend the right."

But lo! two cavaliers came into court: one, Oiarra by name, the other Yenego Sinenez; the one the Infante of Navarre, the other the Infante of Aragon. They kiss King Alfonso's hand, and ask the daughters of my Cid the Campeador for Queens of Navarre and Aragon; whereat the Court was silent and gave ear. My Cid rose to his feet. "So please your grace, King Alfonso, for this do I thank the Creator, that from Navarre and Aragon they ask them of me. You gave them in marriage before, not I. My daughters are in your hands. Without your command, I will do nothing." The king rose and bade the Court keep silence. "Of you, Cid, noble Campeador, I ask consent that this marriage be ratified to-day in this court, for it brings to you honor and territory." Said my Cid: "Since it is pleasing to you, I agree to it." Then said the king, "I ratify this marriage of the daughters of my Cid, Doña Elvira and Doña Sol, with the Infantes of Navarre and Aragon. Let this debate end; and to-morrow, at the rising of the sun, shall be the combat, three against three, of those engaged by challenge in the court."

The marshals leave them face to face and from the lists are gone;
Here stand the champions of my Cid, there those of Carrion;
Each with his gaze intent and fixed upon his chosen foe,
Their bucklers braced before their breasts, their lances pointing low,
Their heads bent down, as each man leans above his saddlebow.
Then with one impulse every spur is in the charger's side,
And earth itself is felt to shake beneath their furious stride;
Till, midway meeting, three with three, in struggle fierce they lock,
While all account them dead who hear the echo of the shock.

Ferrando and his challenger, Pero Bermuez, close;
Firm are the lances held, and fair the shields receive the blows.
Through Pero's shield Ferrando drove his lance, a bloodless stroke;
The point stopped short in empty space, the shaft in splinters broke.
But on Bermuez, firm of seat, the shock fell all in vain;
And while he took Ferrando's thrust he paid it back again.
The armored buckler shattering, right home his lance he pressed,
Driving the point through boss and plate against his foeman's
breast,

Three folds of mail Ferrando wore, they stood him in good stead;
Two yielded to the lance's point, the third held fast the head.
But forced into the flesh it sank a hand's-breadth deep or more,
Till bursting from the gasping lips in torrents gushed the gore.
Then, the girths breaking, o'er the croup borne rudely to the
ground,

He lay, a dying man it seemed to all who stood around.
Bermuez cast his lance aside, and sword in hand came on;
Ferrando saw the blade he bore, he knew it was Tizon:
Quick ere the dreaded brand could fall, "I yield me," came the
cry.

Vanquished the marshals granted him, and Pero let him lie.

And Martin Antolinez and Diego — fair and true
Each struck upon the other's shield, and wide the splinters flew.
Then Antolinez seized his sword, and as he drew the blade,
A dazzling gleam of burnished steel across the meadow played;
And at Diego striking full, athwart the helmet's crown,
Sheer through the steel plates of the casque he drove the falchion
down,

Through coif and scarf, till from the scalp the locks it razed away,
And half shorn off and half upheld the shattered head-piece lay.
Reeling beneath the blow that proved Colada's cruel might,
Diego saw no chance but one, no safety save in flight:
He wheeled and fled, but close behind him Antolinez drew;
With the flat blade a hasty blow he dealt him as he flew;
But idle was Diego's sword; he shrieked to Heaven for aid:
"O God of glory, give me help! save me from yonder blade!"
Unreined, his good steed bore him safe and swept him past the
bound,

And Martin Antolinez stood alone upon the ground.

"Come hither," said the king; "thus far the conquerors are ye."
And fairly fought and won the field the marshals both agree.
So much for these and how they fought: remains to tell you yet
How meanwhile Muño Gustioz Assur Gonzalez met.
With a strong arm and steady aim each struck the other's shield,
And under Assur's sturdy thrust the plates of Muño's yield;

But harmless passed the lance's point, and spent its force in air.
 Not so Don Muño's; on the shield of Assur striking fair,
 Through plate and boss and foeman's breast his pennoned lance he
 sent,

Till out between the shoulder blades a fathom's length it went.
 Then, as the lance he plucked away, clear from the saddle swung,
 With one strong wrench of Muño's wrist to earth was Assur flung;
 And back it came, shaft, pennon, blade, all stained a gory red;
 Nor was there one of all the crowd but counted Assur sped,
 While o'er him Muño Gustioz stood with uplifted brand.
 Then cried Assur Gonzalez: "In God's name hold thy hand!
 Already have ye won the field; no more is needed now."
 And said the marshals, "It is just, and we the claim allow."
 And then the King Alfonso gave command to clear the ground,
 And gather in the relics of the battle strewed around.
 And from the field in honor went Don Roderick's champions three.
 Thanks be to God, the Lord of all, that gave the victory.

But fearing treachery, that night upon their way they went,
 As King Alfonso's honored guests in safety homeward sent,
 And to Valencia city day and night they journeyed on,
 To tell my Cid Campeador that his behest was done.
 But in the lands of Carrion it was a day of woe,
 And on the lords of Carrion it fell a heavy blow.
 He who a noble lady wrongs and casts aside — may he
 Meet like requital for his deeds, or worse, if worse there be.
 But let us leave them where they lie — their meed is all men's scorn
 Turn we to speak of him that in a happy hour was born.
 Valencia the Great was glad, rejoiced at heart to see
 The honored champions of her lord return in victory:
 And Ruy Diaz grasped his beard: "Thanks be to God," said he,
 "Of part or lot in Carrion now are my daughters free;
 Now may I give them without shame whoe'er the suitors be."
 And favored by the king himself, Alfonso of Leon,
 Prosperous was the wooing of Navarre and Aragon.
 The bridals of Elvira and of Sol in splendor passed;
 Stately the former nuptials were, but statelier far the last.
 And he that in a good hour was born, behold how he hath sped!
 His daughters now to higher rank and greater honor wed:
 Sought by Navarre and Aragon for queens his daughters twain;
 And monarchs of his blood to-day upon the thrones of Spain.
 And so his honor in the land grows greater day by day.
 Upon the feast of Pentecost from life he passed away.
 For him and all of us the Grace of Christ let us implore.
 And here ye have the story of my Cid Campeador.

OLD GERMAN LOVE SONGS.

By F. MAX MÜLLER.

[FRIEDRICH MAX MÜLLER, cosmopolitan philologist, was born December 6, 1823, at Dessau, Germany, where his father, Wilhelm Müller, the poet, was librarian. He studied at several great universities, making Sanskrit his specialty, and edited the Rig-veda, 1849-1874. He was professor at Oxford of modern languages, and later of comparative philology, which he has popularized beyond any other man by his writings. His "Chips from a German Workshop" is a well-known collection of his essays; his "Comparative Mythology," "Science of Language," "Science of Religion," "Science of Thought," "Science of Mythology," etc., have been very influential. Died in 1900.]

SEVEN hundred years ago ! What a long time it seems ! Philip Augustus, King of France ; Henry II., King of England ; Frederick I., the famous Barbarossa, Emperor of Germany ! When we read of their times, the times of the Crusades, we feel as the Greeks felt when reading of the War of Troy. We listen, we admire, but we do not compare the heroes of Saint Jean d'Acre with the great generals of the nineteenth century. They seem a different race of men from those who are now living, and poetry and tradition have lent to their royal frames such colossal proportions that we hardly dare to criticise the legendary history of their chivalrous achievements.

It was a time of heroes, of saints, of martyrs, of miracles ! Thomas à Becket was murdered at Canterbury, but for more than three hundred years his name lived on, and his bones were working miracles, and his soul seemed as it were embodied and petrified in the lofty pillars that surround the spot of his martyrdom. Abélard was persecuted and imprisoned, but his spirit revived in the Reformers of the sixteenth century, and the shrine of Abélard and Héloïse in the Père La Chaise is still decorated every year with garlands of *immortelles*. Barbarossa was drowned in the same river in which Alexander the Great had bathed his royal limbs, but his fame lived on in every cottage of Germany, and the peasant near the Kyffhäuser still believes that some day the mighty Emperor will awake from his long slumber, and rouse the people of Germany from their fatal dreams. We dare not hold communion with such stately heroes as Frederick the Red-beard and Richard the Lion-heart ; they seem half to belong to the realm of fable. We feel from our very school days as if we could shake hands with a Themistocles and sit down in the company of a Julius Cæsar, but

we are awed by the presence of those tall and silent knights, with their hands folded and their legs crossed, as we see them reposing in full armor on the tombs of our cathedrals.

And yet, however different in all other respects, these men, if they once lift their steel beaver and unbuckle their rich armor, are wonderfully like ourselves. Let us read the poetry which they either wrote themselves, or to which they liked to listen in their castles on the Rhine or under their tents in Palestine, and we find it is poetry which a Tennyson or a Moore, a Goethe or Heine, might have written. Neither Julius Cæsar nor Themistocles would know what was meant by such poetry. It is modern poetry, — poetry unknown to the ancient world, — and who invented it nobody can tell. It is sometimes called Romantic, but this is a strange misnomer. Neither the Romans, nor the lineal descendants of the Romans, the Italians, the Provençals, the Spaniards, can claim that poetry as their own. It is Teutonic poetry, — purely Teutonic in its heart and soul, though its utterance, its rhyme and meter, its grace and imagery, show the marks of a warmer clime. It is called sentimental poetry, the poetry of the heart rather than of the head, the picture of the inward rather than of the outward world. It is subjective, as distinguished from objective poetry, as the German critics, in their scholastic language, are fond of expressing it. It is Gothic, as contrasted with classical poetry. The one, it is said, sublimizes nature, the other bodies forth spirit; the one deifies the human, the other humanizes the divine; the one is ethnic, the other Christian. But all these are but names, and their true meaning must be discovered in the works of art themselves, and in the history of the times which produced the artists, the poets, and their ideals. We shall perceive the difference between these two hemispheres of the Beautiful better if we think of Homer's "Helena" and Dante's "Beatrice," if we look at the "Venus of Milo" and a "Madonna" of Francia, than in reading the profoundest systems of æsthetics.

A volume of German poetry is called "Des Minnesangs Frühling," — "the Spring of the Songs of Love"; and it contains a collection of the poems of twenty German poets, all of whom lived during the period of the Crusades, under the Hohenstaufen Emperors, from about 1170 to 1230. This period may well be called the spring of German poetry, though the summer that followed was but of short duration, and the autumn was cheated of the rich harvest which the spring had promised.

Tieck, one of the first who gathered the flowers of that forgotten spring, describes it in glowing language.

"At that time," he says, "believers sang of faith, lovers of love, knights described knightly actions and battles; and loving, believing knights were their chief audience. The spring, beauty, gayety, were objects that could never tire: great duels and deeds of arms carried away every hearer, the more surely, the stronger they were painted; and as the pillars and dome of the church encircle the flock, so did religion, as the highest, encircle poetry and reality; and every heart, in equal love, humbled itself before her."

Carlyle, too, has listened with delight to those merry songs of spring. "Then truly," he says, "was the time of singing come; for princes and prelates, emperors and squires, the wise and the simple, men, women, and children, all sang and rhymed, or delighted in hearing it done. It was a universal noise of song, as if the spring of manhood had arrived, and warblings from every spray — not indeed without infinite twitterings also, which, except their gladness, had no music — were bidding it welcome."

And yet it was not all gladness; and it is strange that Carlyle, who has so keen an ear for the silent melancholy of the human heart, should not have heard that tone of sorrow and fateful boding which breaks, like a suppressed sigh, through the free and light music of that Swabian era. The brightest sky of spring is not without its clouds in Germany, and the German heart is never happy without some sadness. Whether we listen to a short ditty, or to the epic ballads of the "Nibelunge," or to Wolfram's grand poems of the "Parcival" and the "Holy Grail," it is the same everywhere. There is always a mingling of light and shade, — in joy a fear of sorrow, in sorrow a ray of hope, and throughout the whole, a silent wondering at this strange world. Here is a specimen of an anonymous poem; and anonymous poetry is an invention peculiarly Teutonic. It was written before the twelfth century; its language is strangely simple, and sometimes uncouth. But there is truth in it; and it is truth after all, and not fiction, that is the secret of all poetry: —

It has pained me in the heart,
Full many a time,
That I yearned after that
Which I may not have,

Nor ever shall win.
It is very grievous.
I do not mean gold or silver;
It is more like a human heart.

I trained me a falcon,
More than a year.
When I had tamed him,
As I would have him,
And had well tied his feathers
With golden chains,
He soared up very high,
And flew into other lands.

I saw the falcon since,
Flying happily;
He carried on his foot
Silken straps,
And his plumage was
All red of gold. . . .
May God send them together,
Who would fain be loved.

The keynote of the whole poem of the "Nibelunge," such as it was written down at the end of the twelfth, or the beginning of the thirteenth century, is "Sorrow after Joy." This is the fatal spell against which all the heroes are fighting, and fighting in vain. And as Hagen dashes the Chaplain into the waves, in order to belie the prophecy of the Mermaids, but the Chaplain rises, and Hagen rushes headlong into destruction, so Chriemhilt is bargaining and playing with the same inevitable fate, cautiously guarding her young heart against the happiness of love, that she may escape the sorrows of a broken heart. She, too, has been dreaming "of a wild young falcon that she trained for many a day, till two fierce eagles tore it." And she rushes to her mother Ute, that she may read the dream for her; and her mother tells her what it means. And then the coy maiden answers: —

"No more, no more, dear mother, say,
From many a woman's fortune this truth is clear as day,
That falsely smiling Pleasure with Pain requites us ever.
I from both will keep me, and thus will sorrow never."

But Siegfried comes, and Chriemhilt's heart does no longer cast up the bright and the dark days of life. To Siegfried she

belongs ; for him she lives, and for him, when "two fierce eagles tore him," she dies. A still wilder tragedy lies hidden in the songs of the "Edda," the most ancient fragments of truly Teutonic poetry. Wolfram's poetry is of the same somber cast. He wrote his "Parcival" about the time when the songs of the "Nibelunge" were written down. The subject was taken by him from a French source. It belonged originally to the British cycle of Arthur and his knights. But Wolfram took the story merely as a skeleton, to which he himself gave a new body and soul. The glory and happiness which this world can give is to him but a shadow, — the crown for which his hero fights is that of the Holy Grail.

Faith, Love, and Honor are the chief subjects of the so-called Minnesänger. They are not what we should call erotic poets. *Minne* means love in the old German language, but it means, originally, not so much passion and desire, as thoughtfulness, reverence, and remembrance. In English *Minne* would be "Minding," and it is different therefore from the Greek *Eros*, the Roman *Amor*, and the French *Amour*. It is different also from the German *Liebe*, which means originally desire, not love.

Most of the poems of the "Minnesänger" are sad rather than joyful, — joyful in sorrow, sorrowful in joy. The same feelings have since been so often repeated by poets in all the modern languages of Europe, that much of what we read in the "Minnesänger" of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries sounds stale to our ears. Yet there is a simplicity about these old songs, a want of effort, an entire absence of any attempt to please or to surprise ; and we listen to them as we listen to a friend who tells us his sufferings in broken and homely words, and whose truthful prose appeals to our heart more strongly than the most elaborate poetry of a Lamartine or a Heine. It is extremely difficult to translate these poems from the language in which they are written, the so-called Middle High-German, into Modern German, — much more so to render them into English. But translation is at the same time the best test of the true poetical value of any poem, and we believe that many of the poems of the Minnesängers can bear that test. Here is another poem, very much in the style of the one quoted above, but written by a poet whose name is known, — Dietmar von Eist : —

A lady stood alone,
And gazed across the heath,
And gazed for her love,

She saw a falcon flying.
 "O happy falcon that thou art,
 Thou fliest wherever thou likest,
 Thou choosest in the forest
 A tree that pleases thee.
 Thus I too had done,
 I chose myself a man:
 Him my eyes selected.
 Beautiful ladies' envy me for it.
 Alas! why will they not leave me my love?
 I did not desire the beloved of any one of them.
 Now woe to thee, joy of summer!
 The song of birds is gone;
 So are the leaves of the lime tree:
 Henceforth, my pretty eyes too
 Will be overcast.
 My love, thou shouldst take leave
 Of other ladies;
 Yes, my hero, thou shouldst avoid them.
 When thou sawest me first,
 I seemed to thee in truth
 Right lovely made:
 I remind thee of it, dear man!"

These poems, simple and homely as they may seem to us,
 were loved and admired by the people for whom they were
 written. They were copied and preserved with the greatest
 care in the albums of kings and queens, and some of them were
 translated into foreign languages.

One of the most original and thoughtful of the "Minne-
 sänger" is the old Reinmar. His poems, however, are not easy
 to read. The following is a specimen of Reinmar's poetry:—

High as the sun stands my heart;
 That is because of a lady who can be without change
 In her grace, wherever she be.
 She makes me free from all sorrow.

I have nothing to give her, but my own life,
 That belongs to her: the beautiful woman gives me always
 Joy, and a high mind,
 If I think of it, what she does for me.

Well is it for me that I found her so true!
 Wherever she dwell, she alone makes every land dear to me;
 If she went across the wild sea,
 There I should go; I long so much for her.

If I had the wisdom of a thousand men, it would be well
That I keep her, whom I should serve :
May she take care right well,
That nothing sad may ever befall me through her.

I was never quite blessed, but through her :
Whatever I wish to her, may she allow it to me !
It was a blessed thing for me
That she, the Beautiful, received me into her grace.

Carlyle, no doubt, is right when he says that, among all this warbling of love, there are infinite twitterings which, except their gladness, have little to charm us. Yet we like to read them as part of the bright history of those bygone days. One poet sings : —

If the whole world was mine,
From the Sea to the Rhine,
I would gladly give it all,
That the Queen of England
Lay in my arms, etc.

Who was the impertinent German that dared to fall in love with a Queen of England? We do not know. But there can be no doubt that the Queen of England whom he adored was the gay and beautiful Eleanor of Poitou, the Queen of Henry II., who filled the heart of many a Crusader with unholy thoughts. Her daughter, too, Mathilde, who was married to Henry the Lion of Saxony, inspired many a poet of those days. Her beauty was celebrated by the Provençal Troubadours; and at the court of her husband, she encouraged several of her German vassals to follow the example of the French and Norman knights, and sing the love of Tristan and Isolt, and the adventures of the knights of Charlemagne.

They must have been happy times, those times of the Crusades! Nor have they passed away without leaving their impress on the hearts and minds of the nations of Europe. The Holy Sepulcher, it is true, is still in the hands of the Infidels, and the bones of the Crusaders lie buried in unhallowed soil, and their deeds of valor are well-nigh forgotten, and their chivalrous Tournaments and their Courts of Love are smiled at by a wiser generation. But much that is noble and heroic in the feelings of the nineteenth century has its hidden roots in the thirteenth. Gothic architecture and Gothic poetry are the children of the same mother; and if the true but unadorned

language of the heart, the aspirations of a real faith, the sorrow and joy of a true love, are still listened to by the nations of Europe; and if what is called the Romantic school is strong enough to hold its ground against the classical taste and its royal patrons, such as Louis XIV., Charles II., and Frederick the Great, — we owe it to those chivalrous poets who dared for the first time to be what they were, and to say what they felt, and to whom Faith, Love, and Honor were worthy subjects of poetry, though they lacked the sanction of the Periclean and Augustan ages.



POEMS OF THE MINNESINGERS.

TRANSLATED BY EDGAR TAYLOR AND S. AUSTIN.

HARALD THE HARDY.

[Middle of eleventh century.]

MY BARK around Sicilia sailed;
 Then were we gallant, proud, and strong;
 The winged ship, by youths impelled,
 Skimmed, as we hoped, the waves along:
 My prowess, tried in martial field,
 Like fruit to maiden fair shall yield!
 With golden ring in Russia's land
 To me the virgin plights her hand.

Fierce was the fight on Trondhiem's heath;
 I saw her sons to battle move;
 Though few, upon that field of death
 Long, long, our desperate warriors strove:
 Young from my king in battle slain
 I parted on that bloody plain.
 With golden ring in Russia's land
 To me the virgin plights her hand.

With vigorous arms the pump we plied,
 Sixteen (no more) my dauntless crew,
 And high and furious waxed the tide;
 O'er the deep bark its billows flew;

My prowess, tried in hour of need,
 Alike with maiden fair shall speed.
 With golden ring in Russia's land
 To me the virgin plights her hand.

Eight feats I ken : — the sportive game —
 The war array — the fabrile art —
 With fearless breast the waves I stem —
 I press the steed — I cast the dart —
 O'er ice on slippery skates I glide —
 My dexterous oar defies the tide.
 With golden ring in Russia's land
 To me the virgin plights her hand.

Let blooming maid and widow say,
 Mid proud Byzantium's southern walls
 What deeds we wrought at dawn of day !
 What falchions sounded through their halls !
 What blood disdained each weighty spear !
 Those feats are famous far and near.
 With golden ring in Russia's land
 To me the virgin plights her hand.

Where snow-clad Uplands rear their head,
 My breath I drew mid bowmen strong ;
 But now my bark, the peasants' dread,
 Kisses the sea its rocks among ;
 Mid barren isles, where ocean foamed
 Far from the tread of man I roamed.
 With golden ring in Russia's land
 To me the virgin plights her hand.

SONNET OF "DER MARNER."

[Date uncertain.]

MARIA ! Virgin ! mother ! comforter
 Of sinners ! queen of saints in heav'n thou art !
 Thy beauty round the eternal throne doth cast
 A brightness that outshines its living rays ;
 There in the fullness of transcendent joy
 Heaven's king and thou sit in bright majesty ;
 Would I were there, a welcomed guest at last
 Where angel tongues reëcho praise to praise !

There Michael sings the blessed Savior's name
 Till round the eternal throne it rings once more,
 And angels in their choirs with glad acclaim,
 Triumphant host, their joyful praises pour :
 There thousand years than days more short appear,
 Such joy from God doth flow and from that mother dear.

DIETMAR OF AST.

[Early twelfth century.]

By the heath stood a lady
 All lonely and fair,
 As she watched for her lover
 A falcon flew near.
 "Happy falcon!" she cried,
 "Who can fly where he list,
 And can choose in the forest
 The tree he loves best!"

"Thus, too, had I chosen
 One knight for mine own,
 Him my eye had selected,
 Him prized I alone.
 But other fair ladies
 Have envied my joy;
 And why? for I sought not
 Their bliss to destroy.

"As to thee, lovely summer!
 Returns the birds' strain,
 As on yonder green linden
 The leaves spring again,
 So constant doth grief
 At my eyes overflow,
 And wilt thou not, dearest,
 Return to me now?"

"Yes, come, my own hero,
 All others desert!
 When first my eye saw thee,
 How graceful thou wert;
 How fair was thy presence,
 How graceful, how bright;
 Then think of me only,
 My own chosen knight!"

WOLFRAM VON ESCHENBACH.

[Early in twelfth century.]

WOULD I the lofty spirit melt
 Of that proud dame who dwells so high,
 Kind heaven must aid me, or unfelt
 By her will be its agony.
 Joy in my soul nò place can find:
 As well might I a suitor be
 To thunderbolts, as hope her mind
 Will turn in softer mood to me.

Those cheeks are beautiful, are bright
 As the red rose with dewdrops graced;
 And faultless is the lovely light
 Of those dear eyes, that, on me placed,
 Pierce to my very heart, and fill
 My soul with love's consuming fires,
 While passion burns and reigns at will;
 So deep the love that fair inspires!

But joy upon her beauteous form
 Attends, her hues so bright to shed
 O'er those red lips, before whose warm
 And beaming smile all care is fled.
 She is to me all light and joy,
 I faint, I die, before her frown;
 Even Venus, lived she yet on earth,
 A fairer goddess here must own. . . .

While many mourn the vanished light
 Of summer and the sweet sun's face,
 I mourn that these, however bright,
 No anguish from the soul can chase
 By love inflicted: all around,
 Nor song of birds, nor ladies' bloom,
 Nor flowers upspringing from the ground,
 Can chase or cheer the spirits' gloom. . . .

Yet still thine aid, beloved! impart,
 Of all thy power, thy love, make trial;
 Bid joy revive in this sad heart,
 Joy that expires at thy denial;

Well may I pour my prayer to thee,
 Beloved lady, since 'tis thine
 Alone to send such care on me;
 Alone for thee I ceaseless pine.

CHRISTIAN OF HAMLE.

[Middle of the twelfth century.]

Would that the meadow could speak
 And then would it truly declare
 How happy was yesterday,
 When my lady love was there;
 When she plucked its flowers, and gently prest
 Her lovely feet on its verdant breast.

Meadow! what transport was thine
 When my lady walked across thee;
 And her white hands plucked the flowers,
 Those beautiful flowers that emboss thee!
 Oh, suffer me, then, thou bright green sod,
 To set my feet where my lady trod!

Meadow! pray thou for the ease
 Of a heart that with love is panting!
 And so will *I* pray, that her feet
 On thy sod my lady planting,
 No wintry snows may ever lie there,
 And my heart be green as your vesture fair.

"THE CHANCELLOR."

[Date uncertain.]

Who would summer pleasures try
 Let him to the meadows hie.
 O'er the mountain, in the vale,
 Gladsome sounds and sights prevail;
 In the field fresh flowers are springing,
 In the boughs new carols singing,
 Richly in sweet harmony
 There the birds new music ply.
 This is all thine own, sweet May!
 As thy softer breezes play,
 Snow and frost work melt away.

Old and young come forth! for ye
 Winter bound again are free.
 Up! ye shall not grieve again.
 Look upon that verdant plain,
 Its gloomy robe no more it wears;
 How beauteously its face appears!
 He who mid the flowers enjoys
 The sweetness of his lady's eyes,
 Let him cast his cares away,
 And give the meed of thanks to May.

From the heart's most deep recess,
 Hovering smiles, intent to bless,
 Gather on my lady's lips;
 Smiles, that other smiles eclipse;
 Smiles, more potent, care dispelling,
 Than the bank with flowers sweet smelling,
 Than the birds' melodious measures,
 Than our choicest woodland treasures,
 Than the flower-besprinkled plains,
 Than the nightingale's sweet strains;
 Fairer, sweeter, beauty reigns.

ULRICH OF LICHTENSTEIN.

[Middle of the twelfth century.]

"Lady beauteous, lady pure,
 Lady happy, lady kind,
 Love, methinks, has little power,
 So proud thy bearing, o'er thy mind.
 Didst thou feel the power of love,
 Then would those fair lips uncloze,
 And be taught in sighs to move."

"What is love, then, good sir knight?
 Is it man or woman? say;
 Tell me, if I know it not,
 How it comes to pass, I pray.
 Thou should'st tell me all its story,
 Whence, and where, it cometh here,
 That my heart may yet be wary."

"Lady, love so mighty is,
 All things living to her bow;

Various is her power, but I
 Will tell thee what of her I know.
 Love is good, and love is ill,
 Joy and woe she can bestow,
 Spreading life and spirit still."

"Can love banish, courteous knight,
 Pining grief and wasting woe?
 Pour gay spirits on the heart,
 Polish, grace, and ease bestow?
 If in her *these* powers may meet,
 Great is she, and thus shall be
 Her praise and honor great."

"Lady, I will yet say more;
 Lovely are her gifts, her hand
 Joy bestows, and honor too;
 The virtues come at her command,
 Joys of sight and joys of heart
 She bestows, and she may choose,
 And splendid fortune doth impart."

"How shall I obtain, sir knight,
 All these gifts of lady love?
 Must I bear a load of care?
 Much too weak my frame would prove.
 Grief and care I cannot bear;
 Can I then the boon obtain;
 Tell me, sir knight, then, how and where."

"Lady, thou should'st think of me
 As I of thee think, — heartily.
 Thus shall we together blend
 Firm in love's sweet harmony,
 Thou still mine, I still thine."

"It cannot be, sir knight, with *me*;
 Be your own, I'll still be mine."

WATCH SONG.

[Date uncertain.]

I heard before the dawn of day
 The watchman loud proclaim: —
 "If any knightly lover stay
 In secret with his dame,

Take heed, the sun will soon appear;
Then fly, ye knights, your ladies dear,
Fly ere the daylight dawn.

"Brightly gleams the firmament,
In silvery splendor gay;
Rejoicing that the night is spent,
The lark salutes the day:
Then fly, ye lovers, and be gone!
Take leave before the night is done,
And jealous eyes appear."

That watchman's call did wound my heart,
And banished my delight:
"Alas, the envious sun will part
Our loves, my lady bright."
On me she looked with downcast eye,
Despairing at my mournful cry,
"We tarry here too long."

Straight to the wicket did she speed;
"Good watchman, spare thy joke!
Warn not my love, till o'er the mead
The morning sun has broke:
Too short, alas! the time, since here
I tarried with my leman dear,
In love and converse sweet."

"Lady, be warned! on roof and mead
The dewdrops glitter gay;
Then quickly bid thy leman speed,
Nor linger till the day;
For by the twilight did I mark
Wolves hieing to their covert dark,
And stags to covert fly."

Now by the rising sun I viewed
In tears my lady's face:
She gave me many a token good,
And many a soft embrace.
Our parting bitterly we mourned;
The hearts which erst with rapture burned,
Were cold with woe and care.

A ring, with glittering ruby red,
Gave me that lady sheen,

And with me from the castle sped
 Along the meadow green:
 And whilst I saw my leman bright,
 She waved on high her 'kerchief white:
 "Courage! To arms!" she cried.

In the raging fight each pennon white
 Reminds me of her love;
 In the field of blood, with mournful mood,
 I see her 'kerchief move;
 Through foes I hew, whene'er I view
 Her ruby ring, and blithely sing,
 "Lady, I fight for thee."

HENRY OF MORUNGE.

[First part of thirteenth century.]

MINE is the fortune of a simple child
 That in the glass his image looks upon;
 And by the shadow of himself beguiled
 Breaks quick the brittle charm, and joy is gone.
 So gazed I—and I deemed my joy would last—
 On the bright image of my lady fair:
 But ah! the dream of my delight is past,
 And love and rapture yield to dark despair.

WALTER VON DER VOGELWEIDE.

[Early thirteenth century.]

Mournings.

To ME is barred the door of joy and ease,
 There stand I as an orphan, lone, forlorn,
 And nothing boots me that I frequent knock.
 Strange that on every hand the show'r should fall,
 And not one cheering drop should reach to me!
 On all around the gen'rous Austrian's gifts,
 Gladd'ning the land, like genial rain descend:
 A fair and gay adorned mead is he,
 Whereon are gathered of the sweetest flowers:
 Would that his rich and ever gen'rous hand
 Might stoop to pluck one little leaf for me,
 So might I fitly praise a scene so fair!

Fain (could it be) would I a home obtain,
 And warm me by a hearth-side of my own.
 Then, then, I'd sing about the sweet birds' strain,
 And fields and flowers, as I have whilome done;
 And paint in song the lily and the rose
 That dwell upon *her* cheek who smiles on me.
 But lone I stray — no home its comfort shows:
 Ah, luckless man! still doomed *a guest* to be!

A mournful one am I, above whose head
 A day of perfect bliss hath never past;
 Whatever joys my soul have ravished,
 Soon was the radiance of those joys o'ercast.
 And none can show me that substantial pleasure
 Which will not pass away like bloom from flowers;
 Therefore, no more my heart such joys shall treasure,
 Nor pine for fading sweets and fleeting hours.

Ah! where are hours departed fled?
 Is life a dream, or true indeed?
 Did all my heart hath fashioned
 From fancy's visitings proceed?
 Yes! I have slept; and now unknown
 To me the things best known before:
 The land, the people, once mine own,
 Where are they? — they are here no more:
 My boyhood's friends, all aged, worn,
 Despoiled the woods, the fields, of home,
 Only the stream flows on forlorn;
 (Alas! that e'er such change should come!)
 And he who knew me once so well
 Salutes me now as one estranged:
 The very earth to me can tell
 Of naught but things perverted, changed:
 And when I muse on other days,
 That passed me as the dashing oars
 The surface of the ocean raise,
 Ceaseless my heart its fate deplores.

May and His Lady.

When from the sod the flow'rets spring,
 And smile to meet the sun's bright ray,
 When birds their sweetest carols sing
 In all the morning pride of May,

What lovelier than the prospect there ?
 Can earth boast anything more fair ?
 To me it seems an almost heaven,
 So beauteous to my eyes that vision bright is given.

But when a lady, chaste and fair,
 Noble, and clad in rich attire,
 Walks through the throng with gracious air,
 As sun that bids the stars retire, —
 Then, where are all thy boastings, May ?
 What hast thou beautiful and gay
 Compared with that supreme delight ?
 We leave thy loveliest flowers, and watch that lady bright

Wouldst thou believe me, — come and place
 Before thee all this pride of May ;
 Then look but on my lady's face,
 And, which is best and brightest ? say :
 For me, how soon (if choice were mine)
 This would I take, and that resign !
 And say, "Though sweet thy beauties, May !
 I'd rather forfeit all than lose my lady gay."

The Wreath.

"Lady," I said, "this garland wear !
 For thou wilt wear it gracefully :
 And on thy brow 'twill sit so fair,
 And thou wilt dance so light and free ;
 Had I a thousand gems, on thee,
 Fair one ! their brilliant light should shine :
 Would'st thou such gift accept from me, —
 Oh, doubt me not, — it should be thine.

"Lady, so beautiful thou art,
 That I on thee the wreath bestow,
 'Tis the best gift I can impart ;
 But whiter, rosier flow'rs, I know,
 Upon the distant plain they're springing,
 Where beauteously their heads they rear,
 And birds their sweetest songs are singing :
 Come ! let us go and pluck them there."

She took the beauteous wreath I chose,
 And like a child at praises glowing,

Her cheeks blushed crimson as the rose,
 When by the snow-white lily growing :
 But all from those bright eyes eclipse
 Received ; and then, my toil to pay,
 Kind, precious words fell from her lips :
 What more than this I shall not say.

HUGH OF WERBENWAG.

[Middle of thirteenth century.]

IF SUCH her purpose last, I'll send
 A message to my lady,
 To warn her that my suit I'll ply
 Unto the king to aid me ;
 I'll say she wins and wears my gage,
 Yet will she not my pain assuage ;
 And if he hears me not, I'll seek the emperor's court.

Yet fear I when we both appear
 Battel must waged be ;
 If she on oath deny the truth
 Of the words she spoke to me,
 Then must I strive with her in fight :
 So is the law ; but shall I smite
 That lady ? Yet how hard to let her strike me dead.

Yes, if King Conrad listen not,
 Or hearing will not heed,
 Then will I seek the Emperor's grace,
 For he hath heard the deed :
 And still if justice be not *there*,
 I'll to Thuringia's prince repair,
 Or to the Pope, with whom justice in merey dwells.

Lady.

Dear friend, thy anger waxes high,
 To kings and emperors flying ;
 Go not to Rome, but rest at home,
 For hope on me relying :
 The light of faithful love pursue,
 And follow still with service true ;
 Love without law is best : such would *my* counsel be.

And the old man, who had been
The first to see the light of day,

And the old man, who had been

The first to see the light of day,

The first to see the light of day,

The first to see the light of day,

The first to see the light of day,

The first to see the light of day,

The first to see the light of day,

The first to see the light of day,

The first to see the light of day,

The Rhine Daughters

From the painting by K. Dielitz

The first to see the light of day,

The first to see the light of day,

The first to see the light of day,

The first to see the light of day,

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EPISODES FROM THE NIBELUNGENLIED.

TRANSLATED BY W. N. LETTSOM.

[The Nibelungenlied was probably written in the twelfth century, in part from earlier ballads, and from legends not always consistent nor made so in the poem. For the story of the Nibelungs' Hoard, see "Stories from the Northern Myths," Vol. 1 of this work.]

HOW GUNTHER WENT TO ISSLAND TO WOO BRUNHILD.

BEYOND the Rhine high tidings again were noised around.
There many a maid was dwelling for beauty wide renowned,
And one of these king Gunther, 'twas said, designed to woo:
Well pleased the monarch's purpose his knights and liegemen true.

There was a queen high seated afar beyond the sea;
Never wielded scepter a mightier than she;
For beauty she was matchless, for strength without a peer;
Her love to him she offered who could pass her at the spear.

She threw the stone, and bounded behind it to the mark;
At three games each suitor with sinews stiff and stark
Must conquer the fierce maiden whom he sought to wed,
Or, if in one successful, straight must lose his head.

E'en thus for the stern virgin had many a suitor died.
This heard a noble warrior who dwelt the Rhine beside,
And forthwith resolved he to win her for his wife.
Thereby full many a hero thereafter lost his life.

Once on a day together sat with his men the king,
Talking each with the other, and deeply pondering,
What maiden 'twas most fitting for their lord to woo,
One whom him might comfort, and grace the country too.

Then spake the lord of Rhineland: "Straight will I hence to sea.
And seek the fiery Brunhild howe'er it go with me.
For love of the stern maiden I'll frankly risk my life;
Ready am I to lose it, if I win her not to wife."

"That would I fain dissuade you," Sir Siegfried made reply,
"Whoe'er would woo fair Brunhild, plays a stake too high;
So cruel is her custom, and she so fierce a foe.
Take good advice, king Gunther, nor on such a journey go."

Then answered thus king Gunther: "Ne'er yet was woman born
So bold and eke so stalwart, but I should think it scorn
Were not this hand sufficient to force a female foe."
"Be still," replied Sir Siegfried, "her strength you little know.

"E'en were you four together, nought could all four devise
'Gainst her remorseless fury; hear then what I advise
From true and steadfast friendship, and, as you value life,
Tempt not for love of Brunhild a vain, a hopeless strife."

"How strong she be soever, the journey will I take,
Whatever chance befall me, for lovely Brunhild's sake;
For her unmeasured beauty I'll hazard all that's mine.
Who knows, but God may bring her to follow me to the Rhine."

"Since you're resolved," said Hagan, "this would I chief advise:
Request of noble Siegfried in this dread enterprise
To take his part among us; thus 'twould be best, I ween,
For none so well as Siegfried knows this redoubted queen."

Said Gunther: "Wilt thou help me, Siegfried tried and true,
To win the lovely maiden? what I entreat thee, do,
And if I only gain her to my wedded wife,
For thee I'll gladly venture honor, limb, and life."

Thereto answered Siegfried, Siegmund's matchless son:
"Give me but thy sister, and the thing is done.
The stately queen fair Kriemhild let me only gain,
I ask no other guerdon for whatever toil and pain."

"I promise it," said Gunther, "and take in pledge thy hand,
And soon as lovely Brunhild shall come into this land,
To thee to wife my sister surely will I give,
And may you both together long time and happy live."

Then each they swore to th' other, the highborn champions bold,
Which wrought them time and trouble thereafter manifold,
Ere to full completion they brought their high design,
And led at last the lady to the banks of Rhine.

I have heard strange stories of wild dwarfs, how they fare;
They dwell in hollow mountains, and for protection wear
A vesture that hight cloud cloak, marvelous to tell;
Whoever has it on him may keep him safe and well

From cuts and stabs of foemen ; him none can hear or see
As soon as he is in it, but see and hear can he
Whate'er he will around him, and thus must needs prevail ;
He grows besides far stronger ; so goes the wondrous tale.

And now with him the cloud cloak took fair Sieglind's son ;
The same th' unconquered warrior with labor hard had won
From the stout dwarf Albric in successful fray.
The bold and wealthy champions made ready for the way.

So, as I said, bold Siegfried the cloud cloak bore along.
When he but put it on him, he felt him wondrous strong.
Twelve men's strength then had he in his single body laid.
By trains and close devices he wooed the haughty maid.

Besides, in that strange cloud cloak was such deep virtue found,
That whosoever wore it, though thousands stood around,
Might do whatever pleased him unseen of friend or foe.
Thus Siegfried won fair Brunhild, which brought him bitterest woe.

"Before we start, bold Siegfried, tell me what best would be ;
Shall we lead an army across the sounding sea,
And travel thus to Brunhild as fits a royal king ?
Straight could we together thirty thousand warriors bring."

"Whate'er our band," said Siegfried, "the same would still ensue :
So savage and so cruel is the queen you woo,
All would together perish by her o'ermastering might ;
But I'll advise you better, high and noble knight.

"As simple knights we'll travel adown the Rhine's fair tide,
Two to us two added, and followers none beside.
We four will make the voyage, true comrades one and all,
And thus shall win the lady, whatever thence befall.

"I will be one companion, thou shalt the second be,
The third shall be Sir Hagan, in sooth a goodly three !
The fourth shall be Sir Dankwart, that redoubted knight.
Trust me, no thousand champions will dare us four to fight." . . .

Fair maids stood at the windows as they hoisted sail ;
The bark rocked, and the canvas flapped with the freshening gale.
So on the Rhine were seated the comrades frank and free ;
Then said good king Gunther, "Who shall our steersman be ?"

"I will," said noble Siegfried; "well all our course I know,
Well the tides with currents how they shift and flow.
Trust me, good knight, to pilot you and your company."
So from Worms and Rhineland they parted joyously.

They had on board rich viands, thereto good store of wine,
The best that could be met with e'en on the banks of Rhine.
Their steeds in easy quarters stood tractable and still;
The level bark ran smoothly; nothing with them went ill.

Their sail swelled to the breezes, the ropes were stretched and tight;
Miles they ran full twenty ere the fall of night.
With a fair wind to seaward down dropped the gallant crew.
Their dames had cause long after their high emprise to rue.

By the twelfth bright morning, as we have heard it told,
The winds the bark had wafted with the warriors bold
Towards Isenstein, a fortress in the martial maiden's land;
'Twas only known to Siegfried of all th' adventurous band.

Soon as saw king Gunther, wondering as well he might,
The far-stretched coast, and castles frowning from every height,
"Look! friend," said he, "Sir Siegfried, if thou know'st, declare,
Whose are all these fair castles, and all this land as fair.

"In all my life, assure thee, the simple truth to tell,
I never met with castles planned and built so well,
Anywhere soever, as here before us stand.
He must needs be mighty who took such work in hand."

Thereto made answer Siegfried: "Well what you ask I know.
Brunhild's are all these castles, this land, so fair a show,
And Isenstein this fortress; 'tis true what now I say.
Here will you meet, Sir Gunther, many a fair dame to-day.

"I'll give you counsel, heroes! e'en as it seems me good;
Keep in one tale together; be this well understood.
To-day we must, as fits us, at Brunhild's court be seen;
We must be wise and wary when we stand before the queen.

"When we behold the fair one and all her train around
Let but this single story in all your mouths be found:
That Gunther is my master, and I am but his man;
To give him all his longing you'll find no surer plan.

"'Tis not so much for thy sake, I own, such part I bear,
As for thy sister Kriemhild's, the fairest of the fair.
She to me is ever as my own soul and life.
Fain do I such low service to win her for my wife."

With one accord they promised to do as he desired;
None through pride or envy to thwart his wish aspired.
So all took Siegfried's counsel, and sure it brought them good
Soon after, when king Gunther before queen Brunhild stood.

HOW GUNTHER WON BRUNHILD.

Meanwhile the bark had drifted unto the shore so nigh
Beneath the high-towered castle, that the king could spy
Many a maiden standing at every window there;
That all to him were strangers, was what he ill could bear.

Forthwith he asked of Siegfried, his valiant friend and true,
"Know you aught of these maidens, whom here we have in view,
Down upon us looking, though not, methinks, in scorn?
Whoe'er their lord they're surely high-minded and highborn."

Him answered Siegfried smiling: "Now you may closely spy,
And tell me of these damsels which pleases best your eye,
And which, if you could win her, you for your own would hold."
"So will I," answered Gunther, the hardy knight and bold.

"One see I at a window stand in a snow-white vest:
Around her all are lovely, but she's far loveliest.
Here have mine eyes selected; Sir Siegfried, on my life,
If I can only gain her, that maid shall be my wife."

"In all this world of beauty thine eyes have chosen well:
That maid's the noble Brunhild, at once so fair and fell,
She, who thy heart bewilders, she, who enchants thy sight."
Her every act and gesture to Gunther was delight.

Then bade the queen her maidens from the windows go;
Them it ill befitted to stand a sight and show
For the rude eyes of strangers; they bowed to her behest,
But what next did the ladies, we since have heard confest.

They robed them in their richest to meet the strangers' gaze;
Such, ever since were women, were ever women's ways.
Through every chink and loophole was leveled many an eye
At the unweeting champions, through love to peep and pry.

There were but four together who came into the land.
The far-renowned Siegfried led a horse in hand.
This Brunhild at a window marked with heedful eye.
As lord of such a liegeman was Gunther valued high.

Then his own the warrior led from ship to shore ;
He of a truth such service hath seldom done before,
As to stand at the stirrup, when another mounted steed.
Of all, close at the windows, the women took good heed. . . .

With them together Dankwart and Hagan came ashore.
'Tis told us in old stories that these two warriors wore
Apparel of the richest, but raven black of hue ;
Ponderous were their bucklers, broad and bright and new.

Unlocked was straight the castle, the gates flew open wide ;
Up in haste to meet them Brunhild's liegemen hied,
And bade the strangers welcome to their lady's land,
And took his horse from each one and the shield from every hand.

A chamberlain then bespoke them : " Be pleased to give us now
Your swords and glitt'ring breastplates." " That can we ne'er
allow,"

Hagan of Trony answered, " our arms ourselves will bear."
The custom of the castle then Siegfried 'gan declare.

" 'Tis the use of this castle, as I can well attest,
That never warlike weapons should there be borne by guest.
'Twere best to keep the custom ; let th' arms aside be laid."
Hagan, Gunther's liegeman, unwillingly obeyed.

Wine to the guests they offered, and goodly welcome gave ;
Then might you see appareled in princely raiment brave
Many a stately warrior, on to court that passed,
And many a glance of wonder upon the strangers cast.

Meanwhile to fair queen Brunhild one came and made report,
That certain foreign warriors had come unto her court
In sumptuous apparel, wafted upon the flood.
Then thus began to question the maiden fair and good :

" Now tell me," said the princess, " and let the truth be shown,
Who are these haughty champions from foreign shores unknown,
Whom there I see so stately standing in rich array,
And on what hard adventure have they hither found their way ? "

One of her court then answered: "I can aver, fair queen,
Of this stout troop of warriors none have I ever seen,
Save one, who's much like Siegfried, if I may trust my eyes.
Him well receive and welcome; this is what I advise.

"The next of the companions, he of the lofty mien,
If his power match his person, is some great king, I ween,
And rules with mighty scepter broad and princely lands.
See, how among his comrades so lordly there he stands!

"The third of the companions — a low'ring brow has he,
And yet, fair queen, you rarely a manlier form may see.
Note but his fiery glances, how quick around they dart!
Firm is, I ween, his courage, and pitiless his heart.

"The fourth knight is the youngest, he with the downy cheek,
So maidenly in manner, so modest and so meek.
How gentle all his bearing! how soft his lovely cheer!
Yet we all should rue it, should wrong be done him here.

"How mild soe'er his manner, how fair soe'er his frame,
Cause would he give for weeping to many a highborn dame,
Were he once stirred to anger; sure he's a warrior grim,
Trained in all knightly practice, bold of heart and strong of limb."

Then spake the royal Brunhild: "Bring me my vesture straight,
If far-renowned Siegfried aspire to be my mate,
And is hither come to woo me, on the east is set his life;
I fear him not so deeply, as to yield me for his wife."

Soon was the lovely Brunhild in her robes arrayed.
With their lovely mistress went many a lovely maid,
Better than a hundred, and all were richly dight;
For the noble strangers, I trow, a goodly sight.

With them of Brunhild's warriors advanced a chosen band,
Better than five hundred, each bearing sword in hand,
The very flower of Issland; 'twas a fair yet fearful scene.
The strangers rose undaunted as near them came the queen.

Soon as the noble Siegfried met the fair Brunhild's sight,
In her modest manner she thus bespoke the knight:
"You're welcome, good Sir Siegfried; now, if it please you, show
What cause has brought you hither; that I would gladly know."

"A thousand thanks, Dame Brunhild," the warrior made reply,
"That thou hast deigned to greet me before my better nigh,
Before this noble hero, to whom I must give place.
He is my lord and master; his rather be the grace.

"On the Rhine is his kingdom; what should I further say?
Through love of thee, fair lady, we've sailed this weary way.
He is resolved to woo thee whatever thence betide;
So now betimes bethink thee; he'll ne'er renounce his bride.

"The monarch's name is Gunther, a rich and mighty king;
This will alone content him, thee to the Rhine to bring.
For thee above the billows with him I've hither run;
Had he not been my master, this would I ne'er have done."

Said she: "If he's thy master, and thou, it seems, his man,
Let him my games encounter, and win me if he can.
If he in all be victor, his wedded wife am I.
If I in one surpass him, he and you all shall die."

Then spake the knight of Trony: "Come, lady, let us see
The games that you propose us; ere you the conqueress be,
Of my good lord king Gunther, hard must you toil, I ween.
He trusts with full assurance to win so fair a queen."

"He must cast the stone beyond me, and after it must leap,
Then with me shoot the javelin; too quick a pace you keep;
Stop, and awhile consider, and reckon well the cost,"
The warrioress made answer, "ere life and fame be lost."

Siegfried in a moment to the monarch went;
To the queen he bade him tell his whole intent.
"Never fear the future, cast all cares away;
My trains shall keep you harmless, do Brunhild what she may."

Then spake the royal Gunther: "Fair queen, all queens before,
Now say what you command us, and, were it yet e'en more,
For the sake of your beauty, be sure, I'd all abide.
My head I'll lose, and willing, if you be not my bride."

These words of good king Gunther when heard the royal dame,
She bade bring on the contest as her well became.
Straight called she for her harness, wherewith she fought in field,
And her golden breastplate, and her mighty shield.

Then a silken surcoat on the stern maiden drew,
Which in all her battles steel had cut never through,
Of stuff from furthest Libya; fair on her limbs it lay;
With richest lace 'twas bordered, that cast a gleaming ray.

Meanwhile upon the strangers her threatening eyes were bent;
Hagan there stood with Dankwart in anxious discontent,
How it might fall their master in silence pondering still.
Thought they, "This fatal journey will bring us all to ill."

The while, ere yet observer his absence could remark,
Sudden the nimble Siegfried stepped to the little bark,
Where from a secret corner his cloud cloak forth he took,
And slipped into it deftly while none was there to look.

Back in haste returned he; there many a knight he saw,
Where for the sports queen Brunhild was laying down the law.
So went he on in secret, and moved among the crowd,
Himself unseen, all-seeing, such power was in his shroud!

The ring was marked out ready for the deadly fray,
And many a chief selected as umpires of the day,
Seven hundred all in harness with ordered weapons fair,
To judge with truth the contest which they should note with care.

There too was come fair Brunhild; armed might you see her stand,
As though resolved to champion all kings for all their land.
She bore on her silk surcoat gold spangles light and thin,
That quivering gave sweet glimpses of her fair snowy skin.

Then came on her followers, and forward to the field
Of ruddy gold far sparkling bore a mighty shield,
Thick, and broad, and weighty, with studs of steel o'erlaid,
The which was wont in battle to wield the martial maid.

As thong to that huge buckler a gorgeous band there lay;
Precious stones beset it as green as grass in May;
With varying hues it glittered against the glittering gold.
Who would woo its wielder must be boldest of the bold.

Beneath its folds enormous three spans thick was the shield,
If all be true they tell us, that Brunhild bore in field.
Of steel and gold compacted all gorgeously it glowed.
Four chamberlains, that bore it, staggered beneath the load.

Grimly smiled Sir Hagan, Trony's champion strong,
And muttered as he marked it trailed heavily along!
"How now, my lord king Gunther? who thinks to scape with life?
This love of yours and lady — 'faith she's the devil's wife."

Hear yet more of the vesture worn by the haughty dame:
From Azagone resplendent her silken surcoat came
Of all-surpassing richness, that from about her shone
The eye-bedimming luster of many a precious stone.

Then to the maid was carried heavily and slow
A strong well-sharpened javelin, which she ever used to throw,
Huge and of weight enormous, fit for so strong a queen,
Cutting deep and deadly with its edges keen.

To form the mighty spearhead a wondrous work was done;
Three weights of iron and better were welded into one;
The same three men of Brunhild's scarcely along could bring;
Whereat deeply pondered the stout Burgundian king.

To himself thus thought he: "What have I not to fear?
The devil himself could scarcely scape from such danger clear.
In sooth, if I were only in safety by the Rhine,
Long might remain this maiden free from all suit of mine."

So thinking luckless Gunther his love repented sore;
Forthwith to him only his weapons pages bore,
And now stood clad the monarch in arms of mighty cost.
Hagan through sheer vexation, his wits had nearly lost.

On this Hagan's brother undaunted Dankwart spake:
"Would we had ne'er sailed hither for this fell maiden's sake!
Once we passed for warriors; sure we have cause to rue,
Ingloriously thus dying, and by a woman too;

"Full bitterly it irks me to have come into this land.
Had but my brother Hagan his weapons in his hand,
And I with mine were by him, proud Brunhild's chivalry,
For all their overweening, would hold their heads less high.

"Ay, by my faith, no longer should their pride be borne;
Had I oaths a thousand to peace and friendship sworn,
Ere I'd see thus before me my dearest master die,
Fair as she is, this maiden a dreary corse should lie."

"Ay," said his brother Hagan, "we well could quit this land
As free as we came hither, were but our arms at hand.
Each with his breast in harness, his good sword by his side,
Sure we should lower-a little this gentle lady's pride."

Well heard the noble maiden the warrior's words the while,
And looking o'er her shoulder said with a scornful smile:
"As he thinks himself so mighty, I'll not deny a guest;
Take they their arms and armor, and do as seems them best.

"Be they naked and defenseless, or sheathed in armor sheen,
To me it nothing matters," said the haughty queen.
"Feared yet I never mortal, and, spite of yon stern brow
And all the strength of Gunther, I fear as little now."

Soon as their swords were given them, and armed was either knight,
The cheek of dauntless Dankwart reddened with delight.
"Now let them sport as likes them, nothing," said he, "care I;
Safe is noble Gunther with us in armor by."

Then was the strength of Brunhild to each beholder shown.
Into the ring by th' effort of panting knights a stone
Was borne of weight enormous, massy and large and round.
It strained twelve brawny champions to heave it to the ground.

This would she cast at all times when she had hurled the spear;
The sight of bold Burgundians filled with care and fear.
Quoth Hagan: "She's a darling to lie by Gunther's side.
Better the foul fiend take her to serve him as a bride."

Her sleeve back turned the maiden, and bared her arm of snow,
Her heavy shield she handled, and brandished to and fro
High o'er her head the javelin; thus began the strife.
Bold as they were, the strangers each trembled for his life;

And had not then to help him come Siegfried to his side,
At once by that grim maiden had good king Gunther died.
Unseen up went he to him, unseen he touched his hand.
His trains bewildered Gunther was slow to understand.

"Who was it just now touched me?" thought he and stared around
To see who could be near him; not a soul he found.
Said th' other: "I am Siegfried, thy trusty friend and true;
Be not in fear a moment for all the queen can do."

Said he : "Off with the buckler and give it me to bear;
Now, what I shall advise thee, mark with thy closest care.
Be it thine to make the gestures, and mine the work to do."
Glad man was then king Gunther, when he his helpmate knew.

"But all my trains keep secret; thus for us both 'twere best;
Else this o'erweening maiden, be sure, will never rest,
Till her grudge against thee to full effect she bring.
See where she stands to face thee so sternly in the ring!"

With all her strength the javelin the forceful maiden threw.
It came upon the buckler, massy, broad and new,
That in his hand unshaken, the son of Sieglind bore.
Sparks from the steel came streaming, as if the breeze before.

Right through the groaning buckler the spear tempestuous broke;
Fire from the mail links sparkled beneath the thund'ring stroke.
Those two mighty champions staggered from side to side;
But for the wondrous cloud cloak both on the spot had died.

From the mouth of Siegfried burst the gushing blood;
Soon he again sprung forward; straight snatched the hero good
The spear that through his buckler she just had hurled amain,
And sent it at its mistress in thunder back again.

Thought he, "'Twere sure a pity so fair a maid to slay;"
So he reversed the javelin, and turned the point away;
Yet, with the butt end foremost, so forceful was the throw,
That the sore-smitten damsel tottered to and fro.

From her mail fire sparkled as driven before the blast;
With such huge strength the javelin by Sieglind's son was cast,
That 'gainst the furious impulse she could no longer stand.
A stroke so sturdy never could come from Gunther's hand.

Up in a trice she started, and straight her silence broke,
"Noble knight, Sir Gunther, thank thee for the stroke."
She thought 'twas Gunther's manhood had laid her on the lea;
No! 'twas not he had felled her, but a mightier far than he.

Then turned aside the maiden; angry was her mood;
On high the stone she lifted rugged and round and rude,
And brandished it with fury, and far before her flung,
Then bounded quick behind it, that loud her armor rung.

Twelve fathoms' length or better the mighty mass was thrown,
But the maiden bounded further than the stone.
To where the stone was lying Siegfried fleetly flew;
Gunther did but lift it, th' Unseen it was who threw.

Bold, tall, and strong was Siegfried, the first all knights among;
He threw the stone far further, behind it further sprung.
His wondrous arts had made him so more than mortal strong,
That with him as he bounded, he bore the king along.

The leap was seen of all men, there lay as plain the stone,
But seen was no one near it, save Gunther all alone.
Brunhild was red with anger, quick came her panting breath.
Siegfried has rescued Gunther that day from certain death.

Then all aloud fair Brunhild bespake her courtier band,
Seeing in the ring at distance unharmed her wooer stand:
"Hither, my men and kinsmen: low to my better bow;
I am no more your mistress; you're Gunther's liegemen now."

Down cast the noble warriors their weapons hastily,
And lowly kneeled to Gunther the king of Burgundy.
To him as to their sovereign was kingly homage done,
Whose manhood, as they fancied, the mighty match had won.

He fair the chiefs saluted, bending with gracious look;
Then by the hand the maiden her conquering suitor took,
And granted him to govern the land with sovereign sway;
Whereat the warlike nobles were joyous all and gay.

Forthwith the noble Gunther she begged with her to go
Into her royal palace; soon as 'twas ordered so,
To his knights her servants such friendly court 'gan make,
That Hagan e'en and Dankwart could it but kindly take.

Wise was the nimble Siegfried; he left them there a space,
And slyly took the cloud cloak back to its hiding place,
Returned then in an instant, where sat the ladies fair,
And straight, his fraud to cover, bespoke king Gunther there.

"Why dally, gracious master? why not the games begin,
Which by the queen, to prove you, have here appointed been?
Come, let us see the contest, and mark each knightly stroke."
As though he had seen nothing, the crafty warrior spoke.

"Why, how can this have happened," said the o'ermastered queen,
 "That, as it seems, Sir Siegfried, the games you have not seen,
 Which 'gainst me good king Gunther has gained with wondrous
 might?"

The word then up took Hagan, the stern Burgundian knight:

"Our minds indeed you troubled, our hopes o'erclouded dark;
 Meanwhile the good knight Siegfried was busy at the bark,
 While the lord of Rhineland the game against you won;
 Thus," said king Gunther's liegeman, "he knows not what was done."

THE FRAY IN ETZEL'S HALL: SAGA OF FOLKER THE MINSTREL- WARRIOR.

[Kriemhild, in revenge for Siegfried's murder, having enticed to her husband's court her relatives with a vast retinue of knights, has set on her Huns to massacre the latter, who beat them back, and Dankwart, the marshal, escapes to Etzel's hall.]

Just at the very moment that in burst Dankwart so,
 It chanced the young prince Ortlieb was carried to and fro
 From table unto table; the news of that fell strife,
 So sudden brought among them, cost the fair child his life.

To a good knight then Dankwart shouted loud and strong,
 "Be stirring, brother Hagan, you're sitting all too long.
 To you and God in heaven our deadly strait I plain;
 Yeomen and knights together lie in their quarters slain."

"Tell me who has done it?" Hagan fiercely cried.
 "Sir Bloedel and his meiny," Dankwart straight replied,
 "And paid too has he dearly; he's dead among the dead;
 This hand from off his shoulders smote at a stroke his head."

"Small is the loss," said Hagan, "whenever one can tell
 That a vanquished hero by hands heroic fell.
 Thus it still befitteth a knight to yield his breath;
 So much the less fair ladies should sorrow for his death.

"Now tell me, brother Dankwart, why are you so red?
 Your wounds, methinks, oppress you; they must have sorely bled.
 If he's yet in this country who has harmed you thus in strife,
 But the foul fiend aid him, it shall cost his life."

"You see me whole and hearty; my weed with blood is wet,
 But 'tis from wounds of others whom sword to sword I met,
 Of whom I slew so many, though furious all and fell,
 That, if I had to swear it, th' amount I ne'er could tell."

Said th' other, "Brother Dankwart, keep guard upon the door;
Let not one Hungarian step the threshold o'er.
Straight, as need impels us, converse with them will I.
Our friends by their devices were guiltless done to die."

"Since I'm to be doorkeeper," replied the champion true,
"(And well to such great monarchs such service I can do)
As fits me, 'gainst all comers the staircase I'll maintain."
Naught could be more distasteful to Kriemhild's knightly train.

"In sooth," resumed Sir Hagan, "I can't but wonder here,
What now these Huns are whisp'ring each in his fellow's ear.
I ween, they well could spare him, who keeps the door so bold,
Him, who to us Burgundians his courtly tale has told.

"Long have I heard and often of moody Kriemhild tell,
That still her heart's deep sorrow she harbors fierce and fell;
Now then let's drink to friendship! king's wine shall quench our thirst
And the young prince of Hungary himself shall plague us first."

With that the good knight Hagan smote Ortlieb the young child;
The gushing blood, down flowing, both sword and hand defiled;
Into the lap of Kriemhild bounded the ghastly head.
At once among the warriors a fearful butchery spread.

Then with both hands uplifted he dealt a stroke at large
'Gainst the grave-visaged tutor, who had the child in charge;
His severed head, down falling, before the table lay.
For all his learned lessons, 'faith 'twas sorry pay.

Just then at Etzel's table a minstrel met his view;
Upon him in an instant in wrath Sir Hagan flew.
His right hand on his viol off lopped he suddenly;
"Take that for the kind message thou brought'st to Burgundy."

"Alas! my hands!" cried Werbel, frantic with pain and woe;
"What have I done, Sir Hagan, that you should serve me so?
I came in faith and honor into your master's land.
How can I now make music since I have lost my hand?"

Little recked Sir Hagan if ne'er he fiddled more;
Then round his death-strokes dealing, he stretched upon the floor
Many a good knight of Etzel's, and wide the slaughter spread,
Turning to bale the banquet, and heaped the hall with dead.

Up the ready Folker leapt from table quick;
In his hand loud clattered his deadly fiddlestick;
Harsh crashing notes discordant king Gunther's minstrel played;
Ah! what a host of foemen among the Huns he made!

Up too leapt from table the royal brethren three;
They thought to part the battle ere mischief more should be.
But lost was all their labor, vain was all help of man,
When Folker and stern Hagan once so to rage began. . . .

Well fought that day the brethren, well too their men of might,
But ever valiant Folker stood foremost in the fight;
Against his foes so knightly himself the warrior bore,
Many brought he among them to wallow in their gore. . . .

Then those without, in hurried to aid their friends within,
But found upon the staircase more was to lose than win:
Out fain would rush the others, and through the doorway fare;
To none gave Dankwart passage, nor up nor down the stair.

To force the guarded portal thronged the Huns amain,
With the clattering sword-strokes the environs rang again.
Then stood the valiant Dankwart in deadly peril there;
Of that his loving brother took heed with timely care.

Straight to dauntless Folker Hagan shouted loud,
"See you there my brother beset by yonder crowd,
Battered by blades unnumbered, by countless bucklers crossed?
Up, and save him, comrade! or the good knight is lost."

"Fear not," replied the minstrel, "I'll do your bidding soon;"
Straight strode he through the palace playing his harshest tune.
Oft clashed the keen-edged broadsword that in his hand he bore;
The noble chiefs of Rhineland thanked him o'er and o'er.

Then to the fearless Dankwart the minstrel knight 'gan say,
"You must have surely suffered sore press and toil to-day.
Sent hither by your brother to aid you I have been:
If you'll without be warder, I'll keep the door within."

Firm the nimble Dankwart stood outside the door;
All who the stairs were mounting down drove he evermore;
In the grasp of the warriors their swords clashed fearfully:
The like within did stoutly Folker of Burgundy.

Loud the valiant minstrel shouted o'er the throng,
"The hall is shut, friend Hagan! the locks are firm and strong.
The hands of two stout warriors king Etzel's door secure:
A thousand bolts, believe me, would not be half so sure." . . .

Just then a knight of Hungary, who saw king Etzel take
His way beside Sir Dietrich, came nigh for safety's sake,
When him the furious minstrel with such a sword-stroke sped,
That at the feet of Etzel straight lay his severed head.

Soon as the lord of Hungary from the house had come at last,
He turned, and on fierce Folker as fierce a glance he cast.
"Woe's me for these fell strangers! O grievous strait," he said,
"That all my faithful warriors should lie before them dead.

"Ah, woe for this sad meeting! woe for this festal fight!
There spreads within destruction one that Folker hight;
Like a wild boar he rages, yet but a minstrel he.
Thank heaven! 'tis well in safety from such a fiend to be.

"In sooth, ill sound his measures; his strokes are bloody red;
His oft-repeated quavers lay many a hero dead.
I know not why this gleeman should spite us o'er the rest;
Never had I, for certain, so troublesome a guest." . . .

At the clash king Gunther turned, and to Hagan cried,
"Hear you what a measure Folker, the door beside,
Plays with each poor Hungarian who down the stairs would go?
See! what a deep vermilion has dyed his fiddle bow!"

"I own, it much repents me," Hagan straight replied,
"That I sat here at table from the good knight so wide.
We still were constant comrades not wont before to sever;
If we again see Rhineland, no chance shall part us ever.

"Now see, great king! right loyal to thee is Folker bold;
Well deserves the warrior thy silver and thy gold.
His fiddlestick, sharp cutting, can hardest steel divide,
And at a stroke can sever the warrior's beamy pride.

"Never yet saw I minstrel so high and lordly stand,
As did to-day Sir Folker among the hostile band.
On helms and clattering bucklers his lays make music rare:
Ride should he good war horses, and gorgeous raiment wear."

Of all the fierce Hungarians that at the board had been,
Now not a single champion remained alive within.
Then first was hushed the tumult, when none was left to fight;
Then down his sword laid reeking each bold Burgundian knight.

KRIEMHILD FIRES THE HALL.

With that, the wife of Etzel had set the hall on fire.
How sore then were they tortured in burning anguish dire!
At once, as the wind freshened, the house was in a glow.
Never, I ween, were mortals in such extremes of woe.

"We all are lost together," each to his neighbor cried,
"It had been far better we had in battle died.

Now God have mercy on us! woe for this fiery pain!
Ah! what a monstrous vengeance the bloody queen has ta'en!"

Then faintly said another, "Needs must we here fall dead;
What boots us now the greeting, to us by Etzel sped?
Ah me! I'm so tormented by thirst from burning heat,
That in this horrid anguish my life must quickly fleet."

Thereat outspake Sir Hagan, the noble knight and good,
"Let each, by thirst tormented, take here a draught of blood.
In such a heat, believe me, 'tis better far than wine.
Nought's for the time so fitting; such counsel, friends, is mine."

With that straight went a warrior, where a warm corpse he found.
On the dead down knelt he; his helmet he unbound;
Then greedily began he to drink the flowing blood.
However unaccustomed, it seemed him passing good.

"Now God requite thee, Hagan," the weary warrior cried,
"For such refreshing beverage by your advice supplied.
It has been my lot but seldom to drink of better wine.
For life am I thy servant for this fair hint of thine."

When th' others heard and witnessed with what delight he quaffed,
Yet many more among them drank too the bloody draught.
It strung again their sinews, and failing strength renewed.
This in her lover's person many a fair lady rued.

Into the hall upon them the fire-flakes thickly fell;
These with their shields they warded warily and well.
With smoke and heat together they were tormented sore.
Never, I ween, good warriors such burning anguish bore.

Through smoke and flame cried Hagan, "Stand close against the wall;
Let not the burning ashes on your helm-laces fall;
Into the blood yet deeper tread every fiery flake.
In sooth, this feast of Kriemhild's is ghastly merry-make."

'Twas well for the Burgundians that vaulted was the roof;
This was, in all their danger, the more to their behoof.
Only about the windows from fire they suffered sore.
Still, as their spirit impelled them, themselves they bravely bore.

In such extremes of anguish passed off the dreary night.
Before the hall yet sleepless stood the gleeman wight,
And leaning on his buckler, with Hagan by his side,
Looked out, what further mischief might from the Huns betide.

Then thus bespoke he Hagan, "Let's back into the hall;
These Huns will then imagine that we have perished all
In the fiery torment they kindled to our ill.
They'll see yet some among us who'll do them battle still."

Then the youthful 'Giselher, the bold Burgundian, spake,
"Methinks the breeze is freshening, the day begins to break.
Better times may wait us — grant it, God in heaven!
To us my sister Kriemhild a fatal feast has given."

With that outspoke a warrior, "Aye! now I see the day.
Since we can hope no better in this our hard assay,
Let each don straight his harness, and think upon his life;
For soon will be upon us king Etzel's murderous wife."

The host he little doubted but all the guests were dead,
By toil and fiery torture alike so ill bestead.
But yet within were living six hundred fearless wights;
Crowned king about him ne'er had better knights.

The scouts who watched the strangers had now the truth descried,
That, spite of all the travail and torment that had tried
The strength of lords and liegemen, they had survived it all,
And safe and sound as ever stalked up and down the hall.

'Twas told the queen, that many unharmed were yet to see;
"No! no!" made Kriemhild answer, "sure it can never be
That such a fiery tempest has spared a single head.
Far sooner will I credit that one and all are dead."

Still longed both lords and liegemen for mercy and for grace,
If they might look for either from any there in place;
But neither grace nor mercy found they in Hunnish land,
So vengeance for their ruin they took with eager hand.

And now by early morning a deafening hostile din
Greeted the weary warriors; sore peril hemmed them in.
From all sides round, against them a shower of missiles flew;
The dauntless band full knightly stood on defense anew.

The mighty men of Etzel came on emboldened more,
For that they hoped from Kriemhild to win her precious store;
And others too would frankly their king's command obey;
Thus had full many among them to look on death that day.

Of promises and presents strange marvels might be told.
 She bade bring bucklers forward heaped high with ruddy gold;
 She gave to all who'd take it; none empty went away.
 Never were spent such treasures to work a foe's decay.

The best part of the champions came on in warlike gear.
 Then cried the valiant Folker, "We're still to be found here.
 Warriors advance to battle ne'er saw I yet so fain,
 As those, who to destroy us king Etzel's gold have ta'en."

Then from within cried many, "Nearer, ye warriors, still!
 What's to be done, do quickly, whether for good or ill.
 Here's not a man among us but is resolved to die."
 Darts straight filled all their bucklers, so thick the Huns let fly.

What can I tell you further? Twelve hundred men or more
 To force the fatal entrance attempted o'er and o'er,
 But with sharp wounds the strangers soon cooled their fiery mood.
 None the stern strife could sever; flow might you see the blood

From gashes deep and deadly; full many there were slain,
 Comrade there for comrade wept and wailed in vain,
 Till all in death together sank Etzel's valiants low.
 Sore mourned for them their kinsmen in wild but bootless woe.

DEATHS OF HAGAN AND GUNTHER: THE END.

His vanquished foe Sir Dietrich bound in a mighty band,
 And led him thence to Kriemhild, and gave into her hand
 The best and boldest champion that broadsword ever bore.
 She after all her anguish felt comfort all the more.

For joy the queen inclined her before the welcome guest;
 "Sir knight! in mind and body heaven keep thee ever blest!
 By thee all my long sorrows are shut up in delight.
 Ever, if death prevent not, thy service I'll requite."

"Fair and noble Kriemhild," thus Sir Dietrich spake,
 "Spare this captive warrior, who full amends will make
 For all his past transgressions; him here in bonds you see;
 Revenge not on the fettered th' offenses of the free."

With that she had Sir Hagan to durance led away,
 Where no one could behold him, where under lock he lay.
 Meanwhile the fierce king Gunther shouted loud and strong,
 "Whither is gone the Berner? He hath done me grievous wrong."

Straight, at the call, to meet him Sir Dietrich swiftly went.
Huge was the strength of Gunther, and deadly his intent.
There he no longer dallied; from th' hall he forward ran;
Sword clashed with sword together, as man confronted man.

Howe'er renowned was Dietrich, and trained in combat well,
Yet Gunther fought against him so furious and so fell,
And bore him hate so deadly, now friendless left and lone,
It seemed past all conceiving, how Dietrich held his own.

Both were of mighty puissance, and neither yielded ground;
Palace and airy turret rung with their strokes around,
As their swift swords descending their tempered helmets hewed.
Well there the proud king Gunther displayed his manly mood.

Yet him subdued the Berner, as Hagan erst befell;
Seen was the blood of the warrior forth through his mail to well
Beneath the fatal weapon that Dietrich bore in fight.
Tired as he was, still Gunther had kept him like a knight.

So now at length the champion was bound by Dietrich there,
How ill soe'er it fitteth a king such bonds to bear.
Gunther and his fierce liegeman if he had left unbound,
He weened they'd deal destruction on all, whome'er they found.

Then by the hand Sir Dietrich took the champion good,
And in his bonds thence led him to where fair Kriemhild stood.
She cried, "Thou'rt welcome, Gunther, hero of Burgundy."
"Now God requite you, Kriemhild, if you speak lovingly."

Said he, "I much should thank you, and justly, sister dear,
If true affection prompted the greeting which I hear;
But, knowing your fierce temper, proud queen, too well I see,
Such greeting is a mocking of Hagan and of me."

Then said the noble Berner, "High-descended dame,
Ne'er have been brought to bondage knights of such peerless fame,
As those, whom you, fair lady, now from your servant take.
Grant these forlorn and friendless fair treatment for my sake."

She said, she fain would do so; then from the captive pair
With weeping eyes Sir Dietrich retired and left them there.
Straight a bloody vengeance wreaked Etzel's furious wife
On those redoubted champions, and both bereft of life.

In dark and dismal durance them kept apart the queen,
So that from that hour neither was by the other seen,
Till that at last to Hagan her brother's head she bore.
On both she took such vengeance as tongue ne'er told before.

To the cell of Hagan eagerly she went;
Thus the knight bespake she, ah! with what fell intent!
"Wilt thou but return me what thou from me hast ta'en,
Back thou may'st go living to Burgundy again."

Then spake grim-visaged Hagan, "You throw away your prayer,
High-descended lady; I took an oath whilere,
That, while my lords were living, or of them only one,
I'd ne'er point out the treasure; thus 'twill be given to none."

Well knew the subtle Hagan, she ne'er would let him 'scape,
Ah! when did ever falsehood assume so foul a shape?
He feared that, soon as ever the queen his life had ta'en,
She then would send her brother to Rhineland back again.

"I'll make an end, and quickly," Kriemhild fiercely spake.
Her brother's life straight bade she in his dungeon take.
Off her brother's head was smitten; she bore it by the hair
To the lord of Trony; such sight he well could spare.

Awhile in gloomy sorrow he viewed his master's head;
Then to remorseless Kriemhild thus the warrior said,
"E'en to thy wish this bus'ness thou to an end hast brought,
To such an end, moreover, as Hagan ever thought.

"Now the brave king Gunther of Burgundy is dead;
Young Giseller and eke Gernot alike with him are sped;
So now, where lies the treasure, none knows save God and me,
And told shall it be never, be sure, she-fiend, to thee."

Said she, "Ill hast thou quitted a debt so deadly scored;
At least in my possession I'll keep my Siegfried's sword.
My lord and lover bore it, when last I saw him go.
For him woe wrung my bosom, that passed all other woe."

Forth from the sheath she drew it; that could not he prevent;
At once to slay the champion was Kriemhild's stern intent.
High with both hands she heaved it, and off his head did smite.
That was seen of king Etzel; he shuddered at the sight.

"Ah!" cried the prince impassioned, "harrow and welaway!
That the hand of a woman the noblest knight should slay
That e'er struck stroke in battle, or ever buckler bore!
Albeit I was his foeman, needs must I sorrow sore."

Then said the aged Hildebrand, "Let not her boast of gain,
In that by her contrivance this noble chief was slain.
Though to sore strait he brought me, let ruin on me light,
But I will take full vengeance for Trony's murdered knight."

Hildebrand the aged fierce on Kriemhild sprung;
To the death he smote her as his sword he swung.
Sudden and remorseless he his wrath did wreak.
What could then avail her her fearful thrilling shriek?

There now the dreary corpses stretched all around were seen;
There lay, hewn in pieces, the fair and noble queen.
Sir Dietrich and king Etzel, their tears began to start;
For kinsmen and for vassals each sorrowed in his heart.

The mighty and the noble there lay together dead;
For this had all the people dole and drearihead.
The feast of royal Etzel was thus shut up in woe.
Pain in the steps of Pleasure treads ever here below.

'Tis more than I can tell you what afterwards befell,
Save that there was weeping for friends beloved so well;
Knights and squires, dames and damsels, were seen lamenting all.
So here I end my story. This is *the Nibelungs' Fall*.



AUCASSIN AND NICOLETE.

A SONG POEM OF THE TWELFTH CENTURY.

TRANSLATED BY ANDREW LANG.

[ANDREW LANG, the distinguished Scotch scholar, critic, poet, and translator, was born at Selkirk, March 31, 1844. He was educated at Edinburgh Academy, St. Andrews University, and Balliol College, Oxford, where he took a classical first-class. In 1868 he was elected Fellow of Merton, and in 1885 received an honorary LL.D. from St. Andrews. He is one of the foremost critics in Great Britain, an authority on folklore, and a constant contributor to periodical literature. In verse he has written: "Ballades and Lyrics of Old France" (1872), his first publication; "Ballades in Blue China"; "Rhymes à la Mode"; "Grass of Parnassus"; "Ban and Arrière Ban." Among his chief prose works are: "Custom and Myth"; "Myth, Ritual, and Religion"; "Books and Bookmen"; "Letters to Dead Authors"; "Homer and the Epic"; a series of fairy books; the novels "Mark of Cain" and "The World's Desire" (with H. Rider

Haggard) ; translations of the *Odyssey* (with Prof. Butcher), and the *Iliad* (with Leaf and Myers) ; biographies of Northcote and Lockhart. The monthly causeries, "At the Sign of the Ship," in *Longman's Magazine*, are from his pen. Died in 1912.]

'Tis of Aucassin and Nicolete.

Who would list to the good lay
Gladness of the captive gray ?
'Tis how two young lovers met,
Aucassin and Nicolete,
Of the pains the lover bore
And the sorrows he outwore,
For the goodness and the grace,
Of his love, so fair of face.

Sweet the song, the story sweet,
There is no man hearkens it,
No man living 'neath the sun,
So outwearied, so foredone,
Sick and woeful, worn and sad,
But is healèd, but is glad,
'Tis so sweet.

So say they, speak they, tell they the Tale : —

How the Count Bougars de Valence made war on Count Garin de Biaucaire, war so great, and so marvelous, and so mortal that never a day dawned, but alway he was there, by the gates and walls, and barriers of the town with a hundred knights, and ten thousand men at arms, horsemen and footmen : so burned he the Count's land, and spoiled his country, and slew his men. Now the Count Garin de Biaucaire was old and frail, and his good days were gone over. No heir had he, neither son nor daughter, save one young man only, such an one as I shall tell you. Aucassin was the name of the damoiseau : fair was he, goodly, and great, and featly fashioned of his body and limbs. His hair was yellow, in little curls, his eyes blue and laughing, his face beautiful and shapely, his nose high and well set, and so richly seen was he in all things good, that in him was none evil at all. But so suddenly overtaken was he of Love, who is a great master, that he would not, of his will, be dubbed knight, nor take arms, nor follow tourneys, nor do whatsoever him beseemed. Therefore his father and mother said to him : —

"Son, go take thine arms, mount thy horse, and hold thy land, and help thy men, for if they see thee among them, more stoutly will they keep in battle their lives and lands, and thine, and mine."

"Father," said Aucassin, "I marvel that you will be speaking. Never may God give me aught of my desire if I be made knight, or mount my horse, or face stour and battle wherein knights smite and are smitten again, unless thou give me Nicolette, my true love, that I love so well."

"Son," said the father, "this may not be. Let Nicolette go; a slave girl she is, out of a strange land, and the Captain of this town bought her of the Saracens, and carried her hither, and hath reared her and let christen the maid, and took her for his daughter in God, and one day will find a young man for her, to win her bread honorably. Herein hast thou naught to make or mend, but if a wife thou wilt have, I will give thee the daughter of a King, or a Count. There is no man so rich in France, but if thou desire his daughter, thou shalt have her."

"Faith! my father," said Aucassin, "tell me where is the place so high in all the world, that Nicolette, my sweet lady and love, would not grace it well? If she were Empress of Constantinople or of Germany, or Queen of France or England, it were little enough for her; so gentle is she and courteous, and debonaire, and compact of all good qualities."

Here singeth one:—

Aucassin was of Biaucaire
Of a goodly castle there,
But from Nicolette the fair
None might win his heart away
Though his father, many a day,
And his mother said him nay,
"Ha! fond child, what wouldest thou?
Nicolette is glad enow!
Was from Carthage cast away,
Paynims sold her on a day!
Wouldst thou win a lady fair
Choose a maid of high degree
Such an one is meet for thee."
"Nay of these have I no care,
Nicolette is debonaire,
Her body sweet and the face of her

Take my heart as in a snare,
 Loyal love is but her share
 That is so sweet."

'Then speak they, say they, tell they the Tale:—

When the Count Garin de Biaucaire knew that he would not avail to withdraw Aucassin his son from the love of Nicolette, he went to the Captain of the city, who was his man, and spake to him, saying:—

"Sir Count; away with Nicolette thy daughter in God; cursed be the land whence she was brought into this country, for by reason of her do I lose Aucassin, that will neither be dubbed knight, nor do aught of the things that fall to him to be done. And wit ye well," he said, "that if I might have her at my will, I would burn her in a fire, and yourself might well be sore adread."

"Sir," said the Captain, "this is grievous to me that he comes and goes and hath speech with her. I had bought the maiden at mine own charges, and nourished her, and baptized, and made her my daughter in God. Yea, I would have given her to a young man that should win her bread honorably. With this had Aucassin thy son naught to make or mend. But, sith it is thy will and thy pleasure, I will send her into that land and that country where never will he see her with his eyes."

"Have a heed to thyself," said the Count Garin, "thence might great evil come on thee."

So parted they each from other. Now the Captain was a right rich man: so had he a rich palace with a garden in face of it; in an upper chamber thereof he let place Nicolette, with one old woman to keep her company, and in that chamber put bread and meat and wine and such things as were needful. Then he let seal the door, that none might come in or go forth, save that there was one window, over against the garden, and strait enough, wherethrough came to them a little air.

Here singeth one:—

Nicolette as ye heard tell
 Prisoned is within a cell
 That is painted wondrously
 With colors of a far countrie,
 And the window of marble wrought,
 There the maiden stood in thought,

With straight brows and yellow hair
 Never saw ye fairer fair !
 On the wood she gazed below,
 And she saw the roses blow,
 Heard the birds sing loud and low,
 Therefore spoke she woefully :
 " Ah me, wherefore do I lie
 Here in prison wrongfully :
 Aucassin, my love, my knight,
 Am I not thy heart's delight,
 Thou that lovest me aright !
 'Tis for thee that I must dwell
 In the vaulted chamber cell,
 Hard beset and all alone !
 By our Lady Mary's Son
 Here no longer will I wonn,
 If I may flee ! "

Then speak they, say they, tell they the Tale : —

Nicolete was in prison, as ye have heard soothly, in the chamber. And the noise and bruit of it went through all the country and all the land, how that Nicolete was lost. Some said she had fled the country, and some that the Count Garin de Biaucaire had let slay her. Whosoever had joy thereof, Aucassin had none, so he went to the Captain of the town and spake to him saying : —

" Sir Captain, what hast thou made of Nicolete, my sweet lady and love, the thing that best I love in all the world ? Hast thou carried her off or ravished her away from me ? Know well that if I die of it, the price shall be demanded of thee, and that will be well done, for it shall be even as if thou hadst slain me with thy two hands, for thou hast taken from me the thing that in this world I love the best."

" Fair Sir," said the Captain, " let these things be. Nicolete is a captive that I did bring from a strange country. Yea, I bought her at my own charges of the Saracens, and I bred her up and baptized her, and made her my daughter in God. And I have cherished her, and one of these days I would have given her a young man, to win her bread honorably. With this hast thou naught to make, but do thou take the daughter of a King or a Count. Nay more, what wouldst thou deem thee to have gained, hadst thou made her thy leman, and taken her to thy

bed? Plentiful lack of comfort hadst thou got thereby, for in Hell would thy soul have lain while the world endures, and into Paradise wouldst thou have entered never."

"In Paradise what have I to win? Therein I seek not to enter, but only to have Nicolete my sweet lady that I love so well. For into Paradise go none but such folk as I shall tell thee now: Thither go these same old priests, and halt old men and maimed, who all day and night cower continually before the altars and in the crypts; and such folk as wear old amices and old clouted frocks, and naked folk and shoeless, and covered with sores, perishing of hunger and thirst, and of cold, and of little ease. These be they that go into Paradise; with them have I naught to make. But into Hell would I fain go; for into Hell fare the goodly clerks, and goodly knights that fall in tourneys and great wars, and stout men at arms, and all men noble. With these would I liefly go. And thither pass the sweet ladies and courteous that have two lovers, or three, and their lords also thereto. Thither goes the gold, and the silver, the cloth of *vair*, and cloth of *gris*, and harpers, and makers, and the prince of this world. With these I would gladly go, let me but have with me Nicolete, my sweetest lady."

"Certes," quoth the Captain, "in vain wilt thou speak thereof, for never shalt thou see her; and if thou hadst word with her, and thy father knew it, he would let burn in a fire both her and me, and thyself might well be sore adread."

"That is even what irketh me," quoth Aucassin. So he went from the Captain sorrowing.

Here singeth one :—

Aucassin did so depart
 Much in dole and heavy at heart
 For his loss so bright and dear,
 None might bring him any cheer,
 None might give good words to hear,
 To the palace doth he fare
 Climbeth up the palace stair,
 Passeth to a chamber there,
 Thus great sorrow doth he bear
 For his lady and love so fair.

"Nicolete how fair art thou,
 Sweet thy footfall, sweet thine eyes,
 Sweet the mirth of thy replies,

Sweet thy laughter, sweet thy face,
 Sweet thy lips and sweet thy brow,
 And the touch of thine embrace,
 All for thee I sorrow now,
 Captive in an evil place,
 Whence I ne'er may go my ways
 Sister, sweet friend!"

So say they, speak they, tell they the Tale:—

While Aucassin was in the chamber sorrowing for Nicolette his love, even then the Count Bougars de Valence, that had his war to wage, forgat it no whit, but had called up his horsemen and his footmen, so made he for the castle to storm it. And the cry of battle arose, and the din, and knights and men at arms busked them, and ran to walls and gates to hold the keep. And the townsfolk mounted to the battlements, and cast down bolts and pikes. Then while the assault was great, and even at its height, the Count Garin de Biaucaire came into the chamber where Aucassin was making lament, sorrowing for Nicolette, his sweet lady that he loved so well.

"Ha! son," quoth he, "how caitiff art thou, and cowardly, that canst see men assail thy goodliest castle and strongest. Know thou that if thou lose it, thou lovest all. Son, go to, take arms, and mount thy horse, and defend thy land, and help thy men, and fare into the stour. Thou needst not smite nor be smitten. If they do but see thee among them, better will they guard their substance, and their lives, and thy land and mine. And thou art so great, and hardy of thy hands, that well mightst thou do this thing, and to do it is thy devoir."

"Father," said Aucassin, "what is this thou sayest now? God grant me never aught of my desire, if I be dubbed knight, or mount steed, or go into the stour where knights do smite and are smitten, if thou givest me not Nicolette, my sweet lady, whom I love so well."

"Son," quoth his father, "this may never be: rather would I be quite disinherited and lose all that is mine, than that thou shouldst have her to thy wife, or to love *par amours*."

So he turned him about. But when Aucassin saw him going he called to him again, saying,

"Father, go to now, I will make with thee fair covenant."

"What covenant, fair son?"

"I will take up arms, and go into the stour, on this cove-

nant, that, if God bring me back sound and safe, thou wilt let me see Nicolete my sweet lady, even so long that I may have of her two words or three, and one kiss."

"That will I grant," said his father.

At this was Aucassin glad.

Here one singeth: —

Of the kiss heard Aucassin
That returning he shall win.
None so glad would he have been
Of a myriad marks of gold
Of a hundred thousand told.
Called for raiment brave of steel,
Then they clad him, head to heel,
Twyfold hauberk doth he don,
Firmly braced the helmet on.
Girt the sword with hilt of gold,
Horse doth mount, and lance doth wield,
Looks to stirrups and to shield,
Wondrous brave he rode to field.
Dreaming of his lady dear
Setteth spurs to the destrere
Rideth forward without fear,
Through the gate and forth away
To the fray.

So speak they, say they, tell they the Tale: —

Aucassin was armed and mounted as ye have heard tell. God! how goodly sat the shield on his shoulder, the helm on his head, and the baldric on his left haunch! And the damoiseau was tall, fair, featly fashioned, and hardy of his hands, and the horse whereon he rode swift and keen, and straight had he spurred him forth of the gate. Now believe ye not that his mind was on kine, nor cattle of the booty, nor thought he how he might strike a knight, nor be stricken again: nor no such thing. Nay, no memory had Aucassin of aught of these; rather he so dreamed of Nicolete, his sweet lady, that he dropped his reins, forgetting all there was to do, and his horse, that had felt the spur, bore him into the press and hurled among the foe, and they laid hands on him all about, and took him captive, and seized away his spear and shield, and straight-

way they led him off a prisoner, and were even now discoursing of what death he should die.

And when Aucassin heard them,

"Ha! God," said he, "sweet Savior. Be these my deadly enemies that have taken me, and will soon cut off my head? And once my head is off, no more shall I speak with Nicolete, my sweet lady that I love so well. Natheless have I here a good sword, and sit a good horse unwearied. If now I keep not my head for her sake, God help her never, if she love me more!"

The damoiseau was tall and strong, and the horse whereon he sat was right eager. And he laid hand to sword, and fell a smiting to right and left, and smote through helm and *nasal*, and arm and clenched hand, making a murder about him, like a wild boar when hounds fall on him in the forest, even till he struck down ten knights, and seven he hurt, and straightway he hurled out of the press, and rode back again at full speed, sword in hand. The Count Bougars de Valence heard say they were about hanging Aucassin, his enemy, so he came into that place, and Aucassin was ware of him, and gat his sword into his hand, and lashed at his helm with such a stroke that he drave it down on his head, and he being stunned, fell groveling. And Aucassin laid hands on him, and caught him by the *nasal* of his helmet, and gave him to his father.

"Father," quoth Aucassin, "lo here is your mortal foe, who hath so warred on you with all malengin. Full twenty years did this war endure, and might not be ended by man."

"Fair son," said his father, "thy feats of youth shouldst thou do, and not seek after folly."

"Father," saith Aucassin, "sermon me no sermons, but fulfill my covenant."

"Ha! what covenant, fair son?"

"What, father, hast thou forgotten it? By mine own head, whosoever forgets, will I not forget it, so much it hath me at heart. Didst thou not covenant with me when I took up arms, and went into the stour, that if God brought me back safe and sound, thou wouldst let me see Nicolete, my sweet lady, even so long that I may have of her two words or three, and one kiss? So didst thou covenant, and my mind is that thou keep thy word."

"I!" quoth the father, "God forsake me when I keep this covenant! Nay, if she were here, I would let burn her in the fire, and thyself shouldst be sore adread."

"Is this thy last word?" quoth Aucassin.

"So help me God," quoth his father, "yea!"

"Certes," quoth Aucassin, "this is a sorry thing meseems when a man of thine age lies.

"Count of Valence," quoth Aucassin, "I took thee?"

"In sooth, sir, didst thou," saith the Count.

"Give me thy hand," saith Aucassin.

"Sir, with good will."

So he set his hand in the other's.

"Now givest thou me thy word," saith Aucassin, "that never whiles thou art living man wilt thou avail to do my father dishonor, or harm him in body, or in goods, but do it thou wilt?"

"Sir, in God's name," saith he, "mock me not, but put me to my ransom; ye cannot ask of me gold nor silver, horses nor palfreys, *vair* nor *gris*, hawks nor hounds, but I will give you them."

"What?" quoth Aucassin. "Ha, knowest thou not it was I that took thee?"

"Yea, sir," quoth the Count Bougars.

"God help me never, but I will make thy head fly from thy shoulders, if thou makest not troth," said Aucassin.

"In God's name," said he, "I make what promise thou wilt."

So they did the oath, and Aucassin let mount him on a horse, and took another and so led him back till he was in all safety.

Here one singeth:—

When the Count Garin doth know
That his child would ne'er forego
Love of her that loved him so,
Nicolete, the bright of brow,
In a dungeon deep below
Childe Aucassin did he throw.
Even there the Childe must dwell
In a dun-walled marble cell.
There he wailleth in his woe
Crying thus as ye shall know.

"Nicolete, thou lily white,
My sweet lady, bright of brow,
Sweeter than the grape art thou,

Sweeter than sack posset good
In a cup of maple wood !
Was it not but yesterday
That a palmer came this way,
Out of Limousin came he,
And at ease he might not be,
For a passion him possessed
That upon his bed he lay,
Lay, and tossed, and knew not rest
In his pain discomforted.
But thou camest by the bed,
Where he tossed amid his pain,
Holding high thy sweeping train,
And thy kirtle of ermine,
And thy smock of linen fine,
Then these fair white limbs of thine,
Did he look on, and it fell
That the palmer straight was well,
Straight was hale—and comforted,
And he rose up from his bed,
And went back to his own place,
Sound and strong, and full of face !
My sweet lady, lily white,
Sweet thy footfall, sweet thine eyes,
And the mirth of thy replies.
Sweet thy laughter, sweet thy face,
Sweet thy lips and sweet thy brow,
And the touch of thine embrace.
Who but doth in thee delight ?
I for love of thee am bound
In this dungeon underground,
All for loving thee must lie
Here where loud on thee I cry,
Here for loving thee must die
For thee, my love.”

[Nicolette escapes, hears Aucassin's plaints, comforts him awhile, then hides in a forest lodge; on his release he searches for and joins her. They fly to the kingdom of Torelore, are captured by pirates and parted. Aucassin finally succeeds Garin in the viscountship of Biaucaire; Nicolette is taken to Carthage, remembers that she is the king's daughter, and a marriage is arranged for her. To escape this she dons minstrel's garb and takes ship to Biaucaire; there she sings of her adventures in presence of Aucassin, makes herself known, and they are married.]

POEMS OF THE TROUBADOURS.

TRANSLATED BY E. TAYLOR AND S. AUSTIN.

THE COUNTESS DE DIE.

[Later twelfth century.]

I SING of one I would not sing,
 Such anguish from my love hath sprung;
 I love him more than earthly thing:
 But beauty, wit, or pleadings, wrung
 From my heart's depth, can gain for me
 Nor gratitude nor courtesy;
 And I am left, deceived, betrayed,
 Of him, like frail or faithless maid.

On one sweet thought my soul has dwelt, —
 That my unchanging faith was thine;
 Not Seguis for Valensa felt
 A love more pure and high than mine:
 In all beside thou art above
 My highest thoughts, — but not in love, —
 Cold as thou art, and proud to me,
 To others all humility.

Yet must I wonder, gazing there
 On that severe and chilling mien:
 It is not just, another fair
 Should fill the heart where I have been:
 Whate'er her worth, remember thou
 Love's early days, love's fondest vow;
 Heaven grant no idle word of mine
 Have caused this cold neglect of thine!

When I remember all thy worth,
 Thy rank, thy honors, — well I see
 There cannot be the heart on earth
 That would not bend in love to thee:
 But thou, whose penetrating eyes
 Can quickly pierce through each disguise,
 The tenderest, truest heart wilt see,
 And surely then remember ME.

On worth, on rank, I might rely,
 On beauty, or, yet more, on love;
 But one soft song at least I'll try —
 A song of peace, thy heart to move:
 And I would learn, beloved one, now
 Why cold and harsh and rude art thou;
 If love hath given her place to pride,
 Or cold dislike in thee preside?

This, and much more my messenger should say,
 Warning all hearts 'gainst Pride's relentless sway.

PONS DE CAPDUEIL.

[Later twelfth century.]

Of all whom grief in bonds of slavery
 Most straitly holds, the veriest wretch am I:
 Death is my heart's desire; he that should bring
 That death to me would bring a welcome thing.
 O'er life's sad remnant grief alone is spread,
 Naught, naught but grief, since Azalais is dead:
 Grief, sorrow, sense of loss, weigh down my head.
 Then hasten, death, my willing spirit cries,
 For never could'st thou seize a better, fairer prize.

Well may we weep, well sigh in spirit o'er her,
 So fair a creature ne'er was formed before her;
 And who in times to come such courtesy,
 Such worth, such beauty as hath been, shall see?
 Ah! what avail wit, honor, sprightly guise,
 Graceful address, and pleasant courtesies,
 And kindest words, and actions ever wise?
 Ah sad, bereaved age! for *thee* I mourn;
 Small boast indeed is thine, such jewel from thee torn.

Well may we judge that spirits of love on high
 Joy to receive her in their company;
 Oft have I heard, and deemed the witness true,
 "Whom *man* delights in, *God* delights in too:"
 Then well I trust that in that palace gate,
 Mid lilies sweet, and roses delicate,
 Blissful she dwells, while angels round her wait,
 And sing her praises with loud acclaim, and tell
 How fit such beauteous flower in Paradise to dwell!

Youth's gay delights for me no charms bestow;
 This busy world is nothing to me now;
 Counts, dukes, and barons in their 'customed pride
 No more are great; I turn from all aside,
 And thousand ladies cannot fill the void.
 E'en heaven itself seems angry, to look down,
 Its beauteous gift recalling with a frown:
 With her our songs, our mirth away are sped,
 And naught remains but sighs and vain desires instead.

And woe is me for thee, lost Azalais!
 Henceforth no joy within my soul may stay;
 Henceforth I take my leave of song, for aye;
 Tears, sighs, and sorrow henceforth ever come,
 And wrap my spirit in unceasing gloom.

Thus Andrieu, then, I every hope resign,
 All thoughts of love, that never shall be mine.

BERNARD DE VENTADOUR.

[Twelfth century.]

When nightingales their lulling song
 For me have breathed the whole night long,
 Thus soothed, I sleep;—yet, when awake,
 Again will joy my heart forsake,
 Pensive, in love, in sorrow, pining,
 All other fellowship declining:
 Not such was once my best employ,
 When all my heart, my song, was joy.

And none who knew that joy, but well
 Could tell how bright, unspeakable,
 How far above all common bliss,
 Was then my heart's pure happiness;
 How lightly on my fancy ranged,
 Gay tale and pleasant jest exchanged,
 Dreaming such joy must ever be
 In love like that I bore for thee.

They that behold me little dream
 How wide my spirit soars above them,
 And, borne on fancy's pinion, roves
 To seek the beauteous form it loves:

Know that a faithful herald flies
 To bear her image to my eyes, —
 My constant thought, — forever telling
 How fair she is, all else excelling.

I know not when we meet again,
 For grief hath rent my heart in twain:
 For thee the royal court I fled, —
 But guard me from the ills I dread,
 And quick I'll join the bright array
 Of courteous knights and ladies gay.

Ugonet, faithful messenger!
 This to the Norman queen go bear,
 And sing it softly to her ear.

BERTRAND DE BORN.

[Latter half of the twelfth century.]

The beautiful spring delights me well,
 When flowers and leaves are growing;
 And it pleases my heart to hear the swell
 Of the birds' sweet chorus flowing
 In the echoing wood;
 And I love to see, all scattered around,
 Pavilions, tents, on the martial ground;
 And my spirit finds it good
 To see, on the level plains beyond,
 Gay knights and steeds caparisoned.

It pleases me, when the lancers bold
 Set men and armies flying;
 And it pleases me, too, to hear around
 The voice of the soldiers crying;
 And joy is mine
 When castles strong, besieged, shake,
 And walls uprooted totter and crack;
 And I see the foemen join,
 On the moated shore all compassed round
 With the palisade and guarded mound.

Lances and swords, and stained helmets,
 And shields dismantled and broken,

On the verge of the bloody battle scene,
 The field of wrath betoken;
 And the vassals are there,
 And there fly the steeds of the dying and dead;
 And where the mingled strife is spread,
 The noblest warrior's care
 Is to cleave the foeman's limbs and head —
 The conqueror less of the living than dead.

I tell you that nothing my soul can cheer —
 Or banqueting or reposing —
 Like the onset cry of "Charge them" rung
 From each side, as in the battle closing,
 Where the horses neigh,
 And the call to "aid" is echoing loud;
 And there on the earth the lowly and proud
 In the foss together lie;
 And yonder is piled the mangled heap
 Of the brave that scaled the trench's steep.

Barons! your castles in safety place,
 Your cities and villages too,
 Before ye haste to the battle scene;
 And, Papiol! quickly go,
 And tell the lord of "Oc and No"¹
 That peace already too long hath been!

PIERRE VIDAL.

[Died 1229.]

I eagerly inhale the breeze
 From thee, sweet Provence, blowing;
 And all that's thine delights me so,
 Such pleasant thoughts bestowing,
 That if thy very name is named
 I listen joyously,
 And ask a hundred words for one —
 So sweet to hear of thee.

And surely none can name a spot
 So sweet in memory biding,
 As 'twixt the Durance and the sea
 Where the swift Rhone is gliding:

¹ "Yes and No": i.e. Richard Cœur de Lion."

There ever fresh delights abound,
 There, midst its people gay,
 I left my heart with one whose smile
 Would drive each grief away.

Ne'er let the day be lightly named
 When first I saw that lady:
 From her my joy and pleasure flows;
 And he whose tongue is ready
 To give her praise, whate'er he says,
 Of fair or good, is true:
 She is the brightest, past compare,
 That e'er the wide world knew.

If aught of goodness or of grace
 Be mine, *hers* is the glory;
 She led me on in wisdom's path,
 And set the light before me;
 In her I joy, in her I sing,
 If ever, pleasantly;
 The sweetness there is not my own,
 But hers in whom I joy.

GIRAUD DE BORNEIL.

[First half of the thirteenth century.]

Companion dear! or sleeping or waking,
 Sleep not again! for lo! the morn is nigh,
 And in the east that early star is breaking,
 The day's forerunner, known unto mine eye;
 The morn, the morn is near.

Companion dear! with carols sweet I'll call thee;
 Sleep not again! I hear the birds' blithe song
 Loud in the woodlands; evil may befall thee,
 And jealous eyes awaken, tarrying long,
 Now that the morn is near.

Companion dear! forth from the window looking,
 Attentive mark the signs of yonder heaven;
 Judge if aright I read what they betoken:
 Thine all the loss, if vain the warning given;
 The morn, the morn is near.

Companion dear! since thou from hence wert straying,
 Nor sleep nor rest these eyes have visited;
 My prayers unceasing to the Virgin paying,
 That thou in peace thy backward way might tread.
 The morn, the morn is near.

Companion dear! hence to the fields with me!
 Me thou forbad'st to slumber through the night.
 And I have watched that livelong night for thee;
 But thou in song or me hast no delight,
 And now the morn is near.

Answer.

Companion dear! so happily sojourning,
 So blest am I, I care not forth to speed:
 Here brightest beauty reigns, her smiles adorning
 Her dwelling place, — then wherefore should I heed
 The morn or jealous eyes?



POEMS OF THE TROUVÈRES.

THIBAUD, KING OF NAVARRE.

[1201-1253.]

LADY, the fates command, and I must go, —
 Leaving the pleasant land so dear to me:
 Here my heart suffered many a heavy woe;
 But what is left to love, thus leaving thee?
 Alas! that cruel land beyond the sea!
 Why thus dividing many a faithful heart,
 Never again from pain and sorrow free,
 Never again to meet, when thus they part?

I see not, when thy presence bright I leave,
 How wealth, or joy, or peace can be my lot;
 Ne'er yet my spirit found such cause to grieve
 As now in leaving thee: and if thy thought
 Of me in absence should be sorrow-fraught,
 Oft will my heart repentant turn to thee,

Dwelling, in fruitless wishes, on this spot,
And all the gracious words here said to me.

O gracious God! to thee I bend my knee,
For thy sake yielding all I love and prize;
And O, how mighty must that influence be,
That steals me thus from all my cherished joys!
Here, ready, then, myself surrendering,
Prepared to serve thee, I submit; and ne'er
To one so faithful could I service bring,
So kind a master, so beloved and dear.

And strong my ties — my grief unspeakable!
Grief, all my choicest treasures to resign;
Yet stronger still th' affections that impel
My heart tow'rd Him, the God whose love is *mine*. —
That holy love, how beautiful! how strong!
Even wisdom's favorite sons take refuge there;
'Tis the redeeming gem that shines among
Men's darkest thoughts — forever bright and *fair*.

BARBE DE VERRUE.

[Author of "Aucassin and Nicolette" ?]

The wise man sees his winter close
Like evening on a summer day;
Each age, he knows, its roses bears,
Its mournful moments and its gay.

Thus would I dwell with pleasing thought
Upon my spring of youthful pride;
Yet, like the festive dancer, glad
To rest in peace at eventide.

The gazing crowds proclaimed me *fair*,
Ere, autumn-touched, my green leaves *fell*:
And now they smile, and call me *good*;
Perhaps I like that name as well.

On beauty, bliss depends not; then
Why should I quarrel with old Time?
He marches on; — how vain his power
With one whose *heart* is in its prime!

Though now perhaps a *little* old,
 Yet still I love with youth to bide;
 Nor grieve I if the gay coquettes
 Seduce the gallants from my side,

And I can joy to see the nymphs
 For fav'rite swains their chaplets twine,
 In gardens trim, and bower so green,
 With flowerets sweet and eglantine.

I love to see a pair defy
 The noontide heat in yonder shade;
 To hear the village song of love
 Sweet echoing through the woodland glade.

I joy too (though the idle crew
 Mock somewhat at my lengthened tale)
 To see how lays of ancient loves
 The listening circle round regale.

They fancy time for *them* stands still,
 And pity *me* my hairs of gray,
 And smile to hear how once their sires
 To me could kneeling homage pay.

And I, too, smile, to gaze upon
 These butterflies in youth elate,
 So heedless, sporting round the flame
 Where thousands such have met their fate.

FRAIGNE.

[First half of the fourteenth century.]

And where then goest thou, gentle sigh,
 Passing so softly by?
 Goest thou to carry misery
 To some poor wretched lover?
 Come, tell me all without deceit,
 Thy secret aim discover;
 And whither goest thou, gentle sigh,
 Passing so softly by?

Now Heaven conduct thee safely on,
 According to thy will;
 One boon alone I ask of thee,
Wound — but forbear to *kill*.
 And where then goest thou, gentle sigh,
 Passing so softly by ?

CHRISTINE DE PISAN.

[Born 1363.]

The choicest of the fleurs-de-lis,
 In praise of whom all tongues agree —
 He is the one, in every way,
 My heart and ev'ry heart to sway.
 He is the youngest, noblest, fairest,
 Most courteous, mild, the best, the dearest,
 The choicest of the fleurs-de-lis.

Therefore it is my spirit's pride
 To love *him*, loved by all beside;
 And can I coldly be reproved,
 Thus choosing one so warmly loved,
 The choicest of the fleurs-de-lis ?

CHARLES OF ORLEANS.

[1415.]

Hence away, anxious folly !
 Care, depart, and melancholy !
 Think ye all my life to measure
 Like the past, at your good pleasure ?
 That, at least, ye shall not do;
 Reason shall be lord o'er you :
 Hence away, then, anxious folly !
 Care, depart, and melancholy !

Should ye e'er return again
 Hither with your gloomy train,
 Cursed of the gods be ye,
 And the hour ye come to me !
 Hence away, anxious folly,
 Care, and boding melancholy !

THE RESCUE OF MÁLATÍ.

BY BHAVABHÚTI.

(From "Málatí and Mádhava": called the "Romeo and Juliet of India."
Written in the eighth century A.D.)

Persons: MÁDHAVA, the lover; MÁLATÍ, the heroine; KAPÁLA-KUNDALÁ, priestess of the fearful goddess CHÁMUNDÁ; AGHORAGHANTA, priest of the same.

SCENE: Inside of the Temple of CHÁMUNDÁ. — AGHORAGHANTA, dancing and invoking the goddess, is about to sacrifice Málatí.

Málatí [dressed as a victim] —

Unpitying sire, thy hapless daughter dies!
Mother beloved, remorseless fate consigns
Thy gentle heart to agony. Revered
And holy dame, who lived but for thy Málatí,
Whose every thought was for her happiness,
Thy love will teach thee long and bitter anguish.
Ah, my dear friend, Lavangiká, to thee
But in thy dreams I henceforth shall appear!

Mádhava [enters behind] —

My fears were true — 'tis she! but still she lives.
[*Listens to Aghoraghanta's invocation.*]

What luckless chance is this, that such a maid,
With crimson garb and garland like a victim
Adorned for sacrifice, should be the captive
Of impious wretches, like a timid fawn
Begirt by ravenous wolves: that she, the child
Of the all-powerful minister, should lie
Thus in the jaws of death? Ah, cruel destiny,
How ruthless are thy purposes!

Kapála-Kundalá —

Fair maid,
Think upon him whom thou in life hast loved,
For pitiless death is near thee.

Málatí —

Ah, Mádhava,
Lord of my heart! Oh may I after death
Live in thy memory! They do not die,
Whom love embalms in long and fond embrace.

Kapála-Kundalá —

Poor child, her heart is Mádhava's.

Aghoraghanta [raising his sword] —

No matter —
Come what come may, we must delay no longer.
This offering vowed to thee, divine Chámundá,
Deign to accept.

Mádhava [*rushing forward and snatching Málatí up in his arms*]

Vile wretch, forbear!

Kapála-Kundalá —

The term profane is thine.

Málatí —

Oh, save me, save me! [*Embraces Mádhava.*]

Mádhava —

Princess, do not fear.

A faithful friend, who in the hour of death
Finds courage to declare his love, is near thee.
Be of good courage — on this impious wretch
The retribution of his crimes descends.

Aghoraghanta —

What sinful youth is this that interrupts
Our solemn rite?

Kapála-Kundalá —

The lover of the maiden,

The pupil of Kámandaki, who treads
These precincts for unholy purposes,
And vends the flesh of man.

Mádhava —

Inform me, princess,

How has this chanced?

Málatí —

I know not. I reposed

At eve upon the terrace. When I woke
I found myself a prisoner. — But what led
Your steps to this retreat?

Mádhava [*ashamed*] —

By passion urged,

Incited by the hope my life might be
Yet blest by this fair hand, I hither came
To invoke the unclean spirits of the dead.
Your cries I heard, and instant hurried here.

Málatí —

And wert thou thus regardless of thyself,
And wandering here for me?

Mádhava —

Blest was the chance

That snatched my love from the uplifted swords
Like the pale moon from Ráhu's¹ ravenous jaws.
My mind is yet with various passions tossed,
And terror, pity, wonder, joy, and rage,
By turns possess my soul.

Aghoraghanta —

Rash Brahman boy,

Thou seek'st thy fate. The pitying stag defies
The tiger in the rescue of his doe,
And both are made the forest monarch's prey.
So shalt thou perish, who darest hope to save
The victim of my sacrifice. Thy blood,
As flies the severed head before my scymetar,

¹ The dragon supposed to cause eclipses by swallowing the moon.

RUSTAM AND AKWAN DEV.

By FIRDUSI.

(From the "Shah-nameh"; translated by E. H. Palmer.)

[ABUL KASIM MANSUR "FIRDUSI" or "FIRDAUSI" ("maker of a Paradise"), the Persian Homer, was born about 941, became deeply learned in his country's antiquities, and won early repute as a brilliant and facile poet. Mahmūd of Ghazni, who ruled Persia from Afghanistan, gave him a commission to poetize the vast royal collection of Persian legends and traditions; which he did in the "Shah-Nameh" or Book of Kings, of 60,000 verses, coming down to the end of the Sassanid dynasty, which at once and permanently became the epic glory of Persia. He quarreled with Mahmūd over the pay, libeled him savagely, and for some years was in exile and great danger; and though at last reconciled, died shortly after, in 1020, having spent his later years in great poverty.]

KAI KHOSRAU sat in a garden bright
 With all the beauties of balmy Spring;
 And many a warrior armor-dight
 With a stout kamand and an arm of might
 Supported Persia's King.

With trembling mien and a pallid cheek,
 A breathless hind to the presence ran;
 And on bended knee, in posture meek,
 With faltering tongue that scarce could speak,
 His story thus began:—

"Alackaday! for the news I bear
 Will like to the follies of Fancy sound;
 Thy steeds were stabled and stalled with care,
 When a Wild Ass sprang from its forest lair
 With a swift resistless bound,—

"A monster fell, of a dusky hue,
 And eyes that flashed with a hellish glow;
 Many it maimed and some it slew,
 Then back to the forest again it flew,
 As an arrow leaves the bow."

Kai Khosrau's rage was a sight to see:
 "Now curses light on the foul fiend's head!

Full rich and rare shall his guerdon be
 Whose stalwart arm shall bring to me
 The monster, alive or dead!"

But the mail-clad warriors kept their ground,
 And their bronzed cheeks were blanched with fear;
 With scorn the Shah on the cowards frowned, —
 "One champion bold may yet be found
 While Rustam wields a spear!"

No tarrying made the son of Zal,
 Small reck had he of the fiercest fray;
 But promptly came at the monarch's call,
 And swore that the monster fiend should fall
 Ere closed the coming day.

The swift Rakush's sides he spurred,
 And speedily gained the darksome wood;
 Nor was the trial for long deferred, —
 But soon a hideous roar was heard,
 Had chilled a baser blood.

Then darting out like a flashing flame,
 Traverse his path the Wild Ass fled;
 And the hero then with unerring aim
 Hurl'd his stout kamand, but as erst it came,
 Unscathed the monster fled.

"Now Khuda in heaven!" bold Rustam cried, —
 "Thy chosen champion deign to save!
 Not all in vain shall my steel be tried,
 Though he who my powers has thus defied
 Be none but Akwan Dev."

Then steadily chasing his fiendish foe,
 He thrust with hanger, he smote with brand:
 But ever avoiding the deadly blow
 It vanished away like the scenes that show
 On Balkh's delusive sand.

For full three wearisome nights and days
 Stoutly he battled with warlike skill;
 But the Demon such magical shifts essays
 That leaving his courser at large to graze,
 He rests him on a hill.

But scarce can slumber his eyelids close,
Ere Akwan Dev from afar espies ;
And never disturbing his foe's repose
The earth from under the mound he throws,
And off with the summit flies.

"Now, daring mortal !" the Demon cried, —
"Whither wouldst have me carry thee ?
Shall I cast thee forth on the mountain side,
Where the lions roar and the reptiles glide,
Or hurl thee into the sea ?"

"O bear me off to the mountain side,
Where the lions roar and the serpents creep !
For I fear not the creatures that spring or glide ;
But where is the arm that can stem the tide,
Or still the raging deep ?"

Loud laughed the fiend as his load he threw
Far plunging into the roaring flood ;
And louder laughed Rustam as out he flew,
For he fain had chosen the sea, but knew
The fiend's malignant mood.

Soon all the monsters that float or swim,
With ravening jaws down on him bore ;
But he hewed and hacked them limb from limb,
And the wave pellucid grew thick and dim
With streaks of crimson gore.

With thankful bosom he gains the strand,
And seeketh his courser near and far,
Till he hears him neigh, and he sees him stand
Among the herds of a Tartar band,
The steeds of Isfendiyar.

But Rustam's name was a sound of dread,
And the Tartar heart it had caused to quake ;
The herd was there, but the hinds had fled, —
So all the horses he captive led
For good Kai Khosrau's sake.

Then loud again through the forest rings
The fiendish laugh and the taunting cry ;

But his kamand quickly the hero flings,
And around the Demon it coils and clings,
As a cobweb wraps a fly.

Kai Khosrau sat in his garden fair,
Mourning his Champion lost and dead,
When a shout of victory rent the air,
And Rustam placed before his chair
A Demon Giant's head.



RUBÁIYÁT OF OMAR KHAYYÁM OF NAISHÁPUR.

TRANSLATED BY EDWARD FITZGERALD.

[EDWARD FITZGERALD, English poet, was born in Suffolk in 1809, and graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1830. He was a man of independent fortune, who spent his literary life mainly in making versions of Oriental literature, the Greek classics, and Calderon, largely new work based on the nominal originals. They include among others the quatrains of Omar Khayyám, Æschylus's "Agamemnon," Sophocles' "Œdipus," Calderon's "Vida es Sueño," and "El Magico Prodigioso" in verse and others in prose, Attár's "Bird Parliament," and Jami's "Salaman and Absal." He died in 1883.]

[GHÍAS-UD-DÍN OMAR KHAYYÁM (Tent Maker), was born at Naishápur, Persia, probably about 1050, and died about 1123, living in the reigns of the great Seljuk Sultans Alp Arslán and Malik Shah. He was a great mathematician and astronomer as well as poet. His verses were entirely in disconnected quatrains (*rubáiyát*), flung off according to the mood of the moment, and so without coherence of thought, though predominantly *pococurante* in philosophy of life. Fitzgerald has selected some scores of them and framed them—at best very freely translated, often only the general idea followed, many torn in pieces and the fragments put together differently, and some verses added without credit to Omar at all—into an eclogue of speculation on life and destiny, rather more melancholy in tone than the genuine Omar, and dwelling less on wine and women.]

I.

WAKE! For the Sun, who scattered into flight
The Stars before him from the Field of Night,
Drives Night along with them from Heaven, and strikes
The Sultán's Turret with a Shaft of Light.

II.

Before the phantom of False Morning died,
Methought a Voice within the Tavern cried,
"When all the Temple is prepared within,
Why nods the drowsy Worshiper outside?"

III.

And, as the Cock crew, those who stood before
The Tavern shouted—“Open then the Door!

You know how little while we have to stay,
And, once departed, may return no more.”

IV.

Now the New Year reviving old Desires,
The thoughtful Soul to Solitude retires,

Where the WHITE HAND of MOSES on the Bough
Puts out, and JESUS from the Ground suspires.

V.

Iram indeed is gone with all his Rose,
And Jamshyd's Seven-ringed Cup where no one knows;

But still a Ruby kindles in the Vine,
And many a Garden by the Water blows.

VI.

And David's lips are lockt; but in divine
High-piping Pehlevi, with “Wine! Wine! Wine!

Red Wine!” — the Nightingale cries to the Rose
That sallow cheek of hers t' incarnadine.

VII.

Come, fill the Cup, and in the fire of Spring
Your Winter garment of Repentance fling:

The Bird of Time has but a little way
To flutter — and the Bird is on the Wing.

VIII.

Whether at Naishápúr or Babylon,
Whether the Cup with sweet or bitter run,

The Wine of Life keeps oozing drop by drop,
The Leaves of Life keep falling one by one.

IX.

Each Morn a thousand Roses brings, you say:
Yes, but where leaves the Rose of Yesterday?

And this first Summer month that brings the Rose
Shall take Jamshyd and Kaikobád away.

X.

Well, let it take them ! What have we to do
 With Kaikobád the Great, or Kaikhosrú ?
 Let Zál and Rustum bluster as they will,
 Or Hátim call to Supper — heed not you.

XI.

With me along the strip of Herbage strown
 That just divides the desert from the sown,
 Where name of Slave and Sultán is forgot —
 And Peace to Mahmúd on his golden Throne !

XII.

A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
 A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread — and Thou
 Beside me singing in the Wilderness —
 Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow !

XIII.

Some for the Glories of This World; and some
 Sigh for the Prophet's Paradise to come;
 Ah, take the Cash, and let the Credit go,
 Nor heed the rumble of a distant Drum !

XIV.

Look to the blowing Rose about us — “Lo,
 Laughing,” she says, “into the world I blow,
 At once the silken tassel of my Purse
 Tear, and its Treasure on the Garden throw.”

XV.

And those who husbanded the Golden grain,
 And those who flung it to the winds like Rain,
 Alike to no such aureate Earth are turned
 As, buried once, Men want dug up again.

XVI.

The Worldly Hope men set their Hearts upon
 Turns Ashes — or it prospers; and anon,
 Like Snow upon the Desert's dusty Face,
 Lighting a little hour or two — is gone.

XVII.

Think, in this battered Caravanserai
 Whose Portals are alternate Night and Day,
 How Sultán-after Sultán with his Pomp
 Abode his destined Hour, and went his way.

XVIII.

They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
 The Courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep;
 And Bahráń, that great Hunter — the Wild Ass
 Stamps o'er his Head, but cannot break his Sleep.

XIX.

I sometimes think that never blows so red
 The Rose as where some buried Cæsar bled;
 That every Hyacinth the Garden wears
 Dropt in her Lap from some once lovely Head.

XX.

And this reviving Herb whose tender Green
 Fledges the River Lip on which we lean —
 Ah, lean upon it lightly! for who knows
 From what once lovely Lip it springs unseen!

XXI.

Ah, my Belovéd, fill the Cup that clears
 To-day of past Regrets and future Fears:
To-morrow! — Why, *To-morrow* I may be
 Myself with Yesterday's Seven thousand Years.

XXII.

For some we loved, the loveliest and the best
 That from his Vintage rolling Time hath prest,
 Have drunk their Cup a Round or two before,
 And one by one crept silently to rest.

XXIII.

And we, that now make merry in the Room
 They left, and Summer dresses in new bloom,
 Ourselves must we beneath the Couch of Earth
 Descend — ourselves to make a Couch — for whom?

XXIV.

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,
 Before we too into the Dust descend;
 Dust into Dust, and under Dust to lie,
 Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and — sans End!

XXV.

Alike for those who for To-day prepare,
 And those that after some To-morrow stare,
 A Muezzín from the Tower of Darkness cries,
 "Fools! your Reward is neither Here nor There."

XXVI.

Why, all the Saints and Sages who discussed
 Of the Two Worlds so wisely — they are thrust
 Like foolish Prophets forth; their Words to Scorn
 Are scattered, and their Mouths are stopt with Dust.

XXVII.

Myself when young did eagerly frequent
 Doctor and Saint, and heard great argument
 About it and about: but evermore
 Came out by the same door where in I went.

XXVIII.

With them the seed of Wisdom did I sow,
 And with mine own hand wrought to make it grow;
 And this was all the Harvest that I reaped —
 "I came like Water, and like Wind I go."

XXIX.

Into this Universe, and *Why* not knowing
 Nor *Whence*, like Water willy nilly flowing;
 And out of it, as Wind along the Waste,
 I know not *Whither*, willy nilly blowing.

XXX.

What, without asking, hither hurried *Whence*?
 And, without asking, *Whither* hurried hence!
 Oh, many a Cup of this forbidden Wine
 Must drown the memory of that insolence!

XXXI.

Up from Earth's Center through the Seventh Gate
 I rose, and on the Throne of Saturn sate,
 And many a Knot unraveled by the Road;
 But not the Master Knot of Human Fate.

XXXII.

There was the Door to which I found no Key;
 There was the Veil through which I might not see:
 Some little talk awhile of ME and THEE
 There was — and then no more of THEE and ME.

XXXIII.

Earth could not answer; nor the Seas that mourn
 In flowing Purple, of their Lord forlorn;
 Nor rolling Heaven, with all his Signs revealed
 And hidden by the sleeve of Night and Morn.

XXXIV.

Then of the THEE IN ME who works behind
 The Veil, I lifted up my hands to find
 A lamp amid the Darkness; and I heard,
 As from Without — "THE ME WITHIN THEE BLIND!"

XXXV.

Then to the Lip of this poor earthen Urn
 I leaned, the Secret of my Life to learn:
 And Lip to Lip it murmured — "While you live,
 Drink! — for, once dead, you never shall return."

XXXVI.

I think the Vessel, that with fugitive
 Articulation answered, once did live,
 And drink; and Ah! the passive Lip I kissed,
 How many Kisses might it take — and give!

XXXVII.

For I remember stopping by the way
 To watch a Potter thumping his wet Clay:
 And with its all-obliterated Tongue
 It murmured — "Gently, Brother, gently, pray!"

XXXVIII.

And has not such a Story from of Old
 Down Man's successive generations rolled
 Of such a clod of saturated Earth
 Cast by the Maker into Human mold ?

XXXIX.

And not a drop that from our Cups we throw
 For Earth to drink of, but may steal below
 To quench the fire of Anguish in some Eye
 There hidden — far beneath, and long ago.

XL.

As then the Tulip for her morning sup
 Of Heavenly Vintage from the soil looks up,
 Do you devoutly do the like, till Heaven
 To Earth invert you — like an empty Cup.

XLI.

Perplext no more with Human or Divine,
 To-morrow's tangle to the winds resign,
 And lose your fingers in the tresses of
 The Cypress-slender Minister of Wine.

XLII.

And if the Wine you drink, the Lip you press,
 End in what All begins and ends in — Yes ;
 Think then you are TO-DAY what YESTERDAY
 You were — TO-MORROW you shall not be less.

XLIII.

So when that Angel of the darker Drink
 At last shall find you by the river brink,
 And, offering his Cup, invite your Soul
 Forth to your Lips to quaff — you shall not shrink.

XLIV.

Why, if the Soul can fling the Dust aside,
 And naked on the Air of Heaven ride,
 Were't not a Shame — were't not a Shame for him
 In this clay carcass crippled to abide ?

XLV.

'Tis but a Tent where takes his one day's rest
 A Sultán to the realm of Death addrest;
 The Sultán rises, and the dark Feerásh
 Strikes, and prepares it for another Guest.

XLVI.

And fear not lest Existence closing your
 Account, and mine, should know the like no more;
 The Eternal Sáki from that Bowl has poured
 Millions of Bubbles like us, and will pour.

XLVII.

When You and I behind the Veil are past,
 Oh, but the long, long while the World shall last,
 Which of our Coming and Departure heeds
 As the Sea's self should heed a pebble cast.

XLVIII.

A Moment's Halt — a momentary taste
 Of BEING from the Well amid the Waste —
 And Lo! — the phantom Caravan has reached
 The NOTHING it set out from — Oh, make haste!

XLIX.

Would you that spangle of Existence spend
 About THE SECRET — quick about it, Friend!
 A Hair perhaps divides the False and True —
 And upon what, prithee, may life depend?

L.

A Hair perhaps divides the False and True;
 Yes; and a single Alif were the clew —
 Could you but find it — to the Treasure-house,
 And peradventure to THE MASTER too;

LI.

Whose secret Presence, through Creation's veins
 Running Quicksilver-like eludes your pains;
 Taking all shapes from Máh to Máhi; and
 They change and perish all — but He remains;

LII.

A moment guessed — then back behind the Fold
 Immerst of Darkness round the Drama rolled
 Which, for the Pastime of Eternity,
 He doth Himself contrive, enact, behold.

LIII.

But if in vain, down on the stubborn floor
 Of Earth, and up to Heaven's unopening Door,
 You gaze TO-DAY, while You are You — how then
 TO-MORROW, when You shall be You no more ?

LIV.

Waste not your Hour, nor in the vain pursuit
 Of This and That endeavor and dispute ;
 Better be jocund with the fruitful Grape
 Than sadden after none, or bitter, Fruit.

LV.

You know, my Friends, with what a brave Carouse
 I made a Second Marriage in my house ;
 Divorced old barren Reason from my Bed,
 And took the Daughter of the Vine to Spouse.

LVI.

For "Is" and "Is-not" though with Rule and Line
 And "UP-AND-DOWN" by Logic I define,
 Of all that one should care to fathom, I
 Was never deep in anything but — Wine.

LVII.

Ah, but my Computations, People say,
 Reduced the Year to better reckoning ? — Nay,
 'Twas only striking from the Calendar
 Unborn To-morrow and dead Yesterday.

LVIII.

And lately, by the Tavern Door agape,
 Came shining through the Dusk an Angel Shape
 Bearing a Vessel on his Shoulder ; and
 He bid me taste of it ; and 'twas — the Grape !

LIX.

The Grape that can with Logic absolute
 The Two and Seventy jarring Sects confute :
 The sovereign Alchemist that in a trice
 Life's leaden metal into Gold transmute :

LX.

The mighty Mahmúd, Allah-breathing Lord,
 That all the misbelieving and black Horde
 Of Fears and Sorrows that infest the Soul
 Scatters before him with his whirlwind Sword.

LXI.

Why, be this Juice the growth of God, who dare
 Blaspheme the twisted tendril as a Snare ?
 A Blessing, we should use it, should we not ?
 And if a Curse — why, then, Who set it there ?

LXII.

I must abjure the Balm of Life, I must,
 Scared by some After-reckoning ta'en on trust,
 Or lured with Hope of some Diviner Drink,
 To fill the Cup — when crumbled into Dust !

LXIII.

Oh threats of Hell and Hopes of Paradise !
 One thing at least is certain — *This* Life flies ;
 One thing is certain and the rest is Lies ;
 The Flower that once has blown forever dies.

LXIV.

Strange, is it not ? that of the myriads who
 Before us passed the door of Darkness through,
 Not one returns to tell us of the Road,
 Which to discover we must travel too.

LXV.

The Revelations of Devout and Learned
 Who rose before us, and as Prophets burned,
 Are all but Stories, which, awoke from Sleep
 They told their comrades, and to Sleep returned.

LXVI.

I sent my Soul through the Invisible,
 Some letter of that After-life to spell :
 And by and by my Soul returned to me,
 And answered "I Myself am Heaven and Hell :

LXVII.

Heaven but the Vision of fulfilled Desire,
 And Hell the Shadow from a Soul on fire,
 Cast on the Darkness into which Ourselves
 So late emerged from, shall so soon expire.

LXVIII.

We are no other than a moving row
 Of Magic Shadow-shapes that come and go
 Round with the Sun-illuminated Lantern held
 In Midnight by the Master of the Show ;

LXIX.

But helpless Pieces of the Game He plays
 Upon this Checkerboard of Nights and Days ;
 Hither and thither moves, and checks, and slays,
 And one by one back in the Closet lays.

LXX.

The Ball no question makes of Ayes and Noes,
 But Here or There as strikes the Player goes ;
 And He that tossed you down into the Field,
He knows about it all — *HE* knows — *HE* knows !

LXXI.

The Moving Finger writes; and, having writ,
 Moves on: nor all your Piety nor Wit
 Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
 Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it.

LXXII.

And that inverted Bowl they call the Sky,
 Whereunder crawling cooped we live and die,
 Lift not your hands to *It* for help — for *It*
 As impotently moves as you or I.

LXXIII.

With Earth's first Clay They did the Last Man knead,
And there of the Last Harvest sowed the Seed :

And the first Morning of Creation wrote
What the Last Dawn of Reckoning shall read.

LXXIV.

YESTERDAY *This* Day's Madness did prepare ;
TO-MORROW'S Silence, Triumph, or Despair :

Drink ! for you know not whence you came, nor why
Drink ! for you know not why you go, nor where.

LXXV.

I tell you this — When, started from the Goal,
Over the flaming shoulders of the Foal

Of Heaven Parwín and Mushtarí they flung,
In my predestined Plot of Dust and Soul

LXXVI.

The Vine had struck a fiber : which about
If clings my Being — let the Dervish flout ;

Of my Base metal may be filed a Key
That shall unlock the Door he howls without.

LXXVII.

And this I know : whether the one True Light
Kindle to Love, or Wrath-consume me quite,

One Flash of It within the Tavern caught
Better than in the Temple lost outright.

LXXVIII.

What ! out of senseless Nothing to provoke
A conscious Something to resent the yoke

Of unpermitted Pleasure, under pain
Of Everlasting Penalties, if broke !

LXXIX.

What ! from his helpless Creature be repaid
Pure Gold for what he lent him dross-allayed —

Sue for a Debt he never did contract,
And cannot answer — Oh the sorry trade !

LXXX.

Oh Thou, who didst with pitfall and with gin
Beset the Road I was to wander in,
Thou wilt not with Predestined Evil round
Enmesh, and then impute my Fall to Sin!

LXXXI.

Oh Thou, who Man of baser Earth didst make,
And even with Paradise devise the Snake:
For all the Sin wherewith the Face of Man
Is blackened — Man's forgiveness give — and take!

* * * * *

LXXXII.

As under cover of departing Day
Slunk hunger-stricken Ramazán away,
Once more within the Potter's house alone
I stood, surrounded by the Shapes of Clay.

LXXXIII.

Shapes of all Sorts and Sizes, great and small,
That stood along the floor and by the wall;
And some loquacious Vessels were; and some
Listened perhaps, but never talked at all.

LXXXIV.

Said one among them — "Surely not in vain
My substance of the common Earth was ta'en
And to this Figure molded, to be broke,
Or trampled back to shapeless Earth again."

LXXXV.

Then said a Second — "Ne'er a peevish Boy
Would break the Bowl from which he drank in joy;
And He that with his hand the Vessel made
Will surely not in after Wrath destroy."

LXXXVI.

After a momentary silence spake
Some Vessel of a more ungainly Make;
"They sneer at me for leaning all awry:
What! did the Hand then of the Potter shake?"

LXXXVII.

Whereat some one of the loquacious Lot—
I think a Súfi pipkin—waxing hot—

“All this of Pot and Potter—Tell me, then,
Who is the Potter, pray, and who the Pot?”

LXXXVIII.

“Why,” said another, “Some there are who tell
Of one who threatens he will toss to Hell

The luckless Pots he marred in making—Pish!
He’s a Good Fellow, and ’twill all be well.”

LXXXIX.

“Well,” murmured one, “Let whoso make or buy,
My Clay with long Oblivion is gone dry:

But fill me with the old familiar Juice,
Methinks I might recover by and by.”

XC.

So while the Vessels one by one were speaking,
The little Moon looked in that all were seeking:

And then they jogged each other, “Brother! Brother!
Now for the Porter’s shoulder knot a creaking!”

* * * * *

XCI.

Ah, with the Grape my fading life provide,
And wash the Body whence the Life has died,

And lay me, shrouded in the living Leaf,
By some not unfrequented Garden Side.

XCII.

That even my buried Ashes such a snare
Of Vintage shall fling up into the Air

As not a True Believer passing by
But shall be overtaken unaware.

XCIII.

Indeed the Idols I have loved so long
Have done my credit in this World much wrong:

Have drowned my Glory in a shallow Cup,
And sold my Reputation for a Song.

And when like her, oh Sáki, you shall pass
 Among the Guests Star-scattered on the Grass,
 And in your joyous errand reach the spot
 Where I made One — turn down an empty Glass!



THE BIRD PARLIAMENT.

By ATTÁR.

(Translated by Edward Fitzgerald.)

[FERÍD UD DÍN, "ATTÁR" (Perfumer), was born near Naishápur, Persia, 1119, and died after 1200, during the break-up of the Seljuk power, according to one account murdered by a Mongol trooper. Of his many works, only this has been translated.]

ONCE on a time from all the Circles seven
 Between the steadfast Earth and rolling Heaven,
 The Birds, of all Note, Plumage, and Degree,
 That float in Air, and roost upon the Tree;
 And they that from the Waters snatch their Meat,
 And they that scour the Desert with long Feet:
 Birds of all Natures, known or not to Man,
 Flock'd from all Quarters into full Divan,
 On no less solemn business than to find
 Or choose, a Sultan Khalif of their kind,
 For whom, if never theirs, or lost, they pin'd.
 The Snake had his, 'twas said; and so the Beast
 His Lion-lord: and Man had his, at least:
 And that the Birds, who nearest were the Skies,
 And went apparel'd in its Angel Dyes,
 Should be without — under no better Law
 Than that which lost all others in the Maw —
 Disperst without a Bond of Union — nay,
 Or meeting to make each the other's Prey —
 This was the Grievance — this the solemn Thing
 On which the scatter'd Commonwealth of Wing,
 From all the four Winds, flying like to Cloud
 That met and blacken'd Heav'n, and Thunder-loud
 With sound of whirring Wings and Beaks that clash'd
 Down like a Torrent on the Desert dash'd:
 Till by Degrees, the Hubbub and Pellmell
 Into some Order and Precedence fell,

And, Proclamation made of Silence, each
 In special Accent, but in general Speech
 That all should understand, as seem'd him best,
 The Congregation of all Wings Address.

And first, with Heart so full as from his Eyes
 Ran Weeping, up rose Tajidar the Wise;¹
 The mystic Mark upon whose Bosom show'd
 That He alone of all the Birds THE ROAD
 Had travel'd: and the Crown upon his Head
 Had reach'd the Goal; and He stood forth and said:—

“Oh Birds, by what Authority divine
 I speak, you know, by His authentic Sign,
 And Name, emblazon'd on my Breast and Bill:
 Whose Counsel I assist at, and fulfill:
 At his Behest I measured as he plann'd
 The Spaces of the Air and Sea and Land;
 I gaug'd the secret sources of the Springs
 From Cloud to Fish: the Shadow of my Wings
 Dream'd over sleeping Deluge: piloted
 The Blast that bore Sulayman's Throne: and led
 The Cloud of Birds that canopied his Head;
 Whose Word I brought to Balkis: and I shar'd
 The Counsel that with Ásaf he prepar'd.
 And now You want a Khalif: and I know
 Him, and his whereabouts, and How to go:
 And go alone I could, and plead your cause
 Alone for all: but, by the eternal laws,
 Yourselves by Toil and Travel of your own
 Must for your old Delinquency atone.
 Were you indeed not blinded by the Curse
 Of Self-exile, that still grows worse and worse,
 Yourselves would know that, though *you* see him not,
 He is with you this Moment, on this Spot,
 Your Lord through all Forgetfulness and Crime,
 Here, There, and Everywhere, and through all Time.
 But as a Father, whom some wayward Child
 By sinful Self-will has unreconcil'd,
 Waits till the sullen Reprobate at cost
 Of long Repentance should regain the Lost;
 Therefore, yourselves to see as you are seen,
 Yourselves must bridge the Gulf you made between
 By such a Search and Travel to be gone
 Up to the mighty mountain Káf, whereon

¹ A species of lapwing.

Hinges the World, and round about whose Knees
 Into one Ocean mingle the Sev'n Seas;
 In whose impenetrable Forest-folds
 Of Light and Dark 'Symurgh' his presence holds;
 Not to be reach'd, if to be reach'd at all
 But by a Road the stoutest might appall;
 Of Travel not of Days or Months, but Years —
 Lifelong perhaps: of Dangers, Doubts, and Fears
 As yet unheard of: Sweat of Blood and Brain
 Interminable — often all in vain —
 And, if successful, no Return again:
 A Road whose very Preparation scar'd
 The Traveler who yet must be prepar'd.
 Who then this Travel to Result would bring
 Needs both a lion's Heart beneath the Wing,
 And even more, a Spirit purified
 Of Worldly Passion, Malice, Lust, and Pride:
 Yea, ev'n of *Worldly* Wisdom, which grows dim
 And dark, the nearer it approaches *Him*,
 Who to the Spirit's Eye alone reveal'd,
 By sacrifice of Wisdom's self unseal'd;
 Without which none who reach the Place could bear
 To look upon the Glory dwelling there."

One Night from out the swarming City Gate
 Stept holy Bajazyd, to meditate
 Alone amid the breathing Fields that lay
 In solitary Silence leagues away,
 Beneath a Moon and Stars as bright as Day.
 And the Saints wondering such a Temple were,
 And so lit up, and scarce one worshiper,
 A voice from Heav'n amid the stillness said: —
 "The Royal Road is not for all to tread,
 Nor is the Royal Palace for the Rout,
 Who, even if they reach it, are shut out.
 The Blaze that from my Harim window breaks
 With fright the Rabble of the Roadside takes;
 And ev'n of those that at my Portal din,
 Thousands may knock for one that enters in."

Thus spoke the Tajidar: and the wing'd Crowd,
 That underneath his Word in Silence bow'd,
 Clapp'd Acclamation: and their Hearts and Eyes
 Were kindled by the Firebrand of the Wise.

They felt their Degradation: they believ'd
 The word that told them how to be retriev'd,
 And in that glorious Consummation won
 Forgot the Cost at which it must be done.
 "They only *long'd* to follow: they would go
 Whither he led, through Flood, or Fire, or Snow" —
 So cried the Multitude. But some there were
 Who listen'd with a cold disdainful air,
 Content with what they were, or grudging Cost
 Of Time or Travel that might all be lost;
 These, one by one, came forward, and preferr'd
 Unwise Objection: which the wiser Word
 Shot with direct Reproof, or subtly round
 With Argument and Allegory wound.

Then came *The Nightingale*, from such a Draught
 Of Ecstasy that from the Rose he quaff'd
 Reeling as drunk, and ever did distil
 In exquisite Divisions from his Bill
 To inflame the Hearts of Men — and thus sang **He:—**
 "To me alone, alone, is giv'n the Key
 Of Love; of whose whole Mystery possesst,
 When I reveal a little to the Rest,
 Forthwith Creation listening forsakes
 The Reins of Reason, and my Frenzy takes:
 Yea, whosoever once has quaff'd this wine
 He leaves unlisten'd David's Song for mine.
 In vain do Men for my Divisions strive,
 And die themselves making dead Lutes alive:
 I hang the Stars with Meshes for Men's Souls:
 The Garden underneath my Music rolls.
 The long, long Morns that mourn the Rose away
 I sit in silence, and on Anguish prey:
 But the first Air which the New Year shall breathe
 Up to my Boughs of Message from beneath
 That in her green Harim my Bride unveils,
 My Throat bursts silence and *her* Advent hails,
 Who in her crimson Volume registers
 The Notes of Him whose Life is lost in hers.
 The Rose I love and worship now is here;
 If dying, yet reviving, Year by Year;
 But that you tell of, all my Life why waste
 In vainly searching; or, if found, not taste?"

So with Division infinite and Trill
 On would the Nightingale have warbled still,

And all the World have listen'd ; but a Note
Of sterner Import check'd the love-sick Throat.

"Oh watering with thy melodious Tears
Love's Garden, and who dost indeed the Ears
Of men with thy melodious Fingers mold
As David's Finger Iron did of old :
Why not, like David, dedicate thy Dower
Of Song to something better than a Flower ?
Empress indeed of Beauty, so they say,
But one whose Empire hardly lasts a day,
By Insurrection of the Morning's Breath
That made her hurried to Decay and Death :
And while she lasts contented to be seen,
And worship, for the Garden's only Queen,
Leaving thee singing on thy Bough forlorn,
Or if she smile on Thee, perhaps in Scorn."

Like that fond Dervish waiting in the throng
When some World-famous Beauty went along,
Who smiling on the Antic as she pass'd —
Forthwith Staff, Bead, and Scrip away he cast,
And groveling in the Kennel, took to whine
Before her Door among the Dogs and Swine.
Which when she often went unheeding by,
But one day quite as heedless ask'd him — "Why?" —
He told of that one Smile, which, all the Rest
Passing, had kindled Hope within his Breast —
Again she smiled and said, "Oh self-beguiled
Poor Wretch, *at* whom and not *on* whom I smiled."

Then from a Ruin where conceal'd he lay
Watching his buried Gold, and hating Day,
Hooted *The Owl* — "I tell you, my Delight
Is in the Ruin and the Dead of Night
Where I was born, and where I love to wone
All my Life long, sitting on some cold stone
Away from all your destroying Companies,
In some dark Corner where a Treasure lies,
That, buried by some Miser in the Dark,
Speaks up to me at Mid-night like a Spark ;
And o'er it like a Talisman I brood,
Companion of the Serpent and the Toad.

What need of other Sovereign, having found,
 And keeping as in Prison underground,
 One before whom all other Kings bow down,
 And with his glittering Heel their Foreheads crown?"

"He that a Miser lives and Miser dies,
 At the Last Day what Figure shall he rise?"

A Fellow all his life lived hoarding Gold,
 And, dying, hoarded left it. And behold,
 One Night his Son saw peering through the House
 A Man, with yet the semblance of a Mouse,
 Watching a crevice in the Wall — and cried —
 "My Father?" — "Yes," the Mussulman replied,
 "Thy Father!" — "But why watching thus?" — "For fear
 Lest any smell my Treasure buried here." —
 "But wherefore, Sir, so metamorphosed?" —
 "Because, my Son, such is the true outside
 Of the inner Soul by which I lived and died."

Then *The Shah-Falcon*, tossing up his Head
 Blink-hooded as it was — "Behold," he said,
 "I am the chosen Comrade of the King,
 And perch upon the Fist that wears the Ring;
 Born, bred, and nourisht in the Royal Court,
 I take the Royal Name and make the Sport.
 And if strict Discipline I undergo
 And half my Life am blinded — be it so;
 Because the Shah's Companion ill may brook
 On aught save Royal Company to look.
 And why am I to leave my King, and fare
 With all these Rabble Wings I know not where?" —

"Oh blind indeed" — the Answer was, "and dark
 To any but a vulgar Mortal Mark,
 And drunk with Pride of Vassalage to those
 Whose Humor like their Kingdom comes and goes;
 All Mutability; who one Day please
 To give: and next Day what they gave not seize:
 Like to the Fire: a dangerous Friend at best,
 Which who keeps farthest from does wiseliest."

A certain Shah there was in Days foregone
 Who had a lovely Slave he doted on,

And cherish'd as the Apple of his Eye,
 Clad gloriously, fed sumptuously, set high,
 And never was at Ease were *He* not by,
 Who yet, for all this Sunshine, Day by Day
 Was seen to wither like a Flower away.
 Which, when observing, one without the Veil
 Of Favor ask'd the Favorite — "Why so pale
 And sad?" thus sadly answer'd the poor Thing —
 "No Sun that rises sets until the King,
 Whose Archery is famous among Men,
 Aims at an Apple on my Head; and when
 The stricken Apple splits, and those who stand
 Around cry, 'Lo! the Shah's unerring Hand!'
 Then He too laughing asks me, 'Why so pale
 And sorrow-some? as could the Sultan fail,
 Who such a master of the Bow confest,
 And aiming by the Head that he loves best.'"

Then from a Pond, where all day long he kept,
 Waddled the dapper *Duck* demure, adept
 At infinite Ablution, and precise
 In keeping of his Raiment clean and nice.
 And "Sure of all the Race of Birds," said *He*,
 "None for Religious Purity like Me,
 Beyond what strictest Rituals prescribe —
 Methinks I am the Saint of all our Tribe,
 To whom, by Miracle, the Water, that
 I wash in, also makes my Praying-Mat."

To whom, more angrily than all, replied
 The Leader, lashing that religious Pride,
 That under ritual Obedience
 To outer Law with inner might dispense:
 For, fair as all the Feathers to be seen,
 Could one see *through*, the Maw was not so clean:
 But He that made both Maw and Feather too
 Would take account of, seeing through and through.

A Shah returning to his Capital,
 His subjects drest it forth in Festival,
 Thronging with Acclamation Square and Street,
 And kneeling flung before his Horse's feet
 Jewel and Gold. All which with scarce an Eye
 The Sultan Superciliously rode by:

Till coming to the public Prison, They
 Who dwelt within those grisly Walls, by way
 Of Welcome, having neither Pearl nor Gold,
 Over the wall Chopt Head and Carcass roll'd,
 Some almost parcht to Mummy with the Sun,
 Some wet with Execution that day done.
 At which grim Compliment at last the Shah
 Drew Bridle : and amid a wild Hurrah
 Of savage Recognition, smiling threw
 Silver and Gold among the wretched Crew,
 And so rode forward. Whereat of his Train
 One wondering that, while others sued in vain
 With costly gifts, which carelessly he pass'd,
 But smiled at ghastly Welcome like the last;
 The Shah made answer — " All that Pearl and Gold
 Of ostentatious Welcome only told :
 A little with great Clamor from the Store
 Of Hypocrites who kept at home much more.
 But when those sever'd Heads and Trunks I saw —
 Save by strict Execution of my Law
 They had not parted company ; not one
 But told my Will not talk'd about, but *done*."

And then, with drooping Crest and Feather, came
 Others, bow'd down with Penitence and Shame.
 They long'd indeed to go ; " But how begin,
 Mesh'd and entangled as they were in Sin
 Which often-times Repentance of past Wrong
 As often broken had but knit more strong ? "

Whom the wise Leader bid be of good cheer,
 And, conscious of the Fault, dismiss the Fear,
 Nor at the very Entrance of the Fray
 Their Weapon, ev'n if broken, fling away :
 Since Mercy on the broken Branch anew
 Would blossom were but each Repentance true.
 For did not God his Prophet take to Task ?
 "*Sev'n-times* of Thee did Kárún Pardon ask ;
 Which, hadst thou been like Me his Maker — yea,
 But present at the Kneading of his Clay
 With those twain Elements of Hell and Heav'n, —
 One prayer had won what Thou deny'st to *Sev'n*."

For like a Child sent with a fluttering Light
 To feel his way along a gusty Night

Man walks the World: again and yet again
 The Lamp shall be by Fits of Passion slain:
 But shall not He who sent him from the Door
 Relight the Lamp once more, and yet once more?

When the rebellious Host from Death shall wake
 Black with Despair of Judgment, God shall take
 Ages of holy Merit from the Count
 Of Angels to make up Man's short Amount,
 And bid the murmuring Angel gladly spare
 Of that which, undiminishing his Share
 Of Bliss, shall rescue Thousands from the Cost
 Of Bankruptcy within the Prison lost.

Another Story told how in the Scale
 Good Will beyond mere Knowledge would prevail.

In Paradise the Angel Gabriel heard
 The Lips of Allah trembling with the Word
 Of perfect Acceptation: and he thought,
 "Some perfect Faith such perfect Answer wrought,
 But whose?" — And therewith slipping from the Cript
 Of Sidra, through the Angel-ranks he slipt
 Watching what Lip yet trembled with the Shot
 That so had hit the Mark — but found it not.
 Then, in a Glance to Earth, he threaded through
 Mosque, Palace, Cell, and Cottage of the True
 Belief — in vain: so back to Heaven went
 And — Allah's Lips still trembling with assent!
 Then the tenacious Angel once again
 Threaded the Ranks of Heav'n and Earth — in vain —
 Till, once again return'd to Paradise,
 There, looking into God's, the Angel's Eyes
 Beheld the Prayer that brought that Benison
 Rising like Incense from the Lips of one
 Who to an Idol bowed — as best he knew
 Under that False God worshipping the True.

And then came others whom the summons found
 Not wholly sick indeed, but far from sound:
 Whose light inconstant Soul alternate flew
 From Saint to Sinner, and to both untrue;
 Who like a niggard Tailor, tried to match
 Truth's single Garment with a worldly Patch.

A dangerous Game ; for, striving to adjust
 The hesitating Scale of either Lust,
 That which had least within it upward flew,
 And still the weightier to the Earth down drew,
 And, while suspended between Rise and Fall,
 Apt with a shaking Hand to forfeit all.

There was a Queen of Egypt like the Bride
 Of Night, Full-moon-faced and Canopus-eyed,
 Whom one among the meanest of her Crowd
 Loved — and she knew it (for he loved aloud)
 And sent for him, and said, “Thou lov’st thy Queen :
 Now therefore Thou hast this to choose between :
 Fly for thy life : or for this one night Wed
 Thy Queen, and with the Sunrise lose thy Head.”
 He paused — he turn’d to fly — she struck him dead.
 “For had he truly loved his Queen,” said She,
 “He would at once have giv’n his Life for me,
 And Life and Wife had carried : but he lied ;
 And loving only Life, has justly died.”

Others were sure that all he said was true :
 They were extremely wicked, that they knew :
 And much they long’d to go at once — but some,
 They said, so unexpectedly had come
 Leaving their Nests half-built — in bad Repair —
 With Children in — Themselves about to pair —
 “Might he not choose a better Season — nay,
 Better perhaps a Year or Two’s Delay,
 Till all was settled, and themselves more stout
 And strong to carry their Repentance out —
 And then ” —

“And then, the same or like Excuse,
 With harden’d Heart and Resolution loose
 With dallying : and old Age itself engaged
 Still to shirk that which shirking we have aged ;
 And so with Self-delusion, till, too late,
 Death upon all Repentance shuts the Gate ;
 Or some fierce blow compels the Way to choose,
 And forced Repentance half its Virtue lose.”

As of an aged Indian King they tell
 Who, when his Empire with his Army fell

Under young Mahmúd's Sword of Wrath, was sent
 At sunset to the Conqueror in his Tent;
 But, ere the old King's silver head could reach
 The Ground, was lifted up — with kindly Speech,
 And with so holy Mercy reassur'd,
 That, after due Persuasion, he abjur'd
 His Idols, sate upon Mahmúd's Divan,
 And took the Name and Faith of Mussulman.
 But when the Night fell, in his Tent alone
 The poor old King was heard to weep and groan
 And smite his Bosom; which, when Mahmúd knew,
 He went to him and said, "Lo, if Thou rue
 Thy lost Dominion, Thou shalt wear the Ring
 Of thrice as large a Realm." But the dark King
 Still wept, and Ashes on his Forehead threw,
 And cried, "Not for my Kingdom lost I rue;
 But thinking how at the Last Day, will stand
The Prophet with *The Volume* in his Hand,
 And ask of me, 'How was't that, in thy Day
 Of Glory, Thou didst turn from Me and slay
 My People; but soon as thy Infidel
 Before my True Believer's Army fell
 Like Corn before the Reaper — thou didst own
 His Sword who scoutedst *Me?*' Of seed so sown
 What profitable Harvest should be grown?" . . .

The Moths had long been exiled from the Flame
 They worship: so to solemn Council came,
 And voted *One* of them by Lot be sent
 To find their Idol. One was chosen: went.
 And after a long Circuit in sheer Gloom,
 Seeing, he thought, the *Taper* in a Room
 Flew back at once to say so. But the chief
 Of Mothistán slighted so slight Belief,
 And sent another Messenger, who flew
 Up to the House, in at the window, through
 The Flame itself; and back the Message brings,
 With yet no sign of Conflict on his wings.
 Then went a Third, who spurr'd with true Desire,
 Plunging at once into the sacred Fire,
 Folded his Wings within, till he became
 One Color and one Substance with the Flame.
 He only knew the Flame who in it burn'd;
 And only He could tell who ne'er to tell return'd.

APOLOGUES AND MORALS OF SA'DI.

[From the "Gulistan."]

TRANSLATED BY FRANCIS J. GLADWIN.

[SA'DI, the assumed name of Shaikh Muslih al Din, one of the greatest of Persian poets, was born at Shiraz about 1190, a descendant of Ali, Mohammed's son-in-law. He studied at Bagdad, whence he made his first of fifteen pilgrimages to Mecca, and traveled extensively in Europe, Asia, and Africa. While in Syria he was taken prisoner by the Crusaders and compelled to work on the fortifications of Tripoli, but was ransomed by a merchant of Aleppo, who gave him his daughter in marriage. Sa'di lived to an extreme old age, and after his death was honored by his native city with a mausoleum, which is still visited. His most celebrated work is the "Gulistan," or Rose Garden, a collection of unconnected moral stories (and some in a western view immoral, or at least over-cunning and cynical), historical and fictitious, with an admixture of verse.]

TAKING THOUGHT FOR THE FUTURE.

A PERSON had arrived at the head of his profession in the art of wrestling; he knew three hundred and sixty capital sleights in this art, and every day exhibited something new; but having a sincere regard for a beautiful youth, one of his scholars, he taught him three hundred and fifty-nine sleights, reserving, however, one sleight to himself. The youth excelled so much in skill and in strength that no one was able to cope with him. He at length boasted, before the Sultan, that the superiority which he allowed his master to maintain over him was out of respect to his years, and the consideration of having been his instructor; for otherwise he was not inferior in strength, and was his equal in point of skill. The king did not approve of this disrespectful conduct, and commanded that there should be a trial of skill. An extensive spot was appointed for the occasion. The ministers of state, and other grandees of the court, were in attendance. The youth, like a lustful elephant, entered with a percussion that would have removed from its base a mountain of iron. The master, being sensible that the youth was his superior in strength, attacked with the sleight which he had kept to himself. The youth not being able to repel it, the master with both hands lifted him from the ground, and, raising him over his head, flung him on the earth. The multitude shouted. The king commanded that a dress, and a reward in money, should be bestowed on the master, and reproved and derided the youth for having presumed to put

himself in competition with his benefactor, and for having failed in the attempt. He said, "O king, my master did not gain the victory over me through strength or skill; but there remained a small part in the art of wrestling which he had withheld from me, and by that small feint he got the better of me." The master observed: "I reserved it for such an occasion as the present; the sages having said, Put not yourself so much in the power of your friend, that if he should be disposed to be inimical, he may be able to effect his purpose. Have you not heard what was said by a person who had suffered injury from one whom he had educated? Either there never was any gratitude in the world, or else no one at this time practices it. I never taught any one the art of archery, who in the end did not make a butt of me."

They have related that a certain vizier had shown clemency towards those of an inferior degree, and had sought to accommodate every one. It happened that, having fallen under the king's displeasure, they all exerted their interest to obtain his release, and those to whose custody he was committed showed him great indulgence in guarding him, and the other grandees represented his virtues to the king, till at length the monarch pardoned his fault.

A righteous man, when apprised of the circumstances, said: "Sell even your patrimonial garden to gain the hearts of your friends. In order to boil your wellwisher's pot, it is advisable to burn all your furniture. Do good even unto the wicked; for it is best to close the dog's mouth with a morsel."

One of the sons of Haroon ur Rusheed went to his father in a rage, complaining that the son of a certain officer had spoken disrespectfully of his mother. Haroon asked his ministers what was the just punishment for such an offense. One was for having him put to death; another said that his tongue ought to be cut out; and another, that he should be fined and banished. Haroon said, "My son, charity requires that you should pardon him; but if you have not strength of mind to do this, then abuse his mother in return, but not so much as to exceed the bounds of vengeance, for then the injury would be imputable to our side." In the opinion of the wise, he is not a brave man who combats with a furious elephant; but he is a man indeed, who, even in wrath, uttereth not idle words. A man of a bad dis

position abused another, who took it patiently, and called him a hopeful youth. "I am worse than you can say of me, for I know my own defects better than you can possibly discover them."

There were two brothers, one of whom was in the service of the king, and the other ate the bread of his own industry. Once the rich man said to his poor brother, "Why do you not enter into the service of the king, to relieve yourself from the affliction of labor?" He asked: "And why do you not work, that you may be relieved from the baseness of servitude? for the sages have said that to eat one's bread, and to sit down at ease, is preferable to wearing a golden girdle and standing up in service; to use your hands in making mortar of quicklime is preferable to placing them on your breast in attendance on the Umeer. Precious life has been spent in these cares, What shall I eat in the summer, and with what shall I be clothed in the winter? O ignoble belly, satisfy yourself with a loaf of bread, that you may not bend your back in servitude."

Somebody brought to Noushirvan the Just the good tidings that the God of majesty and glory has taken away such an one, who was your enemy. He asked: "Have you heard that he will by any means spare me? The death of my enemy is no cause of joy to me, since neither is my own life eternal."

CONTENTMENT.

I heard of a Durwaish [mendicant priest] who was suffering great distress from poverty, and sewing patch upon patch, but who comforted himself with the following verse, "I am contented with stale bread, and a coarse woollen frock, since it is better to bear the weight of one's own necessities than to suffer the load of obligation from mankind." Somebody said to him: "Why do you sit quiet, whilst such an one in this city has a liberal mind, and possesses universal benevolence, being ever willing to assist the pious, and always ready to comfort every heart? If he were apprised of your condition, he would consider it an obligation to satisfy your wants." He replied, "Be silent, for it is better to die of want than to expose our necessities; for they have said that to sew patch upon patch and be patient, is preferable to writing a petition to a great man for

clothing." Of a truth, it is equal to the torments of hell to enter into paradise by the help of one's neighbor.

SILENCE IS GOLDEN.

A sensible young man, who had made considerable progress in learning and virtue, was at the same time so discreet, that he would sit in the company of learned men without uttering a word. Once his father said to him, "My son, why do you not also say something of what you know?" He replied: "I fear lest they should question me about something of which I am ignorant, whereby I should suffer shame.

"Have you not heard of a Sufi that was driving some nails into his sandals, when an officer, laying hold of his sleeve, said, 'Come and shoe my horse?' Whilst you are silent, no one has any business with you; but when you speak, you must be ready with your proofs."

A certain poet went to the chief of a gang of robbers, and recited verses in his praise: the chief ordered him to be stripped of his clothes and expelled the village. The dogs attacking him in his rear, he wanted to take up some stones, but they were frozen to the ground. Thus distressed he said, "What a vile set of men are these, who let loose their dogs and fasten their stones."

The chief, having heard him from a window, laughed and said, "O wise man, ask a boon of me."

He answered: "I want my garment, if you will vouchsafe to bestow it. A man entertains hopes from those who are virtuous. I have no expectation from your virtue, only do me no injury. We are satisfied with your benevolence in suffering us to depart."

The chief of the robbers took compassion on him, ordered his garment to be restored, and added to it a robe of fur, together with some direms.

RULES FOR CONDUCT IN LIFE.

Two persons took trouble in vain, and used fruitless endeavors, — he who acquired wealth, without enjoying it, and he who taught wisdom, but did not practice it. How much soever you may study science, when you do not act wisely, you are ignorant. The beast whom they load with books is not profoundly learned and wise: what knoweth his empty skull whether he carrieth firewood or books?

Science is to be used for the preservation of religion, and not for the acquisition of wealth. Whosoever prostituted his abstinence, reputation, and learning for gain, formed a granary and then consumed it entirely.

A learned man, without temperance, is a blind man carrying a link : he showeth the road to others, but doth not guide himself. He who through inadvertency trifled with life, threw away his money without purchasing anything.

Three things are not permanent without three things : wealth without commerce, science without argument, nor a kingdom without government.

Showing mercy to the wicked is doing injury to the good, and pardoning oppressors is injuring the oppressed. When you connect yourself with base men, and show them favor, they commit crimes with your power, whereby you participate in their guilt.

Reveal not to a friend every secret that you possess, for how can you tell but what he may some time or other become your enemy ? Likewise inflict not on an enemy every injury in your power, for he may afterwards become your friend. The matter which you wish to preserve as a secret, impart it not to any one, although he may be worthy of confidence ; for no one will be so true to your secret as yourself.

It is safer to be silent than to reveal one's secret to any one, and telling him not to mention it. O good man ! stop the water at the spring head, for when it is in full stream you cannot arrest it. You should never speak a word in secret which may not be related in every company.

Speak in such manner between two enemies, that, should they afterwards become friends, you may not be put to the blush. Hostility between two people is like fire, and the evil-fated backbiter supplies fuel. Afterwards, when they are reconciled together, the backbiter is hated and despised by both parties. To kindle a flame between two persons, is to burn yourself inconsiderately in the midst.

When you see an enemy weak, twist not your whiskers in boasting : there is marrow in every bone, and every coat covers a man.

Anger, when excessive, createth terror; and kindness out of season destroys authority. Be not so severe as to cause disgust, nor so lenient as to encourage audacity. Severity and lenity should be tempered together,—like the surgeon, who when he uses the lancet applies also a plaster. A wise man carries not severity to excess, nor suffers such relaxation as will lessen his own dignity. He overrates not himself; neither doth he altogether neglect his consequence. A shepherd said to his father, “O thou who art wise, teach me one maxim from your experience.” He replied, “Be complacent, but not to that degree that they may insult you with the sharp teeth of the wolf.”

A wicked man is a captive in the hand of the enemy, for wherever he goeth he cannot escape from the clutches of his own punishment. If the wicked man should escape to heaven from the hand of calamity, he would continue in calamity from the sense of his own evil disposition.

Bruise the serpent's head with the hand of your enemy, which cannot fail of producing one of these two advantages. If the enemy succeeds, you have killed the snake; and if the latter prevails, you have got rid of your enemy.

In the day of battle consider not yourself safe because your adversary is weak; for he who becomes desperate will take out the lion's brains.

When you have anything to communicate that will distress the heart of the person whom it concerns, be silent, in order that he may hear from some one else. O nightingale! bring thou the glad tidings of spring, and leave bad news to the owl!

Take care how you listen to the voice of the flatterer, who, in return for his little stock, expects to derive from you considerable advantage. If one day you do not comply with his wishes, he imputes to you two hundred defects instead of perfections.

Unless some one points out to an orator his defects, his discourse will never be correct. Be not vain of the elegance of your discourse from the commendation of an ignorant person, neither upon the strength of your own judgment.

Every one thinks his own wisdom perfect, and his own child beautiful. A Jew and a Mohammedan were disputing in a

manner that made me laugh. The Mohammedan said in wrath, "If this deed of conveyance is not authentic, may God cause me to die a Jew!" The Jew said, "I make oath on the Pentateuch, and if I swear falsely, I am a Mohammedan like you." If wisdom was to cease throughout the world, no one would suspect himself of ignorance.

He who when he hath the power doeth not good, when he loses the means will suffer distress. There is not a more unfortunate wretch than the oppressor; for in the day of adversity, nobody is his friend.

Life depends upon the support of a single breath, and worldly existence is between two non-existences. Those who sell religion for the world are asses; they sell Joseph, and get nothing in return.

I have heard that in the land of the East they are forty years in making a china cup: they make a hundred in a day at Bagdad, and consequently you see the meanness of the price. A chicken, as soon as it comes out of the egg, seeks its food; but an infant hath not reason and discrimination. That which was something all at once, never arrives at much perfection; and the other by degrees surpasses all things in power and excellence. Glass is everywhere, and therefore of no value; the ruby is obtained with difficulty, and on that account is precious.

Publish not men's secret faults; for by disgracing them you make yourself of no repute.

If every night was a night of power, many of such nights would be disregarded. If every stone was a Budukshân ruby, the ruby and the pebble would be of equal value.

The vicious cannot endure the sight of the virtuous; in the same manner as the curs of the market howl at a hunting dog, but dare not approach him.

When a mean wretch cannot vie with another in virtue, out of his wickedness he begins to slander. The abject envious wretch will slander the virtuous man when absent; but when brought face to face, his loquacious tongue becomes dumb.

The wise man who engages in a controversy with those who

are ignorant of the subject, should not entertain any expectation of gaining credit. If an ignorant man, by his loquacity, should overpower a wise man, it is not to be wondered at, because a common stone will break a jewel. Why is it surprising if a nightingale should not sing, when a crow is in the same cage? If a virtuous man is injured by a vagabond, he ought not to be sorry, or angry. If a worthless stone bruise a golden cup, its own worth is not thereby increased, nor the value of the gold lessened.

If a wise man, falling in company with mean people, does not get credit for his discourse, be not amazed; for the sound of the harp cannot overpower the noise of the drum; and the fragrance of ambergris is overcome by fetid garlic. The ignorant wretch was proud of his loud voice, because he had impudently confounded the man of understanding. Are you ignorant that the musical mode of Hijaz is confounded by the noise of the warrior's drum? If a jewel falls into the mud, it is still the same precious stone; and if dust flies up to the sky, it retains its original baseness. A capacity without education is deplorable, and education without capacity is thrown away. Ashes, although of high origin, fire being of a noble nature, yet having no intrinsic worth, are no better than dust. Sugar obtains not its value from the cane, but from its innate quality. Musk has the fragrance in itself, and not from being called a perfume by the druggist. The wise man is like the druggist's chest, — silent, but full of virtues; and the blockhead resembles the warrior's drum, — noisy, but an empty prattler. A wise man in the company of those who are ignorant, has been compared by the sages to a beautiful girl in the company of blind men, or to the Koran in the house of an infidel. When the land of Canaan was without virtue, the birth of Joseph did not increase its dignity. Show your virtue, if you possess nobility; for the rose sprang from the thorn, and Abraham from Azur.

A friend whom you have been gaining during your whole life, you ought not to be displeased with in a moment. A stone is many years becoming a ruby; take care that you do not destroy it in an instant against another stone.

Reason is under the power of sense; as a man becomes weak in the hand of an artful woman. Shut the door of that house

of pleasure, which you hear resounding with the loud voice of a woman.

Two things are morally impossible : to enjoy more than Providence has allotted, or to die before the appointed time. Destiny will not be altered by our uttering a thousand lamentations and sighs, nor by our praises or complaints. The angel who presides over the treasury of winds, what does he care if the lamp of an old widow is extinguished ?

The envious man begrudgeth the bountiful goodness of God, and is inimical to those who are innocent.

I heard a little fellow with dry brains speaking disrespectfully of a person of rank. I said, "O sir, if you are unfortunate, what crime have fortunate men committed ?" Wish not ill to the envious man, for the unfortunate wretch is a calamity to himself. Where is the need of your showing enmity towards him who has such an adversary at his heels ?

A learned man without works is a bee without honey. Say to the austere and uncivil bee, "When you cannot afford honey, do not sting."

They asked Iman Mûrsheed Mohammed Ben Mohammed Ghezaly, on whom be the mercy of God ! by what means he had attained to such a degree of knowledge ? He replied, "In this manner, — whatever I did not know, I was not ashamed to inquire about." There will be reasonable hopes of recovery when you get a skillful physician to feel your pulse. Inquire about everything that you do not know ; since, for the small trouble of asking, you will be guided in the respectable road of knowledge.

Whenever you are certain that anything will be known to you in time, be not hasty in inquiring after it, as you will thereby lessen your authority and respectability. When Lokman saw that in the hand of David iron became miraculously like wax, he did not ask how he did it, being persuaded that without asking it would be made known.

Tell your story in conformity to the temper of the hearer, if you know that he is well disposed towards you. Any wise man who associates with Mujnoon will talk of nothing else but of the face of Leila.

What can an old prostitute do but vow not to sin any more? or a degraded superintendent of police, besides promising not to injure mankind? A youth who makes choice of retirement, is a lionlike man in the path of God; for an old man is not able to move from his corner.

It is said in the Gospel, "O sons of Adam, if I should grant you riches, you would be more intent on them than on me; and if I should make you poor, your hearts would be sorrowful; and then, how could you properly celebrate my praise, and after what manner would you worship me? Sometimes in affluence you are proud and negligent; and again in poverty, you are afflicted and wounded. Since such is your disposition, both in happiness and in misery, I know not at what time you will find leisure to worship God."

A Durwaish [mendicant priest] whose end is good is better than a king whose end is evil. It is better to suffer sorrow before, than after, the enjoyment of happiness.

The sky enriches the earth with showers, and the earth returns it nothing but dust. A jar exudes whatever it contains. If my disposition is not worthy in your sight, quit not your own good manners. The Almighty beholdeth the crime, and concealeth it; and the neighbor seeth not, yet proclaimeth it aloud. God preserve us! if men knew what is done in secret, no one would be free from the interference of others.

Those who do not pity the weak, will suffer violence from the powerful. It does not always happen that the strong arm can overpower the hand of the weak. Distress not the heart of the weak, lest you fall by one more powerful than yourself.

The gamester wants three sixes, but three aces turn up. Pasture land is a thousand times better than the plain; but the horse has not command of the reins.

A Durwaish, in his prayer, said, "O God, show pity towards the wicked, for on the good thou hast already bestowed mercy, by having created them virtuous."

When you perceive what is just, and that it must be given, it is better to give it with kindness than with contention and displeasure. If a man does not pay the tax willingly, the officer's servant will exact it by force.

MEDICINE AND ITS SUBJECTS.

BY AVICENNA.

[AVICENNA (a corruption of Ibn Sinâ), the greatest philosopher of the Eastern Mohammedan world, and one of the most universally accomplished men of any country, was born in the district of Bokhara 980 A.D. A precocious boy, he mastered all branches of mediæval science at the great Bagdad school, finally learning medicine from a Christian; his reputation was so great that at seventeen he was called to attend the emir of Bokhara, whom he cured, and was given great rewards and free use of the royal library. The emir dying, and he becoming highly unpopular, he left Bagdad, wandered about, and finally settled at Jorjân, opening a school of philosophy. Again winning dislike, he went to Hamadan, and was made vizier to the emir, where he was so much disliked that the emir barely saved him from death at the soldiers' hands; retiring awhile, was made court physician, and wrote his great encyclopædia of philosophy, the "Shefâ." He lectured and studied part of each twenty-four hours, and caroused another part. Imprisoned for treason by the emir's successor, he escaped and was attached to the prince of Ispahan; but destroyed his constitution by debauchery and drugs, and died in 1037. The influence of his philosophy throughout the Middle Ages was enormous, as well on Jews and Christians as Moslems; he maintained the uncreated eternal existence of the world, and determinism, with the immortality of the soul.]

I.

MEDICINE, I would explain, is the science by which the conditions of the human body are known, as to the means by which it is healed or the reverse, and health in possession is preserved, or lost health restored. True, some will have it that medicine is divided into theoretic and practical; but you have made the entire subject theoretic when you have explained what science is. We will answer this, however, by saying that there is some portion of the arts which is theoretic and practical; and of philosophy, that it is theoretic and practical; and of medicine it is alleged that it is theoretic and practical. In either one of these branches we wish to convey one thing when we call it theoretic, and another when we call it practical; yet it is not necessary for us to proclaim the diversity which exists between them, except in medicine. So when we shall have explained concerning medicine what part of it is theoretic, and that all outside of that is practical, it is not to be supposed we intend to say that one of the divisions of medicine is to know and another to practice,—as many judge in examining this subject,—but you ought to know that what we wish to convey is otherwise, and that neither of the two divisions of medicine is anything but science; only one of them means the

elements of knowing a condition, the other those of operating on it.

Lately, it is true, we have appropriated to the first of the two the name of science or the theoretic, and to the second we have appropriated the name of the practical. By the theoretic of this we mean that when we shall have known it, we shall acquire so much knowledge; as when it is said in medicine that the classes of fevers are three, and that the combinations are nine. And by the practical of this we mean not an operation in its effect, nor the task of causing corporeal motions, but the division of medicine which, when we shall have known it, will aid us in the research into knowledge or opinion: as it is said in medicine, that to inflamed imposthumes are to be applied at first things which drive them away and cool them off and thicken them up, and afterwards we must mix the repellents with relaxants, and after checking it, soothing relaxants will be enough; and further, that imposthumes are of matter which the principal members expel. Therefore this teaching will aid you in forming a judgment; and this judgment is a proof of the character of the operation. And when you have known the character of the two divisions, you will have become an expert in scientific knowledge and operative knowledge, even if you have never operated.

Nor can any one explain that there are three conditions of the human body, — sickness, health, and a condition which is neither sickness nor health, — when two have sufficed for you; for it is possible that when one who teaches this has fully considered it, he may not find one of the two things. Further, if this trinity were necessary, that which we have told you was a departure from health would produce infirmity and the third condition, the absence of which has been given as the definition of health; which is the habit or condition from which sound operations of this subject proceed. . . . But we will not quarrel with physicians over this; for I am not one who should dispute with them in this matter: nor will this contention with them, nor those who are opposed to them, be any assistance in medicine, for in this matter the certainty of either doctrine pertains to first principles.

II.

Since medicine considers the human body as to the means whence it is cured and is drawn away from health: and since

the knowledge of anything is not acquired or completed, since it has had causes, unless it is known by its causes; we ought therefore in medicine to know the causes of health and sickness. And because health and sickness and their causes are often manifest, and often hidden and not to be comprehended except by the significance of symptoms, we ought also in medicine to know the symptoms which occur in health and sickness. Now it was declared in the ascertained sciences that the knowledge of anything is not acquired except through the knowledge of its causes and beginnings, if it has had causes and beginnings; nor completed except by means of knowing its accidents and accompanying essentials. There are, then, four sorts of causes: material, efficient, formal, and final.

Material causes, on which health and sickness depend, are --- the affected member, which is the immediate subject, and the humors; and in these are the elements. And these two are subjects according to their mixings together; perhaps they become altered. In the composition and alteration of the substance which is thus composed, a certain unity is attained.

Efficient causes are the causes changing and preserving the conditions of the human body: as airs and what are united with them; and viands, and waters, and drinks, and what are united with them; and evacuation and retention; and districts and cities, and habitable places, and what are united with them; and bodily and animate movings and restings, and sleepings and wakings on account of them; and changes in age, and diversities in it, and in races and arts and manners, and in things which befall the human body when they touch it, and are either against nature or are not against nature.

Formal causes are physical constitutions, and virtues which result from them, and combinations.

Final causes are operations. And in the science of operations without doubt lies the science of virtues, and the science of virtues as we have set forth. These therefore are the subjects of the doctrine of medicine; whence one inquires concerning the human body, how it is cured or diseased. One ought to attain perfection in this research, --- namely, how health may be preserved and sickness removed. And the causes of this kind are rules in eating and drinking, and the choice of air, and the measure of movement and rest; and doctoring with medicines; and doctoring with the hands. All this with physicians is according to three species: of the well, of the sick, and of the medium whom we have spoken of.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF AVERROËS.

By ERNEST RENAN.

(Translated for this work.)

[JOSEPH ERNEST RENAN: Noted French historian and essayist; born at Tréguier, Brittany, February 27, 1823; died at Paris, October 2, 1892. He was educated for the priesthood, but being beset by doubts concerning the accepted tenets of faith, he left the seminary of St. Sulpice and devoted himself to science and literature. He made a careful study of the Semitic languages and of religious history. Among his principal works are: "General History of the Semitic Languages" (1856), "Studies of Religious History" (1857), "Translation of the Book of Job" (1858), "The Origin of Language" (1858), "Essays, Moral and Critical" (1859), "The Life of Jesus" (1863), "The Apostles" (1866), "St. Paul" (1869), "Antichrist" (1873), "The Gospels" (1877), "The Christian Church" (1879), "Marcus Aurelius" (1881), "New Studies in Religious History" (1884), "Discourses and Conferences" (1884), and the dramas "Caliban" (1878), "Fountain of Youth" (1880), "The Priest of Nemi" (1885), and "The Abbess of Jouarre" (1886).]

[AVERROËS (a corruption of Ibn-Roshd), Arab philosopher, one of the two or three greatest intellects of modern Europe, was born 1126 at Cordova, Spain, of a line of Moslem judges; his father was a prominent jurist. A profound student of all then known science, — mathematics, astronomy, natural history, medicine, philosophy, theology, — he became a favorite of and private physician to two successive Caliphs, a noted commentator on Aristotle, and a judge. Accused by the orthodox party, late in life, of hostility to religion (his philosophy was, though he openly professed respect for it), he was banished for a couple of years, till the accession of the liberal party enabled the Caliph to recall him. He died shortly after, in 1198. He wrote on all the subjects above named, on law, ethics, and others; and his works had enormous influence all through the Middle Ages. The great Christian Schoolmen (Aquinas and others) devoted their lives to refuting his doctrines, though compelled to use his own logical method; the Church had to put down by bloody persecutions the religious movements those doctrines set going; most of orthodox Europe, for centuries, cursed him as arch-infidel and Antichrist, a part adopted and spread his philosophy, and even many of his greatest foes were his chief admirers and in part his followers. He was called "The Great Commentator" — *i.e.*, on Aristotle, the head of all philosophy.]

I. THEORY OF THE INTELLECT.

THE function of the intellect being to perceive the forms of things, it must be itself absolutely devoid of form, and transparent like a crystal which permits nothing to pass but the image of objects. For if it had forms of its own, these forms would mingle themselves with those of the objects perceived and alter the truth of perception. The intellect, then, regarded in the subject, is nothing but pure receptivity. But to stop there, as Alexander of Aphrodisias has done, is not to exhaust the

analysis of the matter of the understanding. It does not suffice to accord to the intellect a vague and indeterminate disposition to receive forms. In fact, we conceive the intellect empty and without form; then if it were nothing but a simple disposition to receive forms, we should conceive it as nothingness. "Ah, Alexander!" cries Ibn-Roshd [Averroës], "you pretend that Aristotle wished to speak of nothing but a disposition, and not of a subject disposed. In truth, I am ashamed of you for such language and so singular a commentary. A disposition is not in action any of the things which it is adapted to receive. Then if Aristotle has not presented the intellect except as an aptitude to receive forms, he has made it an aptitude without a subject, which is absurd. And we see Theophrastus, Nicholas, Themistius, and the other Peripatetics remain much more faithful to Aristotle's text. That hypothesis was fabricated only by Alexander; all the philosophers of his time concur in rejecting it, and Themistius repels it as an absurdity; very different in this from the doctors of our times, in whose eyes one cannot be a perfect philosopher unless he is an Alexandrist." One must accord the intellect, then, an objective existence, and the action of the understanding has no place except by the concurrence of the subjective (passive or potential) and the objective intellect (active). The passive intellect is individual and perishable, like all the faculties of the mind which attain nothing but the variable; the active intellect, on the contrary, being entirely separated from man and exempt from all mingling with matter, is unique, and the notion of number is not applicable to it except by reason of the individuals who share in it.

Without being expressed with the precision which we demand to-day in philosophic researches, this solution satisfies the principal conditions of the problem, and determines with sufficient sharpness the parts of the absolute and the relative in the matter of the understanding. The refutations of Ibn-Roshd's theory which the Middle Ages have attempted have been in general defective, like all refutations which try to grasp a system by its weak side rather than its true one. Certainly if there is to the world a revolting absurdity, it is the unity of minds, as people have professed to understand it; and if Averroës had not been able to uphold such a doctrine minutely, Averroism would deserve to figure in the annals of insanity and not in those of philosophy. The argument incessantly repeated against the Averroist theory by Albert (Magnus)

and by St. Thomas — “Why, then the same mind is at the same time wise and foolish, gay and sad” — that argument, I say, which Averroës had foreseen and refuted, would then be peremptory, and would suffice to sweep that extravagance from the field of the human spirit on the morrow of its appearance. But in contemplating it close to, we see that such is not the thought of Ibn-Roshd, and that this doctrine connects itself in the spirit to a theory of the universe which fails neither in elevation nor originality.

The personality of consciousness has never been very clearly revealed to the Arabs. The unity of the objective reason has struck them much more forcibly than the multiplicity of the subjective reason. Convinced, besides, that all parts of the universe are similar and living, they have regarded human thought in its entirety as a resultant out of superior forces and as a general phenomenon of the universe. Without doubt, in a philosophy which separates as vaguely as the Arab philosophy the psychologic order and the ontological order, and which never tells precisely whether the field of its speculations is within man or outside him, such a manner of expression was not without danger. We should note that Ibn-Roshd has said quite clearly that he has not so expressed it. The unity of the intellect signifies nothing more than the universality of the principles of pure reason, and the unity of the psychologic constitution in the whole human race. We could not doubt, nevertheless, that such was not his thought, when we hear him repeat incessantly that the active intellect does not differ from the consciousness which we have of the universe; that the immortality of the intellect signifies the immortality of the human race; and that if Aristotle has said that intellect is not sometimes thinking and sometimes not, that must be understood relatively to the species, which never disappears, and which at some point of the universe exercises without interruption its intellectual faculties. “A living and permanent humanity,” such, in the sense of the Averroist theory, is the unity of the intellect. The immortality of the active intellect is thus nothing else than the eternal rebirth of humanity, and the perpetuity of civilization. (“Just as knowledge and being itself are something individual to man himself, and the arts themselves in their own special modes are seen to be within man himself, so the inhabited universe is esteemed not to be outside of some aspect of philosophy or natural arts. For although in some part these arts may be absent, for instance in the northern quarter of the

earth, it does not follow that the remaining quarters are deprived of them.") The reason is constituted as something absolute, independent of individuals, as an integral part of the universe, and humanity, which is nothing but the action of that reason, as a being necessary and eternal.

Thence, also, the necessity of philosophy, its providential function, and its strange axiom: "It is of necessity that there should be some philosopher in the human race" (Averroës). For all power should pass into action, otherwise it will be vain. At every moment of time and every point of space an intelligence must be contemplating the absolute reason. Now man alone, through the speculative sciences, enjoys the prerogative. Man and philosophy, then, are equally necessary in the plan of the universe.

The defect of this system is in separating too deeply the two elements of intellectual phenomena, and introducing a cosmic agent in a problem which ought to be resolved by simple psychology. To erect man like a statue in the face of the sun, and wait for life to descend and animate it, is to await the impossible. Every system which places the sources of reason outside of man, condemns itself never to explain the fact of understanding. Consciousness alone is in contact with itself, psychology should not address itself to any external motor in order to fill up the gaps in its hypotheses. Ibn-Roshd, on his part, does not dissemble the difficulties of his system. If the intellect is a unity in all men, it is in all in the same degree, the disciple has nothing to learn from the master. When a man perceives anything intelligible, all perceive it at the same time as he; the psychologic fact loses all individuality. Just so in the celestial bodies, each species is composed of but a single individual, because such species having but one motor, the majority must be as idle as if a pilot had many ships under his orders or a workman many tools; just so if many minds have but one motor, there is a superfetation in nature.

More than this, the fact of creating intelligible things, which is proper to the active intellect, is not always in the same man to the same degree; it springs from, and grows with, the acquired intellect, or the speculative intellect, and that is why Theophrastus, Themistius, and still others have identified the speculative and the active intellect. Ibn-Roshd rightly answers that the active intellect, upon entering into communication with a relative being, must subject itself to the conditions of that relativity; that the union of the intellect with the individual

mind has no place either by the multiplication of the intellect or by the unification of individuals, but by the action of the intellect on sensible images, an action analogous to that of form or matter; that this union is nothing else than the eternal participation of humanity in a certain number of eternal principles like it. These principles, in communicating themselves to incorruptible beings, do not participate in its corruptibility; they are independent of individuals, and as true in the desert regions of the globe as in those where there are men to perceive them. The uncreated types of Plato are chimeras, if taken literally; but they have nothing that is not true, if interpreted in the sense of the objective reality of universals. Thus, the intellect is at the same time single and multiple. If it were absolutely single, it would follow that everybody would perceive only the same object. If it multiplied itself up to the number of those who have understanding, the community of intelligences would be destroyed, knowledge would be incommunicable. On the contrary, if we maintain at the same time the unity of the object and the multiplicity of subjects, all objections are resolved.

The passive intellect aspires to unite itself to the active intellect, as power summons action, as matter summons form, as flame darts toward the combustible body. Now this effort does not stop at the first degree of possession which is called the *acquired intellect*. The mind can arrive at a much more intimate union with the universal intellect, at a sort of identification with the primordial reason. The acquired intellect has served to conduct man to the sanctuary; but it vanishes when the end is attained, much as sensation prepares the imagination and disappears when the action of the imagination becomes too intense. Thus the active intellect exercises on the mind two distinct actions, of which one has for its aim the elevation of the material intellect to the perception of the intelligible, the other to lead it farther on up to union with the intelligibles themselves. Man, arrived at that condition, comprehends everything by the reason which he has made his own. Become like God, he is in some sort all beings, and understands them as they are; for beings and their causes are nothing outside of the knowledge he has of them. There is in every being a divine tendency to receive as much of that noble purpose as accords with his nature. The animal itself shares in it, and bears in itself the power of attaining the first rank. How admirable is

that condition, cries Ibn-Roshd, and how strange an existence ! Therefore, it is not at the origin, but at the limit of human development, that we arrive, when all in man is in action and nothing in potentiality.

II. ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

The extreme precision with which Peripateticism has separated the two elements of the understanding, the relative element and the absolute element, must lead it to divide the human personality in the question of immortality. In spite of the efforts of orthodox Aristotelianism, the opinion of the philosopher on that point could not be doubtful. The universal intellect is incorruptible and separable from the body ; the individual intellect is perishable and ends with the body.

All the Arabs have taken in this sense the thought of Aristotle. The active intellect alone is immortal ; now, the active intellect is nothing else than the common reason of humanity ; humanity alone, then, is eternal. The Divine Providence, says the commentator, has accorded to perishable being the force to reproduce itself, to console it, and to give that sort of immortality in default of the other. Sometimes, it is true, the opinion of Ibn-Roshd can be taken in the sense that the inferior faculties (sensibility, memory, love, hate) have no exercise in the other life, while the superior faculties (the reason) alone survive the dissolution of the body. That is very much the interpretation which Albert and St. Thomas give to the opinion of Aristotle. But the constant doctrine of the Arabian philosophers, which Ibn-Roshd in general is far from softening down, should serve to complete the thought on this point, which he has never, it must be avowed, expressly treated. Now, the denial of immortality and the resurrection, the doctrine that man ought not to expect any other reward than what he finds here below in his own perfection, constitutes the principal reproach which the zealots of orthodoxy, Gazali and the Motecal-min, oppose to the *Philosophers*.

The soul is sometimes presented as absolutely independent of the body. "The sight of the old man is feeble, not because the visual faculty is enfeebled, but because the eye, which serves as the instrument, is enfeebled. If the old man had a young man's eyes, he would see as well as the young man. Further, sleep furnishes an evident proof of the *substratum* of

the mind ; for all the operations of the mind, and all the organs which serve as the instruments of its operations, are as if annihilated during that time, and yet the mind does not cease to exist. Thus the wise man comes to partake the beliefs of the vulgar on immortality. The intellect, moreover, is not attached to any particular organ, while the senses are localized and can be affected by contradictory sensations in different parts of the body." Regarding only this isolated passage, one would be tempted to attribute to Ibn-Roshd the orthodox sentiments on immortality which the next page denies. He there upholds more sharply than ever that "the mind is not divided according to the number of the individuals," that "it is one in Socrates and in Plato," and that "individuation only comes from sensibility."

It is not altogether without some reason that many Averroists of the Renaissance, Niphus for instance, invoke the theory of the unity of the intellect against the absolute negations of Pomponat. Averroës himself has sought by this turn of thought to preserve a ghost of immortality. If the mind were bounded and individualized in the individual, it would decay with it as the magnet with the iron ; the distinction of individuals comes from matter, the form on the contrary is common to many. Now, that which makes permanence is the form and not the matter. The form gives the name to the things ; a hatchet without sharpness is no longer a hatchet, but iron. It is only by abuse of language that a dead body can be called a man. Then, so far as pluralized, the individual disappears ; but so far as it shares a common type—that is to say, so far as it is a species—it is immortal. The individual mind, moreover, perceives nothing except through the imagination. Just as sense perceives only in presence of the object, so the mind perceives only before the image. It follows from this that the individual thought is not eternal ; for if it were, images would be also. Incorruptible in itself, the intellect becomes corruptible by the conditions of its exercise.

As to the popular myths on another life, Ibn-Roshd does not conceal the aversion with which they inspire him. "Among dangerous fiction," he says, "must be counted those which tend to make men regard virtue only as a means of attaining happiness. Virtue in that case has no existence, since men abstain from pleasure only in the hope of being repaid with usury. The here will go in search of death only to escape a

greater evil. The just will respect property only in order to acquire double." Elsewhere he vehemently blames Plato for having sought to represent to the imagination, by the myth of Er (Spring) the Armenian, the state of souls in another life. "These fables," he says, "serve only to distort the minds of the people, and especially of children, without being of any real benefit toward ameliorating them. I know perfectly moral men who reject all these fictions, and do not yield in virtue to those who admit them."

AVERROES ON MAN.

This intellect which is in action is what man may at last apprehend in himself, and this is the intellect which is called *quaesitus* (acquired), and is the complement and the action, and what was the first matter with potency for him. And on account of this, the moment the form was renewed, the potency of separate forms was renewed in it, how far soever it descends or ascends from complement to complement, and from form to form more noble and nearer to action, so that at last it arrives at this complement and this action with which no potency is any longer mingled. And since man himself, to whom this complement is personal, is more noble than everything else found here, because he is himself the connecting link and continuation between things apprehended by sense but found defective (that is, because in them potency is always mingled with action) and between things found noble (in which potency is in no way mingled with action), and of these latter are the pure abstract intelligences; and it is agreed as true that all which is created in this epoch is for man's sake, and everything is devoted to his service, because he was the first complement which was created in potency in the primal matter: it is therefore demonstrated that he does unjustly who separates man from science, which is the road to the possession of this complement, because it is not doubtful that he who does this contradicts the device or intention of the Creator in devising this complement. And just as he is fortunate who spends his time in service or study, and approaches excellence in it, so he in this approximation. And this is what I saw was to be put in such doubt; and if anything shall have been revived, I will add it to this if God wills. And praised be God, and may He bring us all to that which may be His will, and lead us into that for which we were formed first and afterward, and this is in life and in death.

ABÉLARD.

I. EARLY CAREER: RELATIONS WITH HÉLOÏSE.

BY GEORGE HENRY LEWES.

(From "Biographical History of Philosophy.")

[GEORGE HENRY LEWES: An English author, husband of George Eliot; born in London, April 18, 1817; died there November 28, 1878. His career was varied: he attended school in London, Jersey, Brittany, and Greenwich, studied law and medicine, became an actor and a playwright, and finally an author and journalist. Among his writings are: "Biographical History of Philosophy" (4 vols., 1845-1846), "The Spanish Drama" (1847), "Rose, Blanche, and Violet" (1848), "Life of Maximilien Robespierre" (1849), "The Noble Heart" (1850), "Life and Works of Goethe" (1855), "Seaside Studies" (1858), "Physiology of Common Life" (2 vols., 1859-1860), "Studies in Animal Life" (1862), "Aristotle" (1864), "Problems of Life and Mind" (5 vols., 1874-1879), and "The Physical Basis of Mind" (1877).]

THE name of Abélard has been immortalized by association with that of a noble woman. It is because Héloïse loved him that posterity feels interested in him. M. Michelet indeed thinks that to Abélard she owes her fame — "without his misfortunes she would have remained obscure, unheard of:" and in one sense this is true; but true it also is that, without her love, Abélard would have long ago ceased to inspire any interest, for his was essentially a shallow, selfish nature. His popularity was rapid, loud, and scandalous. He was fitted for it, lived for it. But many a greater name has faded from the memories of men; many a once noisy reputation fails to awaken a single echo in posterity. Apart from the consecration of passion and misfortune, there is little in his life to excite our sympathy. Viewed in connection with Héloïse, he must always interest us; viewed away from her, he presents the figure of a quick, vivacious, unscrupulous, intensely vain Frenchman. But in several respects he represents the philosophic struggle of the twelfth century; and in this light we may consider him.

He was born in Brittany in 1079, of a noble family named Bérenger; the name of Abélard came to him later. His father joined to his knightly accomplishments a taste for literature, as literature was then understood; and this taste became so dominant in the mind of the youth, that he renounced the career of arms altogether for that of learning. Dialectics was the great science of that day, almost rivaling in importance the theology which it served and disturbed by turns. It was an

exercise of intellectual ingenuity, for which this youth manifested surprising aptitude. He traveled through various provinces disputing with all comers, like a knight-errant of philosophy, urged thereto by the goading desire of notoriety. This love of notoriety was his curse through life. At the age of twenty he came to Paris, hoping there to find a fitting opportunity of display — an arena for his powers as a disputant. He attended the lectures of William de Champeaux, the most renowned master of disputation, to whom students flocked from all the cities of Europe. The new pupil soon excited attention. The beauty of his person, the easy grace of his manner, his marvelous aptitude for learning, and still more marvelous facility of expression, soon distinguished him from the rest. The master grew proud of his pupil, loved him through his pride, and doubtless looked on him as a successor. But it soon became evident that the pupil, so quick at learning, did not sit there merely to learn: he was waiting for some good opportunity of display, waiting to attack his venerable master, whose secret strength and weakness he had discovered. The opportunity came; he rose up, and in the midst of all the students provoked William de Champeaux to discussion, harassed and finally vanquished him. Rage and astonishment agitated the students; rage and terror the master. The students were indignant, because they clearly saw Abélard's motive.

Abélard dates the origin of all his woes from this occasion, when he created enmities which pursued him through life; and with a sophistication common to such natures, he attributes the enmities to envy at his ability, instead of to the real causes, — namely, his inordinate vanity and selfishness. For a time, indeed, the rupture with his master seemed successful. Although only two and twenty years of age, he established a school of philosophy at Melun, which became numerous, attended, and spread his name far and wide. Emboldened by success, he removed his school still nearer to Paris — to Corbeil — in order, as he frankly tells us, that he might be more importunate to his old master. But his rival was still powerful, aged in science and respect; intense application was necessary, and in the struggle Abélard's overtasked energies gave way. He was commanded by the physicians to shut up his school, and retire into the country for repose and fresh air.

In two years he returned to Paris, and saw with delight that his reputation had not been weakened by absence, but that

on the contrary his scholars were more eager than ever. His old antagonist, William de Champeaux, had renounced the world and retired to a cloister, where he opened the school of Saint Victor, afterwards so celebrated. His great reputation, although suffering from Abélard's attacks, drew crowds. One day, when the audience was most numerous, he was startled by the appearance of Abélard among the students,—come, as he said, to learn rhetoric. William was troubled, but continued his lecture. Abélard was silent until the question of “universals” was brought forward, and then suddenly changing from a disciple to an antagonist, he harassed the old man with such rapidity and unexpectedness of assault, that William confessed himself defeated, and retracted his opinion. That retraction was the death of his influence. His audience rapidly dwindled. No one would listen to the minor points of dialectics from one who confessed himself beaten on the cardinal point of all. The disciples passed over to the victor. When the combat is fierce between two lordly stags, the hinds stand quietly by, watching the issue of the contest; and if their former lord and master, once followed and respected, is worsted, they all without hesitation pass over to the conqueror, and henceforth follow him. Abélard's school became acknowledged as preëminent; and as if to give his triumph greater emphasis, the professor to whom William de Champeaux had resigned his chair was either so intimidated by Abélard's audacity, or so subjugated by his ability, that he offered his chair to Abélard and ranged himself among the disciples.

Abélard was not content even with this victory. Although undisputed master in dialectics, he could not hear of any other teacher without envy. A certain Anselm taught theology at Laon with immense success, and this was enough to trouble Abélard's repose; accordingly to Laon he went, ridiculed Anselm's style, laughed at the puerile admiration of the scholars, and offered to surpass the master in the explanation of Scripture. The scholars first laughed, then listened, and admired. Abélard departed, having excited anarchy in the school and anguish in the heart of the old man.

His career at this period was brilliant. His reputation had risen above that of every living man. His eloquence and subtlety charmed hundreds of serious students, who thronged beneath the shadows of the cathedral in ceaseless disputation, thinking more of success in dispute than of the truths

involved. M. Guizot estimates these students at not less than five thousand — of course not all at the same time. Amidst these crowds, Abélard might be seen moving with imposing haughtiness of carriage, not without the careless indolence which success had given; handsome, manly, gallant-looking, the object of incessant admiration. His songs were sung in the streets, his arguments were repeated in cloisters. The multitude reverentially made way for him, as he passed; and from behind their window curtains peeped the curious eyes of women. His name was carried to every city in Europe. The Pope sent hearers to him. He reigned, and he reigned alone.

It was at this period that the charms and helpless position of Héloïse attracted his vanity and selfishness. He resolved to seduce her; resolved it, as he confesses, after mature deliberation. He thought she would be an easy victim; and he who had lived in abhorrence of libertinage felt that he had now attained such a position that he might indulge himself with impunity. We are not here attributing hypothetic scoundrelism to Abélard; we are but repeating his own statements. "I thought, too," he adds, "that I should the more easily gain the girl's consent, knowing as I did to how great a degree she both possessed learning and loved it." He tells us how he "sought an opportunity of bringing her into familiar and daily intercourse with me, and so drawing her the more easily to consent to my wishes. With this view I made a proposal to her uncle, through certain of his friends, that he should receive me as an inmate of his house, which was very near to my school, on whatever terms of remuneration he chose, alleging as my reason that I found the care of a household an impediment to study, and its expense too burdensome." The uncle, Fulbert, was prompted by avarice, and the prospect of gaining instruction for his niece, to consent. He committed her entirely to Abélard's charge, "in order that whenever I should be at leisure from the school, whether by day or by night, I might take the trouble of instructing her; and should I find her negligent, use forcible compulsion. Hereupon I wondered at the man's excessive simplicity, with no less amazement than if I had beheld him intrust a lamb to the care of a famishing wolf; for in thus placing the girl in my hands for me not only to teach, but to use forcible coercion, what did he do but give full liberty to my desires, and offer the opportunity, even had

it not been sought — seeing that should enticement fail, I might use threats and stripes in order to subdue her?”

The crude brutality of this confession would induce us to suppose it was a specimen of that strange illusion which often makes reflective and analytic minds believe that their enthusiasms and passions were calculations, had we not sufficient evidence throughout Abélard's life of his intense selfishness and voracious vanity. Whatever the motive, the incident is curious; history has no other such example of passionate devotion filling the mind of a woman for a dialectician. It was dialectics he taught her — since he could teach her nothing else. She was a much better scholar than he; in many respects better read. She was perfect mistress of Latin, and knew enough Greek and Hebrew to form the basis of her future proficiency. He knew nothing of Greek or Hebrew — he expressly declares that he was forced to read Greek authors in Latin versions. In the study of arid dialectics, then, must we imagine Abélard and Héloïse thrown together; and in the daily communion of their minds, passion ripened, steeped in that vague, dreamlike, but intense delight produced by the contact of great intelligences; and thus, as the Spanish translator of her letter says, “*buscando siempre con pretexto del estudio los parages mas retirados*” [ever seeking on pretext of study the more retired spots] they sought in the still air and countenance of delightful studies a solitude more exquisite than any society. “The books were open before us,” says Abélard, “but we talked more of love than philosophy, and kisses were more frequent than sentences.” . . .

At length, even Fulbert became aware of what was passing under his roof. A separation took place; but the lovers continued to meet in secret. Abélard arranged for Héloïse an escape to Brittany, where she resided with his sister, and gave birth to a son. When Fulbert heard of her flight, he was frantic with rage. Abélard came cringing to him, imploring pardon, and offered the reparation of marriage provided it were kept secret; because his marriage, if made known, would be an obstacle to his rising in the church, and the miter already glimmered before his ambitious eyes. Fulbert consented; but Héloïse, with womanly self-abnegation, would not consent. She would not rob the world of its greatest luminary. “I should hate this marriage,” she exclaimed, “because it would be an opprobrium and a calamity.” She recalled to Abélard

various passages in Scripture and ancient writers, in which wives are accursed, pointing out to him how impossible it would be for him to consecrate himself to philosophy unless he were free; how could he study amid the noises of children and domestic troubles of a household? how much more honorable it would be for her to sacrifice herself to him! She would be his concubine. The more she humiliated herself for him, the greater would be her claims upon his love; and thus she would be no obstacle to his advancement, no impediment to the free development of his genius.

Gladly would Abélard have profited by this sublime passion; but he was a coward, and his heart trembled before Fulbert. He therefore endeavored to answer her arguments; and she, finding that his resolution was fixed—a resolution which he very characteristically calls a bit of stupidity, *meam stultitiam*, burst into tears and consented to the marriage, which was performed with all secrecy. Fulbert and his servants, however, in violation of their oath, divulged the secret, whereupon Héloïse boldly denied that she was married. The scandal became great; but she persisted in her denials, and Fulbert drove her from the house with reproaches. Abélard removed her to the nunnery of Argenteuil, where she assumed the monastic dress, though without taking the veil. Abélard furtively visited her. Meanwhile Fulbert's suspicions were roused lest this seclusion in the nunnery should be but the first step to her taking the veil, and so ridding Abélard of all impediment. Those were violent and brutal times, but the vengeance of Fulbert startled even the Paris of those days with horror. With his friends and accomplices, he surprised Abélard sleeping, and there inflicted that atrocious mutilation which Origen in a moment of religious frenzy inflicted on himself. [The object was a double revenge, as according to canon law the mutilation disbarred Abélard from church positions; so the disavowal of marriage gained him nothing. Fulbert and his ruffians were punished.]

In shame and anguish Abélard sought the refuge of a cloister. He became a monk. But the intense selfishness of the man would not permit him to renounce the world without also forcing Héloïse to renounce it. Obedient to his commands, she took the veil, thus once again sacrificing herself to him whom she had accepted as a husband with unselfish regret, and whom she abandoned in trembling, to devote herself hence-

forth, without hope, without faith, without love, to her divine husband.

The gates of the convent closed forever on that noble woman, whose story continues one of pure heroism to the last. With her disappearance the great interest in Abélard disappears. On the 21st of April, 1142, he expired, aged sixty-three. "He lived in wretchedness and died in humiliation;" [says a French biographer] "but he had glory, and he was loved."

II. LATER CAREER: STRUGGLE WITH ST. BERNARD.

By HENRY HART MILMAN.

(From the "History of Latin Christianity.")

[HENRY HART MILMAN: A leading English church historian; born in London, February 10, 1791; died September 24, 1868. He was a clergyman, became canon of Westminster, and was dean of St. Paul's, 1849-1868. He had some poetic gift, was professor of poetry in Oxford, 1821-1831, and wrote epics and a drama ("Fazio"), now forgotten. But his historical work was important and enduring. He was a liberal, the first to write sacred history with the critical canons of other history, and a storm of detraction followed him till a younger school far outran him in the same direction. His "History of the Jews" was published in 1830, "History of Christianity under the Empire" in 1840, and his greatest work, "History of Latin Christianity" (to 1455), in 1855. His edition of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall" has never been superseded, though later editions have added to his notes.]

[Abélard's later career is by no means without interest; his great contest with St. Bernard is notable in church history. Dean Milman thus tells it:—]

THE fame of Abélard, and his pride and ungovernable soul, still pursued him; his talents retained their vigor; his temper was unsubdued. The monastery of St. Denys was dissolute. Abélard became a severe reformer; he rebuked the abbot and the whole community for their lax discipline, their unexemplary morals. He retired to a private cell, and near it opened a school. So great was the concourse of scholars, that lodging and provision could not be found for the countless throng. On the one side was an object of the most excessive admiration, on the other of the most implacable hatred. His enemies urged the bishop of the province to interdict his lectures, as tainted with secular learning unbecoming a monk. His disciples, with more dangerous adulation, demanded of the great teacher the satisfaction of their reason on the highest points of theology, which they could no longer receive in simple faith. They would no

longer be blind leaders of the blind, nor pretend to believe what they did not clearly comprehend. Abélard composed a theological treatise, in which he discussed the awful mystery of the Trinity in Unity.

His enemies were on the watch. Two of his old discomfited antagonists at Laon, named Alberic and Litolf, denounced him before Rodolph, archbishop of Rheims, and Conon, bishop of Præneste, the legate of the Pope (1121). He was summoned to appear before a council at Soissons. A rumor was spread abroad that he asserted that there were three Gods. He hardly escaped being stoned by the populace, but no one ventured to cope with the irresistible logician. Abélard offered his book : not a voice was raised to arraign it. The prudent and friendly Godfrey, bishop of Chartres, demanded a fair hearing for Abélard ; he was answered by a general cry that the whole world could not disentangle his sophisms. The council was drawing to a close. The enemies of Abélard persuaded the archbishop and the legate, who were unlettered men and weary of the whole debate, to command the book to be burned, and the author to be punished by seclusion in a monastery for his intolerable presumption in writing and lecturing on such subjects without the authority of the Pope and of the church. This was a simple and summary proceeding. Abélard was compelled to throw his book into the fire with his own hands, and, weeping at the loss of his labors, to recite aloud the Athanasian creed. He was then sent, as to a prison, to the convent of St. Médard, but before long was permitted to return to his cell at St. Denys.

His imprudent passion for truth plunged him in a new calamity. He ventured to question, from a passage in Bede, whether the patron saint of the abbey was indeed the Dionysius of St. Paul, the famous Areopagite. The monks had hardly endured his remonstrances against their dissolute lives ; when he questioned the authenticity of their saint, their fury knew no bounds. They declared that Bede was an incorrigible liar, Abélard a sacrilegious heretic : their founder had traveled in Greece, and brought home irrefragable proofs that their St. Denys was the convert of St. Paul. It was not the honor of the monastery alone which was now at stake, but that of the whole realm. Abélard was denounced as guilty of treasonable impiety against France by thus deposing her great tutelar saint. The vengeance of the king was invoked against him. Abélard

fled; both he and the prior of a monastery near Troyes, who was so rash as to be one of his believers, were threatened with excommunication. The blow so shocked the abbot of St. Denys (he was said indeed to have broken his constitution by intemperance) that he died, and thus relieved Abélard from one of his most obstinate and bitter enemies. The court was appeased, and through the royal interest Abélard was permitted to withdraw to a more peaceful solitude.

After some delay Abélard availed himself of the royal permission; he found a wild retreat, near the small river Ardrissan, not far from Troyes. There, like the hermits of old, he built his solitary cabin of osiers and of thatch. But the sanctity of Antony or of Benedict, or of the recent founder of the Cistercian order, was not more attractive than the cell of the philosopher. Abélard, thus degraded in the eyes of men and in his own estimation by his immorality and by its punishment, branded with the suspicion of heresy by a council of the church, with a reputation for arrogance and an intractable temper, which brought discord wherever he went, an outcast of society rather than a world-wearied anchorite, had nevertheless lost none of his influence. The desert was peopled around him by his admiring scholars; they left the castle and the city to dwell in the wilderness; for their lofty palaces they built lowly hovels; for their delicate viands they fed on bread and wild herbs; instead of soft beds they reposed contentedly on straw and chaff. Abélard proudly adapted to himself the words of Scripture, "Behold, the whole world is gone after him; by our persecution we have prevailed nothing, we have but increased his glory." A monastery arose, which had hardly space in its cells for the crowding votaries; Abélard called it by the name of the Paraclete — a name which, for its novelty and seeming presumption, gave new offense to his multiplying enemies.

But it was not the personal hatred alone which Abélard had excited by his haughty tone and vituperative language, or even by his daring criticism of old legends. His whole system of teaching, the foundation and discipline and studies in the Paraclete, could not but be looked upon with alarm and suspicion. This new philosophic community, a community at least bound together by no religious vow and governed by no rigid monastic rules, — in which the profoundest and most awful mysteries of religion were freely discussed, in which the exercises were those of the school rather than of the cloister, and

dialectic disputations rather than gloomy ascetic practices the occupation,—awoke the vigilant jealousy of the two great reformers of the age, Norbert, the archbishop of Magdeburg, whose great achievement had been the subjection of the regular canons to a severer rule, and Bernard, whose abbey of Clairvaux was the model of the most rigorous, most profoundly religious, monastic life. The founder of the Paraclete was at least a formidable rival, if not a dangerous antagonist. Abélard afterwards scornfully designated these two adversaries as the new apostles; but they were the apostles of the ancient established faith, himself that of the new school—the heresy, not less fearful because undefinable, of free inquiry. There was as yet no declaration of war, no direct accusation, no summons to answer specific charges before council or legate; but that worse hostility of secret murmurs, of vague suspicions spread throughout Christendom, of solemn warnings, of suggested fears. Abélard, in all his pride, felt that he stood alone, an object of universal suspicion; he could not defend himself against this unseen, unaggressive warfare; he was as a man reported to be smitten with the plague, from whom the sound and healthy shrunk with an instinctive dread, and who had no power of forcing an examination of his case. His overweening haughtiness broke down into overweening dejection. He was so miserable that in his despair he thought seriously of taking refuge beyond the borders of Christendom, of seeking elsewhere that quiet which was refused him by Christian hostility, to live as a Christian among the declared foes of Christianity.

Whether from personal respect, or the national pride of the Bretons in their distinguished countryman, he was offered the dignity of abbot in a monastery on the coast of Brittany in Morbihan, that of St. Gildas de Rhuys. It was a bleak and desolate region, the monks as rude and savage as the people; even the language was unknown to Abélard. There, on the very verge of the world, on the shores of the ocean, Abélard sought in vain for quiet. The monks were as lawless in life as in manners; there was no common fund, yet Abélard was expected to maintain the buildings and religious services of the community. Each monk spent his private property on his wife or his concubine. Abélard, always in extremes, endeavored to submit this rugged brotherhood to the discipline of a Norbert or a Bernard; but rigor in an abbot who knows not how to rouse religious enthusiasm is resented as tyranny.

Among the wild monks of St. Gildas the life of Abélard was in constant peril. From their obtuse and ignorant minds his wonderful gifts and acquirements commanded no awe; they were utterly ignorant of his learned language; they hated his strictness and even his piety. Violence threatened him without the walls, treachery within. They tried to poison him; they even drugged the cup of the Holy Eucharist. A monk who had tasted food intended for him died in agony. The abbot extorted oaths of obedience, he excommunicated, he tried to the utmost the authority of his office. He was obliged at length to take refuge in a cell remote from the monastery with a very few of the better monks; there he was watched by robbers hired to kill him.

The deserted Paraclete in the meantime had been reoccupied by far different guests. Heloisa had lived in blameless dignity as the prioress of Argenteuil. The rapacious monks of St. Denys, to whom Argenteuil belonged, expelled the nuns and resumed the property of the convent. The Paraclete, abandoned by Abélard's scholars, and falling into decay, offered to Heloisa an honorable retreat with her sisters: she took possession of the vacant cells. A correspondence began with the abbot of St. Gildas. Abélard's history of his calamities—that most naked and unscrupulous autobiography—reawakened the soft but melancholy reminiscences of the abbess of the Paraclete. Those famous letters were written, in which Heloisa dwells with such touching and passionate truth on her yet unextinguished affection. Age, sorrow, his great calamity, his persecutions, his exclusive intellectual studies, perhaps some real religious remorse, have frozen the springs of Abélard's love, if his passion may be dignified with that holy name. In him all is cold, selfish, almost coarse: in Heloisa the tenderness of the woman is chastened by the piety of the saint; much is still warm, almost passionate, but with a deep sadness in which womanly, amorous regret is strangely mingled with the strongest language of religion.

The monastery of St. Gildas seemed at length to have been reduced to order; but when peace surrounded Abélard, Abélard could not be at peace. He is again before the world, again in the world; again committed, and now in fatal strife with his great and unforgiving adversary. His writings had now obtained popularity, as widespread and perilous as his lectures and his disputations. Abélard, it might seem, in desperation,

provoked the contest with that adversary in his stronghold. He challenged Bernard before kings and prelates whom Bernard ruled with irresistible sway ; he entered the lists against authority where authority was supreme—in a great council. At issue with the deep devotional spirit of the age, he chose his time when all minds were excited by the most solemn action of devotion—the Crusade : he appealed to reason when reason was least likely to be heard.

A council had been summoned at Sens (1140) for a religious ceremony which more than all others roused the passions of local and national devotion—the translation of the body of the patron saint. The king, Louis VII., the counts of Nevers and Champagne, a train of nobles, and all the prelates of the realm were to be present. Before this audience Abélard dared his adversary to make good his charges of heresy, by which it was notorious that Bernard and his monks had branded his writings. Yet so great was the estimation of Abélard's powers that Bernard at first shrunk from the contest. "How should an unpracticed stripling like himself, unversed in logic, meet the giant who was practiced in every kind of debate?" He consented at length to appear, not as the accuser, only as a witness against Abélard. But already he had endeavored to influence the court : he had written to the bishops of France about to assemble at Sens rebuking their remissness, by which this wood of heresies, this harvest of errors, had been allowed to grow up around the spouse of Christ.

The words of Abélard cannot be cited to show his estimation of Bernard. Outwardly he had even shown respect to Bernard. On a visit of friendly courtesy to the neighboring abbot of the Paraclete, a slight variation in the service had offended Bernard's rigid sense of ecclesiastical unity : Abélard, with temper but with firmness, defended the change. But the quiet and bitter irony of his disciple [Berengar], who described the contest, may be accepted as an unquestionable testimony to the way of speaking in his esoteric circle and among his intimate pupils, of the even now almost canonized saint.

[Berengar sneers at Bernard's repute for working miracles, as though the world and heaven moved only at his command.]

With these antagonistic feelings, and this disparaging estimate each of the other, met the two great champions. In Bernard the Past and the Present concentrated all their powers and

influences, the whole strength of the sacerdotal, ceremonial, inflexibly dogmatic, imaginative religion of centuries — the profound and submissive faith, the monastic austerity, the cowering superstition; he was the spiritual dictator of the age, above kings, prelates, even above the pope; he was the model of holiness, the worker of perpetual wonders. Abélard cannot be accepted as a prophetic type of the future. Free inquiry could only emancipate itself at a much later period by allying itself with a strong counter-religious passion; it must oppose the strength of individual Christianity to the despotism of ecclesiastical religion. Abélard's religion (it were most unjust to question his religion) was but a colder form of the dominant faith; he was a monk, though against his own temperament and tone of feeling. But Abélard was pure intellect, utterly unimaginative, logical to the most naked precision, analytical to the minutest subtilty; even his devotion had no warmth; he ruled the mind, but touched no heart. At best, therefore, he was the object of wonder; Bernard the object of admiration, reverence, love, almost of adoration.

The second day of the council (the first had been devoted to the solemn translation of the relics) was appointed for this grand theological tournament. Not only the king, the nobles, the prelates of France, but all Christendom watched in anxious solicitude the issue of the conflict. Yet even before a tribunal so favorable, so preoccupied by his own burning words, Bernard was awed into calmness and moderation. He demanded only that the most obnoxious passages should be read from Abélard's works. It was to his amazement, no less than that of the whole council, when Abélard, instead of putting forth his whole strength in a reply, answered only, "I appeal to Rome," and left the hall of council. It is said, to explain this unexpected abandonment of the field by the bold challenger, that he was in danger of his life. At Sens, as before at Soissons, the populace were so exasperated at the daring heretic, who was reported to have impeached the doctrine of the Trinity, that they were ready to rise against him. Bernard himself would hardly have interfered to save him from that summary refutation; and Abélard, in the confidence of his own power and fame as a disputant, might perhaps expect Bernard to decline his challenge. He may have almost forgotten the fatal issue of the council of Soissons; at a distance, in his retreat in Brittany, such a tribunal might appear less awful than when he saw it in undisguised

and unappeased hostility before him. The council may have been disappointed at this sudden close of the spectacle which they were assembled to behold; but they were relieved from the necessity of judging between the conflicting parties.

The report of the council to Rome is in such terms as these: "Peter Abélard makes void the whole Christian faith by attempting to comprehend the nature of God through human reason; . . . the searcher of the Divine Majesty, the fabricator of heresy. Already has his book on the Trinity been burned by order of one council; it has now risen from the dead. His branches spread over the whole earth; he boasts that he has disciples in Rome itself, even in the college of Cardinals; he draws the whole world after him; it is time therefore to silence him by apostolic authority."

[Pope Innocent II. sentenced Abélard to silence, excommunicated his disciples, and reprov'd public disputation on the mysteries of the Trinity. The sentence was delivered before Abélard could reach Rome. But it could not have been different. Abélard, like many moderns, kept a religion and a philosophy which absolutely nullified each other, in water-tight compartments.]

Abélard had set out on his journey to Rome; he was stopped by severe illness, and found hospitable reception in the Abbey of Clugny. Peter the Venerable, the abbot of that famous monastery, did more than protect the outcast to the close of his life. He had himself gone through the ordeal of a controversy with the fervent Bernard, though their controversy had been conducted in a milder and more Christian spirit. Yet the abbot of the more luxurious or more polished Clugny might not be sorry to show a gentleness and compassion ungenial to the more austere Clairvaux. He even wrought an outward reconciliation between the persecuted Abélard and the victorious Bernard. It was but an outward, a hollow reconciliation. Abélard published an apology, if apology it might be called, which accused his adversary of ignorance or of malice. The apology not merely repelled the charge of Arianism, Nestorianism, but even the slightest suspicion of such doctrines, and to allay the tender anxiety of Heloisa, who still took a deep interest in his fame and happiness, he sent her his creed, which might have satisfied the most austere orthodoxy.

Even in the highest quarters, among the most distinguished prelates, there was at least strong compassion for Abélard, admiration for his abilities, perhaps secret indignation at the

hard usage he had endured. Bernard knew that no less a person than Guido di Castello, afterwards Pope Cœlestine II., a disciple of Abélard, spoke of him at least with affection. To him Bernard writes, "He would not suppose that though Guido loved the man, he could love his errors." He suggests the peril of the contagion of such doctrines, and skillfully associates the name of Abélard with the most odious heresies. When he writes of the Trinity he has the savor of Arius ; when of grace, of Pelagius ; when of the person of Christ, of Nestorius. To the Cardinal Ivo he uses still stronger words—"Though a Baptist without in his austerities, he is a Herod within."

Still, for the last two years of his life, Abélard found peace, honor, seclusion, in the Abbey of Clugny. He died at the age of sixty-three : Peter the Venerable communicated the tidings of his death to the still faithful Heloisa. His language may be contrasted with that of St. Bernard. "I never saw his equal for humility of manners and habits. St. Germanus was not more modest ; nor St. Martin more poor. He allowed no moment to escape unoccupied by prayer, reading, writing, or dictation. The heavenly visitor surprised him in the midst of these holy works." The remains of Abélard were transported to the Paraclete ; an absolution obtained by Peter was deposited in his tomb ; for twenty-one years the abbess of the Paraclete mourned over her teacher, her lover, her husband ; and then reposed by his side.

III. FROM THE FIRST TWO LETTERS BETWEEN HÉLOÏSE AND ABÉLARD.

Héloïse to Abélard.

YOUR "Letter to a Friend" for consolation, belovedest, some one lately brought by chance to me. Instantly judging it from the superscription to be yours, I seized it to read as eagerly as I cherish the writer dearly ; that him whose reality I have lost, I might recover in a sort of image by words at least. Those of that letter, I do not forget, were nearly all full of gall and wormwood ; that is, they told the miserable story of our intercourse, and above all of your incessant afflictions.

You fulfilled with truth in that Letter what you promised the friend at the beginning of it ; namely, that in comparison with yours he should rate his own woes nothing or trifles. Notably where you turned the pen to setting forth the persecu-

tions of your former teachers against you, then the outrage of supreme treachery on your body, as also the accursed envy and fierce hostility of your fellow-pupils, Alberich of Rheims and Lotulf of Lombardy; by whose promptings, what was done to that glorious work your Theology, and what to yourself as if condemned to prison, you did not pass over. Then you went on to the intriguing of your abbey and its false brethren, and the slanders, so perilous to you, of those two pseudo-Apostles [Norbert and Bernard] moved by acknowledged rivalry, also the scandal roused in so many by the name Paraclete given against usage to the Oratory; finally, with those unbearable and still continuing persecutions of your life, namely, by that merciless rack-renter, and the villains you call sons, monks for gain, you crown the deplorable history.

That nobody could either read or hear these things with dry eyes, you must believe; they renew my sorrows by as much as they so carefully describe the items, and increase them the more that you tell how perils still thicken against you; so that all of us alike are forced to despair of your life, and every day our trembling hearts and palpitating bosoms give birth to the wildest rumors of your murder.

By Him therefore, Christ, who has thus far protected you in all ways, we pray you deign in your shipwreck to reassure us, as his handmaids and yours, with frequent letters on these things about which you still feel anxious, that at least you may have us, who alone remain to you, as sharers in grief or joy. For those who grieve with the grieving usually afford some consolation, and whatever burden is loaded on many is borne more lightly or left behind; while if this storm quiets down the least bit, by so much as the letters are hastened will they be the more joyful. But whatever you write us of, you will confer not a little relief; this alone is enough, that you will show you remember us.

How joyful indeed are the letters of absent friends, Seneca himself teaches us by his own example, writing thus from somewhere to his friend Lucilius: "That you write often to me, I give thanks. For by that means alone can you show yourself to me. Never do I receive a letter of yours but instantly we are one." If the images of absent friends are joyful to us when they revive memory, and soothe the craving of absence with delusive and empty solace, how much more joyful are letters which bring true tokens of an absent friend! But

thank God, as to these at least, no envy shall anywise forbid restoring your presence to us, no obstacle shall hinder it, no neglect (I pray) shall retard it.

You have written your friend the consolation of a lengthy letter — for his mishaps, it is true, but about your own; in the zealous recounting of which, while you strive for his consolation you have added greatly to our desolation, and while you wish to doctor his wounds you have inflicted some new wounds of sorrow on us, and aggravated the old ones. Heal, I pray, those you have made yourself, you who are occupied in curing those made by others. You have indeed acted the part of a friend and companion, and paid the debt of friendship as well as companionship; but you have tied yourself by a heavier obligation to us, whom it is agreed to call not so much friends as dearest friends, not so much companions as daughters, or whatever sweeter and holier can be thought of.

But by how great an obligation you have bound yourself to these women does not lack for arguments or witnesses, that a doubt if any may be settled; and if all were silent, the fact itself would cry out. Why, after God you are the sole founder of this place, the sole architect of the Oratory, the sole builder of the congregation. You have built nothing here upon another's groundwork. Everything that is here is your creation. This solitude, vacant save for wild beasts and robbers, knew no residence of men, possessed no house. In these lairs of wild animals, in these hiding places of brigands, where God was never wont to be named, you have erected a divine tabernacle, and dedicated a fitting temple to the Holy Spirit. You have brought nothing to the building of this from the wealth of kings or princes — though you influence many and the greatest — that whatever was done might be credited to you alone. Clerics or scholars, emulously streaming hither to your teachings, furnished everything needful; and those who lived by church benefices did not know how to make offerings but only to receive, and those with hands out for taking had none for giving; in the making of offerings here, spendthrifts and beggars were made.

Yours therefore, truly your own is this novel plantation for a sacred use; great, yet still thick with tender plants, for whom watering is needed that they may flourish. This plantation is feeble enough from the very nature of the female sex; it is weak even though it is not new. Hence it needs the more

thorough and frequent culture, like that of the Apostle: "I have planted, Apollos has watered, but God gives the increase." The Apostle had planted and founded, with faith in prophecy, his doctrine among the Corinthians to whom he wrote. The disciple Apollos had watered them after the manner of the Apostle himself, with holy exhortations, and thus increase of righteousness was bountifully given them by divine grace. A vineyard of others' vines which you did not plant, turned to you in bitterness, you cultivate often by fruitless admonitions and vainly by holy discourses. Attend to what you owe your own, you who thus spend care on outsiders. You teach and admonish the unruly, and make no progress. Vainly before the swine do you strew the pearls of godly eloquence. You who spend so much on the obstinate, consider what you owe the obedient. You who lavish so much on your enemies, reflect on what you owe your daughters. And leaving out everything else, think by how great an obligation you have bound yourself to me; that what you owe to devoted women in common, you may pay to the one still more devoted to you alone.

How many and what treatises on doctrine, or of exhortation, or even of consolation, the Holy Fathers have composed for holy women, and how zealously, your grandeur knows better than my littleness. Hence your forgetfulness just now arouses no slight wonder in the feeble beginnings of our conversion [to a religious life] that neither from reverence to God nor love to us, nor admonished by the examples of the Holy Fathers, have you tried to console me, wavering and every day overcome by sorrow, either by conversation in presence or a letter in absence; me, to whom you know yourself bound by so much greater obligation, as it is confessed that you are joined to me by the contract of a nuptial sacrament; and the more beholden to me in that, since it is notorious that I have encircled you with a measureless love.

You know, dearest, everybody knows, how much I have given up for you; and that by a pitiful chance, that supreme and universally notorious treachery has robbed me of myself as well as you, and that my sorrow is incomparably greater for the manner of the losing than for the loss. But the greater the cause of grief, the greater the remedy to be administered for cheer. Anyway, it must come not from another but from yourself; for you who alone are the cause of grieving, must be alone in the grace of consoling. Why, you are the only one

who can sadden me, who can gladden me, or have power to comfort me. And you alone are the one who chiefly owes it to me; and now most of all, when I have fulfilled all your orders so utterly that I cannot take offense at you in anything, and at your command I could bear to destroy myself. And what is more, and wonderful to be told, my love has turned to such insanity that what alone it desires, that it deprives itself of without hope of recovery; for at your behest I instantly transformed not only my garb but my spirit, that I might show you that you were the owner both of my body and my soul.

Nothing whatever, God knows, have I asked of you but yourself; you pure and simple, not desiring anything you had. I expected no contract of marriage, no dower, not even to study my own pleasures or will, but yours, as you know. And if the name "wife" seems holier and more secure, the term "friend" [*amica*] always appeared sweeter to me; or if you would not think scorn, "concubine" or "harlot": in order that the more deeply I humiliated myself before you, the more favor I should obtain with you, and also the less I should injure your glory.

And you too, by your leave, had by no means forgotten this, in that Letter to a Friend sent for his consolation, which I have recalled above; in which you have not disdained to set forth some of the reasons with which I tried to turn you back from our ill-starred nuptials; but you are silent on most of those for which I preferred love to wifehood, liberty to fetters. I call God to witness that if Augustus, ruling over the whole world, should think me worthy of marriage, and would settle the entire globe on me to rule forever, it would seem dearer and worthier to me to be called your kept mistress than his empress. For not because one is richer or more powerful is he therefore better: the one is from fortune, the other of virtue. . . .

But what error imparted to others, obvious truth imparted to me, — since what they rated their husbands at, I, the whole world, not so much believed as knew to be true of you; so that the more truly my love was upon you, the further was it from error. Who among kings or philosophers could equal your fame? What district, city, or hamlet was not on fire to see you? Who, I ask, if you were walking in public, did not hasten to gaze on you; if you were departing, did not follow you with uplifted neck and straining eyes? What matron, what virgin,

did not long for you when absent and burn for you when present? What queen or the greatest lady did not envy me my joys and my nuptial beds?

Two gifts, I own, were especially yours, with which you could instantly lure the hearts of whatever women you liked; namely, charm of language and of singing, with which we know other philosophers are very little endowed. By these, as if mere sport to refresh you from the labor of philosophic exercise, you left many songs composed in amatory meter and rhythm; which being often repeated, from their exceeding grace both of words and music, kept your name constantly in everybody's mouth, insomuch that the sweetness of your melody prevented even the illiterate from forgetting you. And hence, chiefly, women sighed for love of you. And since most of those carols sung our love, in a little while they made me known through many lands, and kindled the envy of many women against me.

What quality of mind or person, indeed, did not adorn your youth? Who of the then envious ones would not my calamity now force to pity me, robbed of so many delights? What former enemy, man or woman, would not the compassion owed me soften now?

And though most harmful to you, I am (as you know) most innocent. For the result is no part of the crime. Equity weighs not what things are done, but in what spirit they are done. But what spirit I have always had toward you, you alone, who have experienced it, can judge. I commit everything to your search, I yield in all things to your testimony.

Tell me one thing if you can, why since our conversion [to a religious life], which you alone decreed should take place, I have fallen into such neglect and forgetfulness from you that I may neither be refreshed with conversation when present nor consoled with a letter when absent. Tell me, I say, if you can, or I must tell you what I think, or rather what everybody suspects. Desire rather than friendship made you my companion, the ardor of passion rather than love; so that when what you longed for came to an end, all you had displayed for its sake vanished likewise.

This, best beloved, is not so much my guess as that of everybody else, not so much special as general, not so much private as public. Would that to me alone it seemed so, and that in excuse for it your love could invent something else

through which my grief might calm down ever so little. Would that I could feign circumstances in which, while excusing you, I could by any means hide usefulness to myself.

Pay attention, do, to the things I ask; and they ought to seem small and very easy for you. While I am cheated of your presence, do at least by votive offerings of words, of which you have plenty, make the sweetness of your image present to me. It is useless to expect you to be generous in real things if I have to endure miserliness in words. Truly I believed myself to have earned a great deal from you now, when I had accomplished everything for your sake, and still persevered to the utmost in obedience to you; for indeed it was not devotion to religion that dragged me, a young girl, to the harshness of monastic intercourse, but merely your command. If I am earning nothing from you by it, how vainly I am laboring! Judge. No wages for me beyond this are to be expected from God, for whose love as yet I have certainly done nothing. You hastening to God I have followed in garb — nay, rather, have gone before; for as if mindful of Lot's wife having turned back, you deeded me to God by the sacred vestments and the monastic profession before yourself. For this, I own, I bitterly grieved and blushed, solely that I must feel less sure of you; for I, God knows, would not hesitate in the least to precede or follow you rushing into a volcano. For my spirit was not with me, but with you. And now more than ever, if it is not with you it is nowhere. Indeed, to exist without you is nowise possible. But that it may be well with you, attend, I pray. Well indeed it might be with you if you were found well-disposed, if you would return grace for grace, small things for great, words for deeds. Would, beloved, that your love relied less on me, that it was more anxious! But because I make you so amply secure, I have to bear neglect. Remember, pray, the things I have done, and take heed how much you owe.

While I enjoyed the old delights with you, many thought it doubtful whether I was actuated by love or baser passion; but now the end shows from what beginning I started. I have definitely interdicted myself from pleasures, that I might obey your will. I have reserved nothing to myself, save thus now to become particularly yours. Weigh well, then, how great is your sin, if the much deserving you requite with little, or

rather at most nothing; especially when it is little you are asked for, and that the easiest for you.

By that God, therefore, to whom you have offered yourself up, I pray that in whatever mode you are able you will restore me your presence; I mean, some comfort to me by correspondence — at least that made, so that thus refreshed I may apply myself more cheerfully to divine obedience. When you formerly sought me for worldly pleasures, you visited me with thick-coming letters, and by frequent songs you put your Héloïse in the mouths of all. Every street and every house resounded with me. How much more righteously should you now urge me on to God than then to pleasure! Think well, I beg, on what you owe; attend to what I ask; and I end a long letter with a short close — Farewell, darling.

ABÉLARD'S ANSWER TO THE PRECEDING.

To Héloïse, his best beloved sister in Christ, Abélard her brother in him.

THAT since our conversion from the world to God, I have never written you aught of comfort or encouragement, is to be imputed not to my neglect but to your good sense, in which I always fully confide. I had not supposed that she to whom divine grace had abundantly imparted all that is necessary stood in need of them, since both by words and examples you can teach the erring, cheer the timid, stimulate the lukewarm.

You were wont to do precisely that long ago, when you held the priorate under the abbess; and if you provide with as much care for your daughters now as your sisters then, I believe it to be enough, and pronounce my instruction or exhortation wholly superfluous. But if to your humility it seems otherwise, and even in the things which pertain to God you need my tutorship and written discourse, write me which that I may reply to you as God shall point the way.

But thank God — who, inspiring in your heart's solicitude for my very dangerous and constant perils, has made you sharers in my affection — that by assent to your prayers the divine pity protects me, and swiftly bruises Satan under our feet. As to this psalter, particularly, which you urgently ask me for [probably by the messenger who carried the letter],

sister once dear in the world, now dearest in Christ, I have hastened to send it. On it, for our great and many transgressions, and the imminence of my daily perils, you will offer a sacrifice of prayers to the everlasting God.

How great a place indeed with God and his saints the prayers of the faithful hold, and most of all those of women for their dear ones and of wives for their husbands, many witnesses and examples occur to us. Carefully heeding them, the Apostle admonishes us to pray without intermission. It is written that God said to Moses, "Let me alone, that my wrath may be kindled." And Jeremiah, "Verily, he saith, do not thou pray for this people, and do not withstand me." By which words God himself plainly promises that the prayers of saints as it were shall cast a sort of bridle on his anger, in order that even he may be coerced, that he may not rage against sinners as much as their blame requires. So that He whom justice spontaneously prompts to vengeance, the supplication of friends may bend, and as if reluctant, hold him back as by force. . . .

It is written elsewhere concerning the entire works of God, "He said and they were made." But in this very place it is recalled that he pronounced what affliction the people deserved, and, prevented by virtue of prayer, did not fulfill what he had threatened. Give heed therefore how great is the virtue of prayer, if we pray as we are commanded; when that which God forbade the prophet to pray for, yet by praying he obtained, and, turned Him aside from what he had said. Another prophet said to Him also, "When thou art angry, thou shalt remember mercy."

Let earthly princes hear this and attend, who on occasion of enacted and proclaimed laws are found more obstinate than righteous, and blush to seem remiss if they become merciful, and liars if they change their proclamation or do not carry out what they have incautiously decreed, though they amend words with deeds. I might have said that these indeed are rightly to be compared with Jephtha, who, what he had foolishly vowed more foolishly fulfilling, slew his own darling. . . .

Would that these things might encourage you and your convent of holy sisters more confidently to prayer, that for your sakes He through whom, Paul being witness, women have obtained back even their dead by resurrection, may preserve me alive. . . .

But let me leave out your convent, in which the devotion of many virgins and widows is perpetually offered up to God; to you alone let me come, whose holiness toward God I doubt not can do a great deal, and who particularly ought to do what you can for me, struggling in the crisis of such extreme adversity. Remember therefore always in your prayers him who is specially yours. . . .

You know, best beloved, how great a sense that my presence was dear to them your convent used formerly to display in prayer. Indeed, they were wont to fill out each hour of the day with a special supplication to God for me, sung responsively [concluding with this prayer]: "O God, who by thy servant hast deigned to assemble thy handmaids in thy name, we beseech thee that thou wilt protect him from all misfortune, and restore him unscathed to thy handmaids."

But if the Lord shall deliver me into the hands of my enemies, so that they shall prevail to slay me, or by any chance I may go the way of all flesh while absent from you, I pray that my body, wherever it may lie, either buried or exposed, may be brought back to your cemetery; where my daughters, or rather sisters in Christ, continually viewing my sepulcher, may be incited still further to pour out prayers for me to God. I judge no place safer or wholesomer for the grieving soul, forsaken in the wilderness of its sins, than that which is fitly consecrated to the Paraclete,—that is to say, the Comforter,—and specially designated by his name. Nor do I deem there is any place among the faithful where Christian burial can more appropriately take place than among devoted women. . . .

This finally I ask above everything, that whereas you now suffer anxiety over the peril of my body, you will then be equally solicitous for the welfare of my soul, displaying as much love for the dead as you have for the living, by special orders of prayer and fitting personal witness. Long life, farewell; long life and farewell to your sisters also. Long life, but I pray you to remember me in Christ.

THE LITTLE FLOWERS OF SAINT FRANCIS OF ASSISI.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN BY ABBY LANGDON ALGER.¹

[St. FRANCIS, founder of the Franciscan order, was born at Assisi, Italy, in 1182; son of a trader who dreamed of a high court career for the merry, refined, quick-witted youth, who studied little, dressed much, and won the love of all. But a sickness at twenty-five changed the whole current of Francis' ideals; he aspired to a life of self-sacrifice, sought out not only the poor and sick but lepers to care for, made a pilgrimage to Rome and threw all he had on the altar of St. Peter's, and joined a troop of beggars, giving in alms all he obtained. After a violent break with his father, from whom he took property without warrant to rebuild a ruined church, he founded, about 1208 or 1209, the famous mendicant order to revive the life which Christ enjoined on his disciples; the parallel sisterhood of poor Claras; and a third order, Tertiaries, or Brethren of Penitence, for those without vocation to an exclusively religious life. He traveled far and wide—to Spain, the Turkish dominions, and the Holy Land—preaching the gospel of poverty, and died, worn out, in 1226. The leading trait of his character was his passionate love for all earthly things, animals as well as human beings; he called the animals his brothers, and the stories of his magic power over them are doubtless based on truth.]

How Saint Francis received the Advice of Saint Clara and of Holy Brother Sylvester, that he should go forth and preach, converting the People; and he created the Third Order and preached to the Birds and silenced the young Swallows.

THAT humble servant of Jesus Christ, Saint Francis, shortly after his conversion, having already gathered together many companions and received them into the Order, fell into deep thought and into grave doubt as to what he should do,—whether he should devote himself wholly to prayer, or whether indeed he should sometimes preach; and on this subject he greatly desired to know the will of God. And forasmuch as the Saintly Humility which was in him would not let him trust to himself or to his own prayers alone, he strove to seek out the Divine will through the prayers of others; hence he called Brother Maximus, and spake to him thus: “Go to Sister Clara and tell her from me that she, with certain of her most spiritual companions, shall pray devoutly to God that it may please Him to reveal to me whether it is better that I should devote myself to preaching, or merely to prayer. And then go to Brother Sylvester and say the same words.” This was that

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same Master Sylvester who had seen a golden cross come forth from the mouth of Saint Francis, which was as high as the heavens and as broad as the confines of the globe. And such were the devotion and the sanctity of this same Brother Sylvester, that whatsoever he asked of God, even that same he obtained, and his prayer was granted, and many times he spake with God ; and yet Saint Francis also had great piety. Brother Maximus went forth, and according to the command of Saint Francis he fulfilled his errand first to Saint Clara and then to Brother Sylvester ; who, when he had received it, incontinently fell to praying, and praying he heard the Divine voice, and turning to Brother Maximus he said : “ Thus saith the Lord, which you shall repeat to Brother Francis, — that God did not call him unto this state for himself alone, but that he might reap a harvest of souls, and many through him shall be saved.” Having this answer, Brother Maximus returned to Saint Clara to know that which she had obtained of God. And she made answer that she and her Companions had had from God the self-same answer which Brother Sylvester had had. With this Brother Maximus returned to Saint Francis ; and Saint Francis received him with the utmost Affection, washing his feet and laying the cloth for him to dine. And after eating, Saint Francis called Brother Maximus into the thick wood ; and there he knelt before him, and drawing down his Cowl over his face, he crossed his arms and asked him, saying, “ What does my Lord and Master, Jesus Christ, command me to do ? ” Brother Maximus made answer : “ Both to Brother Sylvester and to Sister Clara, with her Sisters, Christ has replied and made manifest that it is His will that you shall go forth into the world to preach ; forasmuch as He did not call you for yourself alone, but even also for the salvation of others.” And then Saint Francis, when that he had heard this answer and learned therefrom the will of Jesus Christ, rose up with the greatest fervor, saying, “ Let us go forth in the name of God.” And he took for his Companions Brother Maximus and Brother Andrew, holy men both ; and going forth filled with the things of the Spirit, without considering their road or their way, they came to a Castle, which is called Savurniano, and Saint Francis began to preach ; and he first commanded the Swallows, which were singing, to keep silence so long as until he should have preached ; and the Swallows obeyed him ; and he preached in this place with such fervor that all the men and the women in that

Castle, from devotion, would have followed after him and forsaken the Castle; but Saint Francis forbade them, saying, "Be not in haste, and depart not, and I will order all things which you are to do for the salvation of your soul." And then he created the Third Order, for the Universal Salvation of all men; and thus leaving many consoled and well disposed to penitence, he departed from thence and came to Cannajo and Bevagno. And passing on his way with the selfsame fervor, he raised his eyes and saw certain trees by the roadside in which were an infinite multitude of birds; at which Saint Francis marveled greatly, and said to his Companions, "Await me here in the road, and I will go and preach to my Sisters the birds." And he entered the field and began to preach to the birds which were on the ground; and suddenly those which were in the trees came down to him, and as many as there were they all stood quietly until St. Francis had done preaching; and even then they did not depart until such time as he had given them his blessing; and according to the later recital of Brother Maximus to Brother James of Maffa, Saint Francis, moving among them, touched them with his cape, but not one moved. The substance of Saint Francis' sermon was this: "My Sisters the birds, ye are greatly beholden unto God your Creator, and always and in every place it is your duty to praise Him, forasmuch as He hath given you freedom to fly in every place; also hath He given you raiment twofold and threefold almost, because He preserved your Seed in the ark of Noah, that your race might never be less. Again, ye are bounden to Him for the element of the air, which He has deputed unto you; moreover, you sow not, neither do you reap, and God feeds you, and gives you the streams and fountains for your thirst; He gives you mountains and valleys for your refuge; tall trees wherein to make your nests; and inasmuch as you neither spin nor weave, God clothes you, you and your children; hence ye should love your Creator greatly, Who gives you such great benefits, and therefore beware, my Sisters, of the sin of ingratitude, and ever strive to praise God." Saint Francis saying these words to them, all those birds, as many as there were, began to ope their beaks and stretch forth their necks and spread their wings and reverently to bow their heads even to the earth, and by their acts and their songs to set forth that the Holy Father gave them the utmost delight; and Saint Francis rejoiced with them, pleased and marveling much to see so vast a multitude of birds,

and their most beautiful variety, their attention and familiarity; for the which things in them he devoutly praised the Creator. Finally, his preaching ended, Saint Francis made them the sign of the Cross and gave them leave to depart; and then all those birds rose into the air with wondrous songs; and then, according to the Cross which Saint Francis had made them, they divided into four parts; and the one part flew towards the east, and the other towards the west, and the one part towards the south, and the other towards the north, and each band went away singing marvelous songs; signifying by this how that Saint Francis, the Ensign of the Cross of Christ, had come to preach to them, and had made the sign of the Cross over them, according to which they had scattered to the four quarters of the globe. Thus the preaching of the Cross of Christ renewed by Saint Francis was by him and his Brethren borne throughout the whole world; which Brethren, even as the birds, possessed nothing of this world's goods, but committed their life to the sole and only providence of God.

Of the Most Holy Miracle, which Saint Francis performed, when he converted the very fierce Wolf at Gubbio.

In the days when Saint Francis dwelt in the city of Gubbio, there appeared in that region a very great, terrible, and fierce Wolf, the which not only devoured animals, but even also men; insomuch that all the citizens of that place stood in great dread of him; forasmuch as many times he came very near to the town; and nevertheless none who chanced to meet with him alone could in any wise defend himself against him. And so great was the fear of this Wolf, that none ventured forth into the country. Wherefore Saint Francis, having compassion upon the men of that land, desired to go forth unto this Wolf, — albeit the citizens, every man among them, counseled him against it, — and making the sign of the Most Holy Cross, he set forth into the country round about, he with his companions, putting all his trust in God. And the others doubting whether they should go farther, Saint Francis took his way towards the place where the Wolf lay. And lo, seeing so many citizens, who had come forth to see such a miracle, the said Wolf came out to meet Saint Francis with open mouth; and drawing near to him, Saint Francis made the sign of the Most Holy Cross, and called unto him, saying: “Come hither, Brother Wolf; I command

you in the name of Christ Jesus, that you do no manner of evil either to me or any other man." Wonderful to relate! Immediately that Saint Francis made the sign of the Cross, the terrible Wolf closed his jaws and gave over running; and hearing this command, he came meekly as any lamb, and laid himself down at the feet of Saint Francis. And thereupon Saint Francis addressed him in these words, saying: "Brother Wolf, you do much harm in these parts, and you have done great evil, killing and devouring God's creatures without His sovereign leave. And not only have you killed and devoured beasts, but you have dared to kill men, made in the image of God; for the which thing you are worthy of the gallows, like any thief and villainous murderer; and all the people cry out and murmur against you, and all the land is hostile unto you. But I desire, Brother Wolf, to make peace between you and them, so that you may offend no more, and they shall forgive you all your past offences, and neither men nor dogs shall pursue you any more." Having uttered these words, the Wolf by the motions of his body and his tail and his eyes, and by bowing his head, set forth that he accepted that which Saint Francis said, and desired to observe it. Then Saint Francis began again: "Brother Wolf, inasmuch as it pleases you to make and to keep this peace, I promise you that I will see to it that your living shall be given you continually, so long as you shall live, by the men of this country, so that you shall not suffer hunger; forasmuch as I am well aware that hunger has caused your every crime. But since I get for you this grace, I require, Brother Wolf, your promise never again to do harm to any human being, neither to any beast. Do you promise?" And the Wolf, by bowing his head, plainly gave sign that he promised. And Saint Francis said farther: "Brother Wolf, I desire you to give me some token of this your promise, although I have full faith in your loyalty." And Saint Francis stretching forth his hand, the Wolf lifted up his right paw and confidently laid it in the hand of Saint Francis, giving him this pledge of his faith, as best he could. And then Saint Francis said: "Brother Wolf, I charge you in the name of Christ Jesus that you now follow me, nothing doubting, and we will go forth and conclude this peace in God's name." And the Wolf obediently followed after him, like any lamb; so that the citizens, seeing this, marveled greatly. And suddenly the news was spread throughout all the city: so that the people, men as well as women, great as well

as small, young as well as old, flocked to the market place to behold the Wolf with Saint Francis. And all the people being gathered together, Saint Francis rose up and began to preach to them, saying among other things: "Inasmuch as for your sins, God hath permitted certain evil things and sundry pestilences; and far more dangerous as are the flames of Hell, which endure eternally for the damned, than is the wrath of the Wolf, which can but kill the body,—so much more therefore should ye fear the jaws of Hell, when the mouth of one small animal can terrify and alarm so vast a multitude! Turn then, my Beloved, unto God, and repent worthily of your sins, and God shall rid you of the Wolf in this present time, and of the fires of Hell in time to come." And having preached, Saint Francis said: "Hearken, my Brethren: Brother Wolf, who stands here before you, hath promised and given me a token of his good faith to make peace with you, and never to offend you more in anything whatsoever; and you must promise henceforth to give him daily all that is needful to him, and I will be bailman for him, that he will firmly hold to his compact of peace." Then all the people with one accord promised to feed him continually. And Saint Francis, before them all, said to the Wolf: "And you, Brother Wolf, do you promise to keep the peace with these people, and to offend no more against men, neither against beasts, nor any other creatures?" And the Wolf knelt before him, and bowed his head, and with submissive motions of body and tail and ears showed in so far as he was able, that he would keep his every promise. Saint Francis said: "Brother Wolf, I desire that even as you gave me a pledge of this your promise outside the gates, so here before all these people you shall give me a token of your good faith, and that you will not cheat me of my promise and security which I have given for you." Then the Wolf, lifting up his right paw, laid it in the hand of Saint Francis. Upon this action and upon those which had gone before, there was such rejoicing and such marveling in all the people, both at the devotion of the Saint, and at the novelty of the miracle, and at the peace with the Wolf, that all began to cry aloud unto Heaven, praising and blessing God, that had sent unto them Saint Francis, who by his great merits had freed them from the mouth of this cruel beast. And then the said Wolf lived two years in Gubbio, and entered meekly into every house, going from door to door, doing no manner of mischief to any man, and none being done to him. And he was courteously

nourished by the people; and roaming thus through the land and from house to house, never any dog barked at his coming in or at his going out. Finally, after two years, Brother Wolf died of old age; at the which the citizens mourned much, inasmuch as seeing him moving so meekly through the city, they were the more mindful of the virtue and sanctity of Saint Francis.



CANTICA: OUR LORD CHRIST: OF ORDER.

By ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI.

(Translated by D. G. Rossetti.)

SET Love in order, thou that lovest Me.
 Never was virtue out of order found;
 And though I fill thy heart desirously,
 By thine own virtue I must keep My ground:
 When to My love thou dost bring charity,
 Even she must come with order girt and gowned.
 Look how the trees are bound
 To order, bearing fruit;
 And by one thing compute,
 In all things earthly, order's grace or gain.

All earthly things I had the making of
 Were numbered and were measured then by Me;
 And each was ordered to its end by Love,
 Each kept, through order, clean for ministry.
 Charity most of all, when known enough,
 Is of her very nature orderly.
 Lo, now! what heat in thee,
 Soul, can have bred this rout?
 Thou putt'st all order out.
 Even this love's heat must be its curb and rein.

COGNITION, EXISTENCE, AND THE SOUL.

By THOMAS AQUINAS.

[**SR. THOMAS**, the most celebrated of the Church logicians, was born 1224, of the family of the counts of Aquino. Educated at the University of Naples, his love for philosophy determined him to become a monk to enjoy a life of study; his family imprisoned him to prevent it, but he escaped and entered the Dominican convent at Cologne, to attend the lectures of the famous Albertus Magnus. He would not waste time there in giving forth his own views, and was known as the "dumb ox"; but a few years later he began to lecture in Paris, and his immense knowledge of philosophy and ability in dialectic won him a great reputation. The Sorbonne assailed the mendicant orders; Thomas not only wrote a vindication of his order, but, in a debate before the Pope, got his opponents' books condemned. Called to teach in the cities of Italy, he finally settled in the convent at Naples, declining an archbishopric. He died in 1274. He was called the "Angelic Doctor," and his theological dicta were practically definitive for the Church; in modern times he is the one great philosophic authority appealed to by it, though, oddly, he disputed the Immaculate Conception. His work was to shape the scattered doctrines and precedents of the Church into a coherent system based on the logical forms of Aristotle, to combat the havoc which that logic was working with Christianity in the hands of the great Moslem philosophers. His chief production in this line was the "Summa Theologie," though his works fill many volumes.]

COGNITION.

DEMOCRITUS, and with him all the naturalistic philosophers, find the cause and means of cognition in the material atoms which, detaching themselves from objects, impinge on the senses. They do not admit that understanding differs from sensation; and as evidently cognition has for its first cause a modification of the sensory organs, they maintain that it operates through the senses. Plato, on the contrary, distinguishes between sensation and intellect; and as that which is corporeal cannot act on that which is spiritual, he accords to the latter a movement and a spontaneity of its own. The exterior impression is not the efficient cause of the thought, but rather the mediate cause by the happening of which the soul raises itself to the contemplation of eternal forms, of ideas, and produces also cognition in itself. With Democritus, Aristotle admits that the concurrence of the senses is necessary; with Plato, he distinguishes sensation from understanding, and recognizes the activity of the latter; only, according to him, impressions are made on the organ by action direct from the object, not by intermediaries and by emanation; and, further, the production

of thought does not result from the remembrance or contemplation of ideas, but from the direct activity of the understanding applied to the data of the senses. The active understanding causes the transfer from the faculty to the act, by a certain method of abstraction, of the phenomena received by the senses, and renders them intelligible, disencumbering them of the chains which matter has imposed upon them. . . .

It seems to us that Plato has wandered from the truth; for, in admitting that all knowledge reposes on the principle that likes are known by likes, he recognizes that the form of the object necessarily exists in that object after the same manner as in the thinking subject; and as the form of the thing thought is found in the understanding with the characters of universality, of immateriality, and of immobility, it must follow that it will be encountered after the same manner in the exterior object. But that is nowise necessarily true, for we see that the form is far from being the same in all sensible things: in some of them whiteness is most apparent, in others less conspicuous; in these it is mingled with sweetness, in those the latter does not exist. From this it results that the sensible form is of one fashion in the object which is exterior to the mind, and another fashion in the senses, which grasp the sensible forms apart from the matter, as the color of the gold without the gold. It must be said, then, that the mind cognizes bodies through the intellect by a cognition immaterial, universal, and necessary. . . .

If it should happen that the object of thought existed materially in the subject thinking, there would be no reason why everything material should not think: now, things which receive the matter of objects do not think at all; the planets, for example.

The more a being can be cognized immaterially, the more perfect is the manner of cognizing it. Whence the understanding, which abstracts a specie not alone from matter, but even from the material conditions which individuate it, cognizes more perfectly than the senses, which perceive the form of the cognized object without the matter, it is true, but with the material conditions. It is that which constitutes the superiority of the sight over the other senses, and that of the intellect over all the exterior senses.

WHETHER MATTER OR FORM CONSTITUTES INDIVIDUALITY.

The individual, that is, the last degree of being in the order of substances, of which the essential attributes cannot be affirmed of any other — springs from the conjunction of matter and form : now, the material form is not necessarily incommunicable ; on the contrary, it is of its nature to be capable of communication to many portions of matter, to produce individual beings. Considered in itself, taken virtually and not actually, the sensible form is something general, which is not particularized except by its union with matter : at the same time, after the birth of the individual, the form does not logically lose its universal character, for if the thought disengages it by a purely logical procedure from the individual being whose generation has absorbed it, it appears with its universality and its power of communicating itself : whence evidently it results that the form cannot be the principle of individuation. Nevertheless, by blending itself with matter, it produces the individual ; that is, a single personal being of which the attributes are incommunicable. It is necessary, then, that there should be in the second element of the generation a principle which the form does not possess ; matter must comprise the germ of individuality, in order that it may be at last the principle of individuation.

Moreover, that which proves that matter alone can be the principle of individuation, is that the individual does not exist except under conditions of time and space : at such or such a moment, in such or such a place, — that is, under the category of quantity. Now, matter does not possess being except through quantity ; not that this creates the substance of the matter, but it necessarily accompanies it, and determines it in all the points of its duration and its extension.

If it be objected that matter being naturally a general element, and common to a great number of beings under divine forms, it would not be able to furnish the principle of individuation, it must be observed that matter cannot be united to form except under a determined quantity ; that consequently in its conjunction it is always particular, and presents itself under the sole condition which permits it to receive the form destined to produce the ordained individual. Now, this condition changes the manner of existence of the matter, which is one thing under one determination and another under another.

In other words, there must be distinguished in matter its essence and its mode. The essence, common, general, universal, remains and persists under all its forms; but the mode varies, following the forms with which the matter is clothed. This is the reason why the generality of its essence does not prevent the existence of the principle of individuation; for just as the accidents are not determined by the primary matter but by the particular subject, the individual existence in action, so the substantial forms are individualized by the portion of the primary matter which is their own subject.

(Supposed objection): Since the principle of individuation is matter, the essence which is composed of matter and form is something particular and not universal; and it follows that universals cannot be defined, since the essence is the object of the definition.

(Answer): It is not matter taken unconditioned which constitutes the principle of individuation, but matter designated — that is, taken under certain dimensions. That matter plays no part in the definition of man as man, but it would play one in the definition of Socrates, if there were a definition of Socrates. In the definition of man in general, undesignated matter is taken, for in that definition we are not occupied with a particular body, but with body in general.

When form is received into matter, all its dimensions being bounded by the intellect, something becomes existent in the order of substance, and having the final completed fashion of an individual in the substance. But this does not become manifest here and now except with limited and certain dimensions, which it is necessary to have whenever the form is received into the matter; since it is impossible that it should be received into matter, except a body be constituted of substance, under whose own figure are its dimensions. And therefore is it said that matter under assigned dimensions is the cause of individuation: not that the dimensions cause the individual, since an accident cannot cause its subject, but because by certain dimensions the individual is made manifest here and now, as by characters proper to and inseparable from the individual.

The essence of compounded substances is at the same time in the form and in the matter, that of simple and spiritual substances is in the form alone; whence it follows that the

former can be at once the same in species and diverse as to number. It is not so with the latter: In them the species is identical with the individual: there are as many individuals as species.

TRUTH.

All that exists has been created for a definite end by the Almighty power of God and after the laws of His intelligence: now, that intelligence is the source and the supreme law of all truth; then all beings, by the mere fact that they exist, are true in an absolute manner.

Beyond the absolute truth which streams from the divine essence, there exists a relative truth which is grasped by the action of the understanding; the understanding consists in an entire conformity of the subject thinking and the object thought. To recognize if the conformity is exact, the reason must rise to the forms of the divine conceptions, eternal types of all things, and take for the criterion of truth the ideas which the intellect has furnished it.

THE SOUL.

Let us say that it must necessarily be admitted that the human soul, or intellectual principle, is incorruptible. All that exists, in fact, is destroyed either by an internal cause which it bears in itself, or by an accidental and exterior one. It is impossible, moreover, that what subsists by itself should be accidentally destroyed; as the human soul, for example, which lives by its own force — differently from the souls of animals. But does the soul bear in itself a germ of destruction? No-wise. It is, on the contrary, a pure form; now, form is that which gives existence. Matter is destroyed when the form abandons it, when the existence acting upon it is removed. But it cannot be thus with form: we cannot suppose the action of existence destroyed in it: then it is impossible that it should cease to be.

The senses cannot cognize except in determined time and space; while the intellect grasps being in an absolute manner and under the category of indefinite time. Every intelligent being desires to exist always; that desire cannot be vain: we must then recognize that all intelligent substances must be incorruptible and immortal,

DIES IRÆ.

(Hymn by St. Thomas of Celano, about 1290.)

DIES iræ, dies illa!
 Solvet sæclum in favilla,
 Teste David cum Sibylla.

Quantus tremor est futurus,
 Quando judex est venturus,
 Cuncta stricte discussurus.

Tuba mirum spargens sonum
 Per sepulchra regionum
 Coget omnes ante thronum.

Mors stupebit et natura,
 Cum resurget creatura,
 Judicanti responsura.

Liber scriptus proferetur
 In quo totum continetur,
 Unde mundus judicetur.

Judex ergo cum sedebit,
 Quidquid latet apparebit:
 Nil inultum remanebit.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus,
 Quem patronum rogaturus,
 Cum vix justus sit securus?

Rex tremendæ majestatis,
 Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
 Salva me, fons pietatis.

Recordare, Jesu pie,
 Quod sum causa tuæ viæ:
 Ne me perdas illa die.

Quærens me, sedisti lassus
 Redemisti, crucem passus:
 Tantis labor non sit cassus.

Juste judex ultionis,
 Donum fac remissionis
 Ante diem rationis,

Ingemisco, tanquam reus:
 Culpa rubet vultus meus:
 Supplicanti parce, Deus.

Quî Mariam absolvisti,
 Et latronem exaudisti,
 Mihi quoque spem dedisti.

Preces meæ non sunt dignæ;
 Sed tu bonus fac benigne:
 Ne perenni cremer igne.

Inter oves locum præsta,
 Et ab hædis me sequestra,
 Statuens in parte dextra.

Confutatis maledictis,
 Flammis acerbis addictis,
 Voca me cum benedictis.

Oro supplex et acclinis;
 Cor contritum quasi cinis:
 Gere curam mei finis.

Lacrymosa dies illa,
 Qua resurget ex favilla
 Judicandus homo reus:
 Huic ergo parce, Deus!

Pie Jesu, Domine,
 Dona eis requiem.
 Amen.

TRANSLATION OF REV. WILLIAM J. IRONS.

Day of wrath! O day of mourning!
 See! once more the Cross returning —
 Heaven and earth in ashes burning!

O what fear man's bosom rendeth,
 When from heaven the judge descendeth,
 On whose sentence all dependeth!

Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth,
 Through earth's sepulchres it ringeth,
 All before the Throne it bringeth.

Death is struck, and nature quaking —
 All creation is awaking,
 To its Judge an answer making !

Lo, the Book, exactly worded !
 Wherein all hath been recorded ; —
 Hence shall judgment be awarded.

When the Judge His seat attaineth,
 And each hidden deed arraigneth,
 Nothing unavenged remaineth.

What shall I, frail man, be pleading —
 Who for me be interceding —
 When the just are mercy needing ?

King of majesty tremendous,
 Who dost free salvation send us,
 Fount of pity ! then befriend us !

Think, kind Jesu ! — my salvation
 Caused thy wondrous incarnation :
 Leave me not to reprobation !

Faint and weary, thou hast sought me,
 On the Cross of suffering bought me ; —
 Shall such grace be vainly brought me ?

Righteous Judge of Retribution,
 Grant thy gift of absolution,
 Ere that reckoning-day's conclusion ; —

Guilty, now I pour my moaning,
 All my shame with anguish owning ;
 Spare, O God, thy suppliant, groaning.

Thou the sinful woman savedst —
 Thou the dying thief forgavest ;
 And to me a hope vouchsafest !

Worthless are my prayers and sighing,
 Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,
 Rescue me from fires undying !

With thy favored sheep, O place me !
 Nor among the goats abase me ;
 But to thy right hand upraise me,

While the wicked are confounded,
Doomed to flames of woe unbounded,
Call me! with thy saints surrounded.

Low I kneel, with heart-submission;
See, like ashes, my contrition —
Help me in my last condition!

Ah! that day of tears and mourning!
From the dust of earth returning
Man for judgment must prepare him:
Spare! O God, in mercy spare him!

Lord of mercy, Jesus blest,
Grant them thine eternal rest!
Amen.

VERSION BY THOMAS MACKELLAR.

Day of wrath! the day that endeth
Time, the world ablaze, impendeth!
So old prophecy portendeth.

What the trembling consternation
When the Judge of all creation
Comes for strict investigation!

Lo! the startling trumpet swelling,
Through the graves its blast impelling,
Man before the throne is knelling!

Struck aghast both Death and Nature,
When upcometh every creature
To the dreaded judicature.

Bringing forth the Book indited,
All the world's misdeeds recited
Will in judgment be requited.

When the Judge his seat assumeth,
What is hidden He untombeth;
None escape whom justice doometh.

Woe is me! what exculpation?
Who can proffer mediation,
Since the just scarce find salvation?

King of majesty astounding!
With thy grace thine own surrounding,
Save me, Fount of love abounding!

Holy Lord! recall thy yearning,
E'en when I thy ways was spurning;
Keep me on that day of burning!

Waiting, weary, me thou soughtest;
On the cross my soul thou boughtest;
Not in vain be work thou wroughtest!

Judge avenging! with contrition
I entreat thy full remission
Ere that day of inquisition!

Wailing, as one self-accusing,
Guilt my crimsoned face suffusing,
Spare me, Lord! of thy good choosing.

Mary was by thee forgiven,
And by thee the thief was shriven;
Let not hope from me be driven.

Worthless all my prayers ascending,
Yet, thy grace benign extending,
Save me from the fires unending!

With thy sheep infold me ever
At thy right hand, wandering never;
From the goats my portion sever.

When the wicked, self-confounded,
Are by angry flames surrounded,
Be my name with blessing sounded.

Prostrate, for thy mercy crying,
Heart as if in ashes lying,
Care for me when I am dying.

On that tearful day of terror,
At the fiery resurrection,
Judging man for sinful error,
God, grant this one thy protection!

O kind Jesus, Lord and Savior,
Give to them thy restful favor!
Amen.

"ART THOU WEARY?"

(By St. Stephen the Sabaite : translated by J. M. Neale.)

ART thou weary, art thou languid,
 Art thou sore distrest?
 "Come to me," saith One, "and coming,
 Be at rest."

Hath he marks to lead me to him,
 If he be my guide?
 "In his feet and hands are wound prints,
 And his side."

Hath he diadem, as monarch,
 That his brow adorns?
 "Yea, a crown, in very surety,
 But of thorns."

If I find him, if I follow,
 What his guerdon here?
 "Many a sorrow, many a labor,
 Many a tear."

If I still hold closely to him,
 What hath he at last?
 "Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
 Jordan past."

If I ask him to receive me,
 Will he say me nay?
 "Not till earth and not till heaven
 Pass away."

Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
 Is he sure to bless?
 "Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
 Answer, Yes."

THE RHYTHM OF BERNARD DE MORLAIX.

TRANSLATED BY JOHN MASON NEALE.

[JOHN MASON NEALE, an English theologian and hymnologist, was born in London, January 24, 1818; died at East Grimstead, August 6, 1886. A graduate of Trinity College, Cambridge, he took orders in the Church of England, became incumbent of Crawley, and warden of Sackville College, East Grimstead. He belonged to the most advanced section of the High Church party, and was the founder of the well-known sisterhood of St. Margaret. His works, nearly seventy in all, include: "History of the Holy Eastern Church," "Mediæval Preachers," and several collections of hymns, original and adapted, among them being the famous "Jerusalem the Golden," based on a portion of Bernard of Cluny's "De Contemptu Mundi."]

[BERNARD OF CLUNY was born of English parents at Morlaix, Brittany, about 1140. He was a monk at Cluny, and author of a poem, in three thousand lines, entitled "De Contemptu Mundi" (On the Contempt of World). Portions of the work were translated by John Mason Neale, the hymns "Jerusalem the Golden" and "The World is Very Evil" especially becoming very popular.]

THE world is very evil;
 The times are waxing late:
 Be sober and keep vigil;
 The Judge is at the gate:
 The Judge that comes in mercy,
 The Judge that comes with might,
 To terminate the evil,
 To diadem the right.
 When the just and gentle Monarch
 Shall summon from the tomb,
 Let man, the guilty, tremble,
 For Man, the God, shall doom.
 Arise, arise, good Christian,
 Let right to wrong succeed;
 Let penitential sorrow
 To heavenly gladness lead;
 To the light that hath no evening,
 That knows nor moon nor sun,
 The light so new and golden,
 The light that is but one.
 And when the Sole Begotten
 Shall render up once more
 The kingdom to the Father,
 Whose own it was before,—
 Then glory yet unheard of
 Shall shed abroad its ray,

Resolving all enigmas,
An endless Sabbath day.
Then, then from his oppressors
The Hebrew shall go free,
And celebrate in triumph
The year of Jubilee;
And the sunlit Land that reckes not
Of tempest nor of fight,
Shall fold within its bosom
Each happy Israelite:
The Home of fadeless splendor,
Of flowers that fear no thorn,
Where they shall dwell as children,
Who here as exiles mourn.
Midst power that knows no limit,
And wisdom free from bound,
The Beatific Vision
Shall glad the Saints around:
The peace of all the faithful,
The calm of all the blest,
Inviolatè, unvaried,
Divinest, sweetest, best.
Yes, peace! for war is needless,—
Yes, calm! for storm is past,—
And goal from finished labor,
And anchorage at last.
That peace — but who may claim it?
The guileless in their way,
Who keep the ranks of battle,
Who mean the thing they say:
The peace that is for heaven,
And shall be too for earth:
The palace that reëchoes
With festal song and mirth;
The garden, breathing spices,
The paradise on high;
Grace beautified to glory,
Unceasing minstrelsy.
There nothing can be feeble,
There none can ever mourn,
There nothing is divided,
There nothing can be torn:
'Tis fury, ill, and scandal,
'Tis peaceless peace below;

Peace, endless, strifeless, ageless,
The halls of Syon know.
O happy, holy portion,
Refection for the blest;
True vision of true beauty,
Sweet cure of all distrest!
Strive, man, to win that glory;
Toil, man, to gain that light;
Send hope before to grasp it,
Till hope be lost in sight:
Till Jesus gives the portion
Those blessed souls to fill,
The insatiate, yet satisfied,
The full, yet craving still.
That fullness and that craving
Alike are free from pain,
Where thou, midst heavenly citizens,
A home like theirs shall gain.
Here is the warlike trumpet;
There, life set free from sin;
When to the last Great Supper
The faithful shall come in:
When the heavenly net is laden
With fishes many and great;
So glorious in its fullness,
Yet so inviolate:
And the perfect from the shattered,
And the fallen from them that stand,
And the sheep flock from the goat herd
Shall part on either hand:
And these shall pass to torment,
And those shall pass to rest;
The new peculiar nation,
The fullness of the Blest.
Jerusalem demands them:
They paid the price on earth,
And now shall reap the harvest
In blissfulness and mirth:
The glorious holy people,
Who evermore relied
Upon their Chief and Father,
The King, the Crucified:
The sacred ransomed number
Now bright with endless sheen,

Who made the Cross their watchword
Of Jesus Nazarene:
Who, fed with heavenly nectar,
Where soul-like odors play,
Draw out the endless leisure
Of that long vernal day:
While through the sacred lilies,
And flowers on every side,
The happy dear-bought nations
Go wandering far and wide.
Their breasts are filled with gladness,
Their mouths are tuned to praise,
What time, now safe forever,
On former sins they gaze:
The fouler was the error,
The sadder was the fall,
The ampler are the praises
Of Him who pardoned all.
Their one and only anthem,
The fullness of His love,
Who gives, instead of torment,
Eternal joys above:
Instead of torment, glory;
Instead of death, that life
Wherewith your happy Country,
True Israelites! is rife.

Brief life is here our portion;
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
That life that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is There.
O happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest!
That we should look, poor wand'ers,
To have our home on high!
That worms should seek for dwellings
Beyond the starry sky!
To all one happy guerdon
Of one celestial grace;
For all, for all, who mourn their fall,
Is one eternal place:
And martyrdom hath roses

Upon that heavenly ground:
And white and virgin lilies
For virgin souls abound.
Their grief is turned to pleasure;
Such pleasure, as below
No human voice can utter,
No human heart can know.
And after fleshly scandal,
And after this world's night,
And after storm and whirlwind,
Is calm, and joy, and light.
And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown:
And now we watch and struggle,
And now we live in hope,
And Syon, in her anguish,
With Babylon must cope:
But He whom now we trust in
Shall then be seen and known,
And they that know and see Him
Shall have Him for their own.
The miserable pleasures
Of the body shall decay:
The bland and flattering struggles
Of the flesh shall pass away:
And none shall there be jealous,
And none shall there contend:
Fraud, clamor, guile — what say I?—
All ill, all ill shall end!
And there is David's Fountain,
And life in fullest glow,
And there the light is golden,
And milk and honey flow:
The light that hath no evening,
The health that hath no sore,
The life that hath no ending,
But lasteth evermore.

There Jesus shall embrace us,
There Jesus be embraced,—
That spirit's food and sunshine
Whence meaner love is chased.

Amidst the happy chorus,
A place, however low,
Shall show Him us; and showing,
Shall satiate evermo:
By hope we struggle onward,
While here we must be fed
With milk, as tender infants,
But there with Living Bread.
The night was full of terror,
The morn is bright with gladness:
The Cross becomes our harbor,
And we triumph after sadness:
And Jesus to His true ones
Brings trophies fair to see:
And Jesus shall be loved, and
Beheld in Galilee:
Beheld, when morn shall waken,
And shadows shall decay;
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day:
And every ear shall hear it;—
Behold thy King's array;
Behold thy God in beauty;
The Law hath past away!
Yes! God my King and portion,
In fullness of His grace,
We then shall see forever,
And worship face to face.
Then Jacob into Israel,
From earthlier self estranged,
And Leah into Rachel
Forever shall be changed:
Then all the halls of Syon
For aye shall be complete;
And in the Land of Beauty,
All things of beauty meet.

For thee, O dear dear Country;
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep:
The mention of Thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,

And love, and life, and rest.
O one, O only Mansion!
O Paradise of Joy!
Where tears are ever banished
And smiles have no alloy:
Beside thy living waters
All plants are, great and small,
The cedar of the forest,
The hyssop of the wall:
With jaspers glow thy bulwarks;
Thy streets with emeralds blaze;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays:
Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethysts unpriced:
Thy Saints build up its fabric,
And the corner stone is Christ.
The Cross is all thy splendor,
The Crucified thy praise:
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise:
Jesus, the Gem of Beauty;
True God and Man, they sing:
The never-failing Garden,
The ever-golden Ring;
The Door, the Pledge, the Husband,
The Guardian of His Court:
The Daystar of Salvation,
The Porter and the Port.
Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away!
Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy tower:
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower:
Thou feel'st in mystic rapture,
O Bride that know'st no guile,
The Prince's sweetest kisses,
The Prince's loveliest smile:
Unfading lilies, bracelets
Of living pearl, thine own;
The Lamb is ever near thee,

The Bridegroom thine alone:
 The Crown is He to guerdon,
 The Buckler to protect,
 And He Himself the Mansion,
 And He the Architect.
 The only art thou needest,
 Thanksgiving for thy lot:
 The only joy thou seekest,
 The Life where Death is not:
 And all thine endless leisure
 In sweetest accents sings,
 The ill that was thy merit, —
 The wealth that is thy King's!

Jerusalem the golden,
 With milk and honey blest,
 Beneath thy contemplation
 Sink heart and voice oppressed:
 I know not, O I know not,
 What social joys are there;
 What radiancy of glory,
 What light beyond compare!
 And when I fain would sing them,
 My spirit fails and faints,
 And vainly would it image
 The assembly of the Saints.
 They stand, those halls of Syon,
 Conjubilant with song,
 And bright with many an angel,
 And all the martyr throng:
 The Prince is ever in them;
 The daylight is serene;
 The pastures of the Blessed
 Are decked in glorious sheen.
 There is the Throne of David, —
 And there, from care released,
 The song of them that triumph,
 The shout of them that feast;
 And they who, with their Leader,
 Have conquered in the fight,
 Forever and forever
 Are clad in robes of white!

O holy, placid harp notes
 Of that eternal hymn!

O sacred, sweet refection,
And peace of Seraphim!
O thirst, forever ardent,
Yet evermore content!
O true, peculiar vision
Of God cunctipotent!
Ye know the many mansions
For many a glorious name,
And divers retributions
That divers merits claim:
For midst the constellations
That deck our earthly sky,
This star than that is brighter, —
And so it is on high.

Jerusalem the glorious!
The glory of the Elect!
O dear and future vision
That eager hearts expect:
Even now by faith I see thee:
Even here thy walls discern:
To thee my thoughts are kindled,
And strive and pant and yearn:
Jerusalem the only,
That look'st from heaven below,
In thee is all my glory;
In me is all my woe;
And though my body may not,
My spirit seeks thee fain,
Till flesh and earth return me
To earth and flesh again.
O none can tell thy bulwarks,
How gloriously they rise:
O none can tell thy capitals
Of beautiful device:
Thy loveliness oppresses
All human thought and heart:
And none, O peace, O Syon,
Can sing thee as thou art.
New mansion of new people,
Whom God's own love and light
Promote, increase, make holy,
Identify, unite.
Thou City of the Angels!
Thou City of the Lord!

Whose everlasting music
Is the glorious decachord!
And there the band of Prophets
United praise ascribes,
And there the twelfefold chorus
Of Israel's ransomed tribes:
The lily beds of virgins,
The roses' martyr glow,
The cohort of the Fathers
Who kept the faith below.
And there the Sole Begotten
Is Lord in regal state;
He, Judah's mystic Lion,
He, Lamb Immaculate.
O fields that know no sorrow!
O state that fears no strife!
O princely bowers! O land of flowers!
O Realm and Home of Life!

Jerusalem, exulting
On that securest shore,
I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee,
And love thee evermore!
I ask not for my merit:
I seek not to deny
My merit is destruction,
A child of wrath am I:
But yet with Faith I venture
And Hope upon my way;
For those perennial guerdons
I labor night and day.
The Best and Dearest Father
Who made me and Who saved,
Bore with me in defilement,
And from defilement laved:
When in His strength I struggle,
For very joy I leap;
When in my sin I totter,
I weep, or try to weep:
And grace, sweet grace celestial,
Shall all its love display,
And David's Royal Fountain
Purge every sin away.

O mine, my golden Syon!
O lovelier far than gold!

EASTER HYMN.

With laurel-girt battalions,
 And safe victorious fold:
 O sweet and blessed Country,
 Shall I ever see thy face?
 O sweet and blessed Country,
 Shall I ever win thy grace?
 I have the hope within me
 To comfort and to bless!
 Shall I ever win the prize itself?
 O tell me, tell me, Yes!

Exult, O dust and ashes!
 The Lord shall be thy part:
 His only, His forever,
 Thou shalt be, and thou art!
 Exult, O dust and ashes!
 The Lord shall be thy part:
 His only, His forever,
 Thou shalt be, and thou art.



EASTER HYMN.

By ADAM OF ST. VICTOR.

[Twelfth century.]

(Translation of J. M. Neale.)

HAIL the much-remembered day!
 Night from morning flies away,
 Life the chains of death hath burst:
 Gladness, welcome! grief, begone!
 Greater glory draweth on
 Than confusion at the first.
 Flies the shadowy from the true;
 Flies the ancient from the new:
 Comfort hath each tear dispersed.

Hail, our Pascha, that wast dead!
 What preceded in the Head,
 That each member hopes to gain;
 Christ our newer Pascha now,
 Late in death content to bow,
 When the spotless Lamb was slain.

Christ the prey hath here unbound
 From the foe that girt us round;
 Which in Samson's deed is found,
 When the lion he had slain:
 David, in his Father's cause,
 From the lion's hungry jaws,
 And the bear's devouring paws,
 Hath set free his flock again.

He that thousands slew by dying,
 Samson, Christ is typifying,
 Who by death o'ercame his foes:
 Samson, by interpretation,
 Is "their sunlight": our salvation.
 Thus hath brought illumination
 To the elect on whom he rose.

From the Cross's pole of glory
 Flows the must of ancient story
 In the Church's wine vat stored:
 From the press, now trodden duly,
 Gentile first-fruits gathered newly
 Drink the precious liquor poured.

Sackcloth worn with foul abuses
 Passes on to royal uses;
 Grace in that garb at length we see,
 The flesh hath conquered misery.

They by whom their Monarch perished
 Lost the Kingdom that they cherished,
 And for a sign and wonder Cain
 Is set who never shall be slain.

Reprobated and rejected
 Was this stone that, now elected,
 For a trophy stands erected
 And a precious corner stone:
 Sin's, not Nature's termination,
 He creates a new creation,
 And, Himself their colligation,
 Binds two peoples into one.

Give we glory to the Head,
 O'er the members love be shed!

CHARACTER OF ST. LOUIS.

BY JEAN DE JOINVILLE.

[Louis IX. of France, son of Louis VIII. and grandson of Philip Augustus, was born 1215, and acceded 1226; but his mother, Blanche of Castile, educated him like a monk and kept him in tutelage till long past manhood. In the Sixth Crusade (1248-50), undertaken by him, he was captured by the Saracens, and only ransomed and returned to France in 1254. In the Barons' War of Simon de Montfort against Henry III., Louis was made arbitrator and decided everything in Henry's favor. His unselfish justice, however, for which he was so chosen, was so conspicuous in that age that it has been pronounced an injury to the country, — not only by giving up its holdings, but as greatly strengthening the royal power, the people resigning rights and charters in reliance on Louis' personal good faith. He died on the Seventh Crusade in 1270.]

[JEAN DE JOINVILLE, born about 1224, was hereditary seneschal of Champagne and therefore a high court official of France. He followed Louis IX. on the Sixth Crusade, and remained in the East six years, till the ransom of Louis. His chief work is the "History of St. Louis" (1309). He died in 1317.]

THIS holy man, King St. Louis, loved and feared God during his life above all things, and, as is very apparent, was in consequence favored in all his works. As I have before said that our God died for his people, so in like manner did St. Louis several times risk his life and incur the greatest dangers for the people of his realm, as shall be touched on hereafter.

The good king, being once dangerously ill at Fontainebleau, said to my lord Louis, his eldest son, "Fair son, I beseech thee to make thyself beloved by the people of thy kingdom; for, in truth, I should like better that a Scotsman, fresh from Scotland, or from any other distant and unknown country, should govern the subjects of my realm well and loyally, than that thou shouldst rule them wickedly and reproachfully."

The holy king loved truth so much, that even to the Saracens and infidels, although they were his enemies, he would never lie, nor break his word in anything he had promised them, as shall be noticed hereafter. With regard to his food, he was extremely temperate; for I never in my whole life heard him express a wish for any delicacies in eating or drinking, like too many rich men; but he sat and took patiently whatever was set before him.

In his conversation he was remarkably chaste; for I never heard him at any time utter an indecent word, nor make use of the devil's name, which, however, is now very commonly

uttered by every one, but which I firmly believe is so far from being agreeable to God, that it is highly displeasing to Him.

He mixed his wine with water by measure, according to the strength of it, and what it would bear. He once asked me when at Cyprus, why I did not mix water with my wine. I answered what the physicians and surgeons had told me, that I had a large head and a cold stomach, which would not bear it. But the good king replied that they had deceived me, and advised me to add water; for that if I did not learn to do so when young, and was to attempt it in the decline of life, the gout and other disorders, which I might have in my stomach, would greatly increase; or, perhaps, by drinking pure wine in my old age, I should frequently intoxicate myself; and that it was a beastly thing for an honorable man to make himself drunk.

My good lord, the king, asked me at another time, if I should wish to be honored in this world, and afterward to gain paradise; to which I answered, that I should wish it were so. "Then," said he, "be careful never knowingly to do or say anything disgraceful, that should it become public, you may not have to blush, and be ashamed to say I have done this, or I have said that." In like manner he told me never to give the lie, or contradict rudely whatever might be said in my presence, unless it should be sinful or disgraceful to suffer it, for oftentimes contradiction causes coarse replies and harsh words, that bring on quarrels, which create bloodshed, and are the means of the deaths of thousands.

He also said, that every one should dress and equip himself according to his rank in life, and his fortune, in order that the prudent and elders of this world may not reproach him, by saying such a one has done too much, and that the youth may not remark, that such a one has done too little, and dishonors his station in society. On this subject, I remember once the good lord king, father to the king now on the throne, speaking of the pomp of dress, and the embroidered coats of arms that are now daily common in the armies, I said to the present king, that when I was in the Holy Land with his father, and in his army, I never saw one single embroidered coat or ornamented saddle in the possession of the king his father, or of any other lord. He answered, that he had done wrong in embroidering his arms; and that he had some coats that had cost him eight hundred Parisian livres. I replied, that he would have acted

better if he had given them in charity, and had his dress made of good sendal, lined and strengthened with his arms, like as the king his father had done.

The good king, once calling me to him, said he wanted to talk with me, on account of the quickness of understanding he knew I possessed. In the presence of several, he added, "I have called these two monks, and before them ask you this question respecting God: Seneschal, what is God?" "Sire," replied I, "he is so supremely good, nothing can exceed him." "In truth," answered the king, "that is well said, for your answer is written in the little book I have in my hand. I will put another question to you, whether you had rather be '*mezean et ladre*,' or have committed, or be about to commit, a mortal sin?" But I, who would not tell a lie, replied, that "I would rather have committed thirty deadly sins than be a leper."

When the two friars had gone away, he called me to him alone, making me sit at his feet, and said, "How could you dare to make the answer you did to my last question?" When I replied, "Were I to answer it again, I should repeat the same thing," he instantly said,— "Ah, foul Musart! Musart, you are deceived; for you must know there can be no leprosy so filthy as deadly sin, and the soul that is guilty of such is like the devil in hell. It is very true," he added, "that when the leprous man is dead, he is cured of that disorder; but when the man who has committed a deadly sin dies, he is not assured for certain that he had sufficiently repented of it before his death to induce the goodness of God to pardon him: for which cause he must have great fears lest this leprosy of sin may endure for a length of time, even so long as God may remain in paradise.

"I therefore entreat of you, first for the love of God, and next for the affection you bear me, that you retain in your heart what I have said, and that you would much rather prefer having your body covered with the most filthy leprosy than suffer your soul to commit a single deadly sin, which is of all things the most infamous."

He then inquired if I washed the feet of the poor on Holy Thursday. On which I said, "Oh, for shame, no; and never will I wash the feet of such fellows." "This is in truth," replied he, "very ill said, for you should never hold in disdain what God did for our instruction, for He who is lord and master of the universe, on that same day, Holy Thursday, washed

the feet of all His apostles, telling them, that He who was their master had thus done, that they, in like manner, might do the same to each other. I therefore beg of you, out of love to Him first, and then from your regard to me, that you would accustom yourself to do so."

He loved every one who, with uprightness of heart, feared and loved God; insomuch that from the great reputation he had heard of my brother Sir Gilles de Bruyn, who was not a Frenchman, for his fear and love of God, as was the truth, he appointed him constable of France.

In like manner, from the favorable report which he had heard of Master Robert de Sorbon being a courageous and discreet man, he made him one of his personal attendants, and permitted him to partake of his table. One time, as we were sitting near each other, and eating and drinking at the king's table, we conversed together in a low voice, which the good king observing, reprimanded us by saying, "You act wrong thus to whisper together; speak out, that your companions may not suspect you are talking of them to their disadvantage, and railing at them. When eating in company, if you have any things to say that are pleasant and agreeable, say them aloud, that every one may hear them; if not, be silent."

When the good king was in a cheerful mood, he frequently put questions to me in the presence of Master Robert; and once he said, "Seneschal, now tell me the reason why a discreet man is of more worth than a valiant man." Upon this a noisy dispute arose between Master Robert and me; and when we had long argued the question, the good king thus gave his judgment: "Master Robert, I should not only like to have the reputation of a discreet man, but to be so in reality, and your other distinctions you may keep; for discretion is of such value, that the very word fills the mouth. On the contrary," added the good king, "it is most wicked to take the goods of others; for the surrendering of them to their rightful owners is so grievous that the pronouncing of it tears the palate, from the number of rrr's that are in the word; which rrr's signify the rents of the devil, who daily draws to him all those who wish to give away the chattels of others they have seized upon. The devil does this much with subtlety, for he seduces the usurers and despoilers, and urges them to give their usuries and rapines to the Church, in honor of God, which they ought to restore to their proper owners, who are well known to them." When

thus conversing he told me to say in his name to King Thibaut, his son-in-law, that he must look well to his actions, and not overcharge his soul, thinking to acquit himself by the large sums which he gave, or should leave to the monastery of father-preachers in Provins ; for the discreet man, as long as he lives, ought to act like to the faithful executor of a will. First, he ought to restore and make amends for any wrongs or misdeeds done to others by the deceased ; and from the residue of the fortune of the dead he should give alms to the poor, in the name of God, as the Scripture plainly shôweth.

The holy king was, one Whitsun holidays, at Corbeil, accompanied by full three hundred knights, and also by Master Robert de Sorbon and myself. After dinner, the king went into the meadow above the chapel, to speak with the earl of Brittany, father to the present duke, whose soul may God receive, when Master Robert, taking hold of my mantle, in the presence of the king and the noble company, asked my opinion, whether, if the king should seat himself in this meadow, and I were to place myself on a bench above him, I should or should not, be blamable ; to which I answered, " Yes, most certainly." " Why, then," added he, " do not you think yourself blameworthy for being more richly dressed than the king ? " " Master Robert," replied I, " saving the king's honor and yours, I am in this respect blameless ; for the dress I wear, such as you see it, was left me by my ancestors, and I have not had it made from my own authority. It is you, on the contrary, that deserves being reprimanded ; for you are descended from bondmen, on both sides, have quitted the dress of your ancestors, and have clothed yourself in finer camlet than what the king now wears."

I then took hold of his surcoat, and compared it with what the king had on, saying, " Now see, if I did not tell the truth." The king, upon this, undertook the defense of Master Robert, and to save his honor as much as he could, declared the very great humility he possessed, and how kind he was to every one.

After this conversation, the good king called to him my lord Philip, father to the king now on the throne, and King Thibaut, his son-in-law, and seating himself at the door of his oratory, he put his hand on the ground, and said to his sons, " Seat yourselves here near me, that you may be out of sight." " Ah, sir," replied they, " excuse us, if you please ; for it would not become us to sit so close to you." The king, then

addressing me, said, "Seneschal, sit down here," which I did, and so near him that my robe touched his. Having made them sit down by my side; he said, "You have behaved very ill, being my children, in not instantly obeying what I ordered of you; and take care that this never happen again." They answered, that they would be cautious it should not.

Then turning towards me, he said, that he had called us to him to confess to me that he had been in the wrong in taking the part of Master Robert; "but," continued he, "I did so from seeing him so much confounded, that he had need of my assistance; you must not, however, think or believe that I did it from the conviction of his being in the right; for, as the seneschal said, every one ought to dress himself decently, in order to be more beloved by his wife, and more esteemed by his dependants." The wise man says, we ought to dress ourselves in such manner that the more observing part of mankind may not think we clothe ourselves too grandly, nor the younger part say we dress too meanly.

One day a good Cordelier friar came to the king, at the castle of Hières, where we had disembarked, and addressed him, saying, that he had read in the Bible and other good books which spoke of unbelieving princes; but that he never found a kingdom of believers or unbelievers was ruined but from want of justice being duly administered. "Now," continued the Cordelier, "let the king, who I perceive is going to France, take care that he administer strict and legal justice to his people, in order that our Lord may suffer him to enjoy his kingdom, and that it may remain in peace and tranquillity all the days of his life." . . .

This Cordelier would not remain longer with the king than one day, in spite of all the entreaties that were made him. The good king was not forgetful of what the friar had told him, to govern his realm loyally according to the laws of God, but was anxious that justice should be done to all, according to the manner you shall hear.

It was customary after the lord de Neeles, the good lord de Soissons, myself, and others that were about the king's person, had heard mass, for us to go and hear the pleadings at the gateway, which is now called the Court of Requests, in the palace at Paris. When the good king was in the morning returned from the church, he sent for us, and inquired how things had passed, and if there were any matters that required

his decision. And when we told him that there were some, he sent for the parties, and asked them why they would not be contented with the sentence of his officers, and then instantly made their differences up to their satisfaction, according to the custom of this godly king. . . .

I remember all the prelates of France once assembled at Paris, to speak with the good St. Louis, and to make him a request; which, when he was told, he went to the palace to hear what they would say. The meeting being full, it was the bishop Guy d'Auseure, son to the lord William de Melot, who addressed the king, by the unanimous assent of the other prelates, as follows: "Sire, know that all these prelates here assembled in your presence, instruct me to tell you that you are ruining Christendom, and that it is sinking in your hands."

The king, upon this, crossed himself, and said, "Bishop, inform me how this happens, and by what cause." "Sire," answered the bishop, "it is because no notice is taken of excommunicated persons; for at this moment a man would rather die in a state of excommunication than be absolved, and will no way make satisfaction to the Church. It is for this reason, sire, that they unanimously call on you, in the name of God, and in conformity to your duty, that you would be pleased to command your bailiffs, provosts and other administrators of justice, that wherever in your realm they shall find any one who has been excommunicated a whole year and a day, they constrain him to be absolved by the seizure of his goods."

The holy man replied that he would most cheerfully order this to be done to every one who should be found unjust towards the Church, or towards his parents. The bishop said it only belonged to them to be acquainted with their own cause of complaint. To this, the good king said, he would not act otherwise, and that it would be blamable before God, and against reason, to force those who had been injured by the churchmen to absolve themselves without being heard in their own defense. And he quoted, as an example, the count of Brittany, excommunicated as he was, having pleaded for seven years against the prelates of Brittany, and at last brought the business before our holy father the pope, who gave judgment against them in favor of the count. "Now, should I have constrained the count to seek absolution instantly after the expiration of the first year, he would have been forced to allow these prelates their demands whether he would or not, and I

should, by so doing, have behaved wickedly towards God and towards the count of Brittany."

After the prelates had heard this, they were satisfied with the favorable answer the king had made them; and from that time I have never heard that there was further question about it.

The peace which St. Louis made with the king of England was contrary to the opinion of his whole council, who said to him, "Sire, it seems to us that you are doing wrong to your realm by giving up so much of its territory to the king of England, to which he appears to us not to have any right, since his father lost it by a legal sentence." The king replied, that he knew well the king of England had no right to it; but that, for a good reason, he thought he was bound to give it to him, adding, "We have married two sisters; our children are therefore cousins-german, and it is fitting that there should be union between us. It has likewise given me great pleasure to make peace with the king of England, for he is at present my vassal, which was not the case before."

The uprightness of the good king was very apparent in the case of the lord Reginald de Trie, who brought to the holy man letters which declared he had given to the heirs of the countess of Boulogne, lately deceased, the county of Dammartin, which letters were disfigured and the seals broken. All that remained of the seals were one-half of the legs of the king's effigies and the chancel on which the royal feet were placed.

The king showed these letters to us who were of his council, to have our advice on the occasion. We were unanimously of opinion that the king was not bounden to put these letters into execution, and that the persons mentioned in them ought not to enjoy that county. The king instantly called to him John Sarrazin, his chamberlain, and asked for the letter which he had commanded him to draw up. When he had examined it, he looked at the seal, and at the remains of that on the letters of Sir Reginald, and then said to us, "My lords, this is the seal I made use of before I went to the Holy Land, and the remnant on these letters so much resembles the whole seal that I dare not, without sinning against God and reason, retain the county of Dammartin." He then called for the lord Reginald de Trie, and said, "My fair sir, I restore to you the county which you demand."

CANZONE, OF HIS LADY IN BONDAGE.

BY EMPEROR FREDERICK II.

(Translated by D. G. Rossetti.)

[FREDERICK II., born 1194, was son of the Emperor Henry VI. and grandson of Frederick I. (Barbarossa), of the Hohenstaufen house; his mother was Constance, heiress of the Two Sicilies. His father died 1197, his mother 1198, after securing his coronation as King of the Sicilies by making them fiefs of the Papacy, which acted as his guardian and educated him. He assumed the government at fourteen. In 1212 the Pope excommunicated and deposed Otto IV., and set up Frederick as a candidate; and after some years of war Frederick crushed his rival and was crowned. But he had the inevitable quarrel with the Papacy, and his latter years were a steadily losing struggle against the equally inevitable excommunications and depositions. He died, worn out by suffering and disappointment, in 1250. He was a magnificent patron and founder in arts, letters, and education.]

For grief I am about to sing,
 Even as another would for joy;
 Mine eyes which the hot tears destroy
 Are scarce enough for sorrowing:
 To speak of such a grievous thing
 Also my tongue I must employ,
 Saying: Woe's me, who am full of woes!
 Not while I live shall my sighs cease
 For her in whom my heart found peace:
 I am become like one of those
 That cannot sleep for weariness,
 Now I have lost my crimson rose.

And yet I will not call her lost;
 She is not gone out of the earth;
 She is but girded with a girth
 Of hate, that clips her in like frost.
 Thus says she every hour almost:—
 "When I was born, 'twas an ill birth!
 O that I never had been born,
 If I am still to fall asleep
 Weeping, and when I wake to weep;
 If he whom I most loathe and scorn
 Is still to have me his, and keep
 Smiling about me night and morn!

"O that I never had been born
 A woman! a poor, helpless fool,
 Who can but stoop beneath the rule
 Of him she needs must loathe and scorn!
 If ever I feel less forlorn,
 I stand all day in fear and dule,
 Lest he discern it, and with rough
 Speech mock at me, or with his smile
 So hard you scarce could call it guile:
 No man is there to say, 'Enough.'
 O, but if God waits a long while,
 Death cannot always stand aloof!

"Thou, God the Lord, dost know all this:
 Give me a little comfort then.
 Him who is worst among bad men
 Smite thou for me. Those limbs of his
 Once hidden where the sharp worm is,
 Perhaps I might see hope again.
 Yet for a certain period
 Would I seem like as one that saith
 Strange things for grief, and murmureth
 With smitten palms and hair abroad:
 Still whispering under my held breath,
 'Shall I not praise Thy name, O God?'

"Thou, God the Lord, dost know all this:
 It is a very weary thing
 Thus to be always trembling:
 And till the breath of his life cease,
 The hate in him will but increase,
 And with his hate my suffering.
 Each morn I hear his voice bid them
 That watch me, to be faithful spies
 Lest I go forth and see the skies;
 Each night, to each, he saith the same;—
 And in my soul and in mine eyes
 There is a burning heat like flame."

Thus grieves she now; but she shall wear
 This love of mine, whereof I spoke,
 About her body for a cloak,
 And for a garland in her hair,
 Even yet: because I mean to prove,
 Not to speak only, this my love.

THE EMPEROR FREDERICK THE SECOND.

BY EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

[EDWARD AUGUSTUS FREEMAN, a leading English historical scholar, was born in Staffordshire, August 2, 1823; became a Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. His first preoccupation was with mediæval architecture, which led him to ecclesiastical and political antiquarian studies; he very early formed the design of writing the history of the genesis, achievement, and effects of the Norman Conquest; his detestation alike of the Turks and of the Austrian Empire which protected Europe from the Turks—as both built up on the ruins of the freedom of the East European states—was the basis of a vast quantity of essay and review writing on mediæval Europe; and there was hardly any historical subject which was not touched upon by his tireless industry, and his enormous and minute scholarship. His first work was a “History of Architecture” (1849); his next a series of lectures on the “History and Conquests of the Saracens” (1856); the chief of his many other works are the unfinished “History of Federal Government” (1863); his masterpiece, the “History of the Norman Conquest” (1867–1876; supplementary volume on the reign of William Rufus, in 1882); several works on early English history, the English constitution, etc.; “Historical Geography of Europe,” “General Sketch of European History,” and several others in this line; “Comparative Politics”; the “Continuity of History”; four volumes of “Historical Essays”; “Methods of Historical Study”; lectures at Oxford, where he was regius professor of modern history, and four volumes of a “History of Sicily” intended to fill fourteen (1891–1894). He died at Alicante, Spain, March 16, 1892.]

It is probable that there never lived a human being endowed with greater natural gifts, or whose natural gifts were, according to the means afforded him by his age, more sedulously cultivated, than the last Emperor of the house of Swabia. There seems to be no aspect of human nature which was not developed to the highest degree in his person. In versatility of gifts, in what we may call many-sidedness of character, he appears as a sort of mediæval Alcibiades, while he was undoubtedly far removed from Alcibiades' utter lack of principle or steadiness of any kind. Warrior, statesman, lawgiver, scholar, there was nothing in the compass of the political or intellectual world of his age which he failed to grasp. In an age of change, when, in every corner of Europe and civilized Asia, old kingdoms, nations, systems, were falling and new ones rising, Frederick was emphatically the man of change, the author of things new and unheard of—he was *stupor mundi et immutator mirabilis*. A suspected heretic, a suspected Mahometan, he was the object of all kinds of absurd and self-contradictory charges:

but the charges mark real features in the character of the man. He was something unlike any other Emperor or any other man ; whatever professions of orthodoxy he might make, men felt instinctively that his belief and his practice were not the same as the belief and the practice of other Christian men. There can be no doubt that he had wholly freed his mind from the trammels of his own time, and that he had theories and designs which, to most of his contemporaries, would have seemed monstrous, unintelligible, impossible.

Frederick in short was, in some obvious respects, a man of the same stamp as those who influence their own age and the ages which come after them, the men who, if their lot is cast in one walk, found sects, and if it is cast in another, found empires. Of all men, Frederick the Second might have been expected to be the founder of something, the beginner of some new era, political or intellectual. He was a man to whom some great institution might well have looked back as its creator, to whom some large body of men, some sect or party or nation, might well have looked back as their prophet or founder or deliverer. But the most gifted of the sons of men has left behind him no such memory, while men whose gifts cannot bear a comparison with his are revered as founders by grateful nations, churches, political and philosophical parties. Frederick in fact founded nothing, and he sowed the seeds of the destruction of many things. His great charters to the spiritual and temporal princes of Germany dealt the deathblow to the Imperial power, while he, to say the least, looked coldly on the rising power of the cities and on those commercial leagues which were in his time the best element of German political life.

In fact, in whatever aspect we look at Frederick the Second, we find him, not the first, but the last, of every series to which he belongs. An English writer, two hundred years after his time, had the penetration to see that he was really the last Emperor. (Capgrave, in his Chronicle, dates by Emperors down to Frederick, and then adds: "Fro this tyme forward oure annotacion schal be aftir the regne of the Kyngis of Ynglond ; *for the Empire, in maner, sesed here.*") He was the last prince in whose style the Imperial titles do not seem a mockery ; he was the last under whose rule the three Imperial kingdoms retained any practical connection with one another and with the ancient capital of all. Frederick, who sent his trophies to Rome to be guarded by his own subjects in his own city, was

a Roman Cæsar in a sense in which no other Emperor was after him. And he was not only the last Emperor of the whole Empire: he might almost be called the last king of its several kingdoms. After his time Burgundy vanishes as a kingdom; there is hardly an event to remind us of its existence except the fancy of Charles the Fourth, of all possible Emperors, to go and take the Burgundian crown at Arles. Italy too, after Frederick, vanishes as a kingdom; any later exercise of the royal authority in Italy was something which came and went wholly by fits and starts. Later Emperors were crowned at Milan, but none after Frederick was King of Italy in the same real and effective sense that he was. Germany did not utterly vanish, or utterly split in pieces, like the sister kingdoms; but after Frederick came the Great Interregnum, and after the Great Interregnum the royal power in Germany never was what it had been before. In his hereditary kingdom of Sicily he was not absolutely the last of his dynasty, for his son Manfred ruled prosperously and gloriously for some years after his death. But it is none the less clear that from Frederick's time the Sicilian kingdom was doomed; it was marked out to be, what it has been ever since, divided, reunited, divided again, tossed to and fro between one foreign sovereign and another. Still more conspicuously than all was Frederick the last Christian King of Jerusalem, the last baptized man who really ruled the Holy Land or wore a crown in the Holy City. And yet, strangely enough, it was at Jerusalem, if anywhere, that Frederick might claim in some measure the honors of a founder. If he was the last more than nominal King of Jerusalem, he was also, after a considerable interval, the first; he recovered the kingdom by his own address, and, if he lost it, its loss was, of all the misfortunes of his reign, that which could be with the least justice attributed to him as a fault.

In the world of elegant letters Frederick has some claim to be looked on as the founder of that modern Italian language and literature which first assumed a distinctive shape at his Sicilian court. But in the wider field of political history Frederick appears nowhere as a creator, but rather everywhere as an involuntary destroyer. He is in everything the last of his own class, and he is not the last in the same sense as princes who perish along with their realms in domestic revolutions or on the field of battle. If we call him the last Emperor of the West, it is in quite another sense from that in which Constan.

tine Palaiologos was the last Emperor of the East. Under Frederick the Empire and everything connected with it seems to crumble and decay while preserving its external splendor. As soon as its brilliant possessor is gone, it at once falls asunder. It is a significant fact that one who in mere genius, in mere accomplishments, was surely the greatest prince who ever wore a crown, a prince who held the greatest place on earth, and who was concerned during a long reign in some of the greatest transactions of one of the greatest ages, seems never, even from his own flatterers, to have received that title of *Great* which has been so lavishly bestowed on far smaller men. The world instinctively felt that Frederick, by nature the more than peer of Alexander, of Constantine, and of Charles, had left behind him no such creation as they left, and had not influenced the world as they had influenced it. He was *stupor mundi et immutator mirabilis*, but the name of *Fredericus Magnus* was kept in store for a prince of quite another age and house, who, whatever else we say of him, at least showed that he had learned the art of Themistocles, and knew how to change a small state into a great one.

Many causes combined to produce this singular result, that a man of the extraordinary genius of Frederick, a man possessed of every advantage of birth, office, and opportunity, should have had so little direct effect upon the world. It is not enough to attribute his failure to the many and great faults of his moral character. Doubtless they were one cause among others. But a man who influences future ages is not necessarily a good man. No man ever had a more direct influence on the future history of the world than Lucius Cornelius Sulla. The man who crushed Rome's last rival, who saved Rome in her last hour of peril, who made her indisputably and forever the head of Italy, did a work greater than the work of Cæsar. Yet the name of Sulla is one at which we almost instinctively shudder. So the faults and crimes of Frederick, his irreligion, his private licentiousness, his barbarous cruelty, would not of themselves be enough to hinder him from leaving his stamp upon his age in the way that other ages have been marked by the influence of men certainly not worse than he. Still, to exercise any great and lasting influence on the world, a man must be, if not virtuous, at least capable of objects and efforts which have something in common with virtue. Sulla stuck at no crime which could serve his country or his party,

but it was for his country and his party, not for purely selfish ends, that he labored and that he sinned. Thorough devotion to any cause has in it something of self-sacrifice, something which, if not purely virtuous, is not without an element akin to virtue. Very bad men have achieved very great works, but they have commonly achieved them through those features in their character which made the nearest approach to goodness.

The weak side in the brilliant career of Frederick is one which seems to have been partly inherent in his character, and partly the result of the circumstances in which he found himself. Capable of every part, and in fact playing every part by turns, he had no single definite object, pursued honestly and steadfastly throughout his whole life. With all his powers, with all his brilliancy, his course throughout life seems to have been in a manner determined for him by others. He was ever drifting into wars, into schemes of policy, which seem to be hardly ever of his own choosing. He was the mightiest and most dangerous adversary that the Papacy ever had. But he does not seem to have withstood the Papacy from any personal choice, or as the voluntary champion of any opposing principle. He became the enemy of the Papacy, he planned schemes which involved the utter overthrow of the Papacy, yet he did so simply because he found that no Pope would ever let him alone. It was perhaps an unerring instinct which hindered any Pope from ever letting him alone. Frederick, left alone to act according to his own schemes and inclinations, might very likely have done the Papacy more real mischief than he did when he was stirred up to open enmity. Still, as a matter of fact, his quarrels with the Popes were not of his own seeking; a sort of inevitable destiny led him into them, whether he wished for them or not.

Again, the most really successful feature in Frederick's career, his acquisition of Jerusalem, is not only a mere episode in his life, but it is something that was absolutely forced upon him against his will. The most successful of crusaders since Godfrey is the most utterly unlike any other crusader. With other crusaders the Holy War was, in some cases, the main business of their lives; in all cases, it was something seriously undertaken as a matter either of policy or of religious duty. But the crusade of the man who actually did recover the Holy City is simply a grotesque episode in his life. Excommunicated for not going, excommunicated again for going, excommunicated again for coming back, threatened on every side, he still

went, and he succeeded. What others had failed to win by arms, he contrived to win by address, and all that came of his success was that it was made the ground of fresh accusations against him. For years the cry for the recovery of Jerusalem had been sounding through Christendom; at last Jerusalem was recovered, and its recoverer was at once cursed for accomplishing the most fervent wishes of so many thousands of the faithful.

The excommunicated king, whom no churchman would crown, whose name was hardly allowed to be uttered in his own army, kept his dominions in spite of all opposition. He was hindered from the further consolidation and extension of his Eastern kingdom only by a storm stirred up in his hereditary states by those who were most bound to show towards him something more than common international honesty. Whatever were the feelings and circumstances under which he had acted, Frederick was in fact the triumphant champion of Christendom, and his reward was fresh denunciations on the part of the spiritual chief of Christendom. The elder Frederick, Philip of France, Richard of England, Saint Lewis, Edward the First, were crusaders from piety, from policy, or from fashion; Frederick the Second was a crusader simply because he could not help being one, and yet he did what they all failed to do.

So again in his dealings with both the German and the Italian states, it is impossible to set him down either as a consistent friend or a consistent enemy of the great political movements of the age. He issues charters of privileges to this or that commonwealth, he issues charters restraining the freedom of commonwealths in general, simply as suits the policy of the time. In his dealings with the Popes, perhaps in his dealings with the cities also, Frederick was certainly more sinned against than sinning. But a man whose genius and brilliancy and vigor shine out in every single action of his life, but in the general course of his actions no one ruling principle can be discerned, who is as it were tossed to and fro by circumstances and by the actions of others, is either very unfortunate in the position in which he finds himself, or else, with all his genius, he must lack some of the qualities without which genius is comparatively useless.

In the case of Frederick probably both causes were true. For a man to influence his age, he must in some sort belong to his age. He should be above it, before it, but he should not be foreign to it. He may condemn, he may try to change, the opinions and feelings of the men around him; but he must at

least understand and enter into those opinions and feelings. But Frederick belongs to no age; intellectually he is above his own age, above every age; morally it can hardly be denied that he was below his age; but in nothing was he of his age. In many incidental details his career is a repetition of that of his grandfather. Like him he struggles against Popes, he struggles against a league of cities, he wears the Cross in warfare against the Infidel. But in character, in aim, in object, grandfather and grandson are the exact opposite to each other. Frederick Barbarossa was simply the model of the man, the German, the Emperor, of the twelfth century. All the faults and all the virtues of his age, his country, and his position received in him their fullest development. He was the ordinary man of his time, following the objects which an ordinary man of his time and in his position could not fail to follow. He exhibited the ordinary character of his time in its very noblest shape; but it was still only the ordinary character of his time. His whole career was simply typical of his age, and in no way personal to himself; every action and every event of his life could be understood by every contemporary human being, friend or enemy. But his grandson, emphatically *stupor mundi*, commanded the wonder, perhaps the admiration, of an age which could not understand him. He gathered indeed around him a small band of devoted adherents; but to the mass of his contemporaries he seemed like a being of another nature. He shared none of the feelings or prejudices of the time; alike in his intellectual greatness and in his moral abasement he had nothing in common with the ordinary man of the thirteenth century. The world probably contained no man, unless it were some solitary thinker here and there, whose mind was so completely set free, alike for good and for evil, from the ordinary trammels of the time. He appeared in the eyes of his own age as the enemy of all that it was taught to hold sacred, the friend of all that it was taught to shrink from and wage war against.

What Frederick's religious views really were is a problem hard indeed to solve; but to his own time he appeared as something far more than a merely political, or even than a doctrinal, opponent of the Papacy. Men were taught to believe that he was the enemy of the head of Christendom simply because he was the enemy of Christianity altogether. Again, the crimes and vices of Frederick were no greater than those of countless other

princes; but there was no prince who trampled in the like sort upon all the moral notions of his own time. He contrived, by the circumstances of his vices, to outrage contemporary sentiment in a way in which his vices alone would not have outraged it. A man who thus showed no condescension to the feelings of his age, whether good or evil, could not directly influence that age. Some of his ideas and schemes may have been silently passed on to men of later times, in whose hands they were better able to bear fruit. He may have shaken old prejudices and old beliefs in a few minds of his own age; he may even have been the fountain of a tradition which was powerfully to affect distant ages. In many things his ideas, his actions, forestalled events which were yet far remote. The events which he forestalled he may in this indirect and silent way have influenced. But direct influence on the world of his own age he had none. He may have undermined a stately edifice which was still to survive for ages; but he simply undermined. He left no traces of himself in the character of a founder; he left as few in the character of an open and avowed destroyer.

There was also another cause which, besides Frederick's personal character, may have tended to isolate him from his age and to hinder him from having that influence over it which we may say that his genius ought to have had. This was his utter want of nationality. The conscious idea of nationality had not indeed the same effect upon men's minds which it has in our own times. The political ideas and systems of the age ran counter to the principle of nationality in two ways. Nothing could be more opposed to any doctrine of nationality than those ideas which were the essence of the whole political creed of the time, the ideas of the Universal Empire and the Universal Church. On the other hand, the conception of the joint lordship of the world, vested in the successor of Peter and the successor of Augustus, was hardly more opposed to the doctrine of nationality than was the form which was almost everywhere taken by the rising spirit of freedom. A movement towards national freedom was something exceptional; in most places it was the independence of a district, of a city, at most of a small union of districts or cities, for which men strove. A German or Italian commonwealth struggled for its own local independence; so far as was consistent with the practical enjoyment of that independence, it was ready to acknowledge the supremacy of the Emperor, Lord of the World. Of a strictly national

patriotism for Germany or Italy men had very little thought indeed. These two seemingly opposite tendencies, the tendency to merge nations in one universal dominion, and the tendency to divide nations into small principalities and commonwealths, were in truth closely connected.

The tendency to division comes out most strongly in the kingdoms which were united to the Empire. Other countries showed a power of strictly national action, of acquiring liberties common to the whole nation, of legislating in the interest of the whole nation, almost in exact proportion to the degree in which they were placed beyond the reach of Imperial influences. Spain, Scandinavia, Britain, were the countries on which the Empire had least influence. Spain, Scandinavia, Britain, were therefore the countries in which we see the nearest approaches to true national life and consciousness. Still there is no doubt that, even within the Empire, national feelings did exercise a strong, though in a great measure an unconscious, influence. Local feelings exercised an influence still stronger. But there was no national or local feeling which could gather round Frederick the Second. His parentage was half German, half Norman, his birthplace was Italian, the home of his choice was Sicilian, his tastes and habits were strongly suspected of being Saracenic. The representative of a kingly German house, he was himself, beyond all doubt, less German than anything else.

In this position, placed as it were above all ordinary local and national ties, he was, beyond every other prince who ever wore the Imperial diadem, the embodiment of the conception of an Emperor, Lord of the World. But an Emperor, Lord of the World, is placed too high to win the affections which attach men to rulers and leaders of lower degree. A king may command the love of his own kingdom; a popular leader may command the love of his own city; but Cæsar, whose dominion is from the one sea to the other and from the flood unto the world's end, must, in this respect as in others, pay the penalty of his greatness. Frederick was, in idea, beyond all men, the hero and champion of the Empire. But practically the championship of the Empire was found less truly effective in his hands than in the hands of men who were further from carrying out the theoretical ideal. The Imperial power was more truly vigorous in the hands of princes in whom the ideal championship of the Empire was united with the practical lead-

ership of one of its component nations. Frederick Barbarossa, the true German king, the man whom the German instinct at once hails as the noblest development of the German character, really did more for the greatness of the Empire than his descendant, whose ideal position was far more truly Imperial. The men who influence their age, the men who leave a lasting memory behind them, are the men who are thoroughly identified with the actual or local life of some nation or city. Frederick Barbarossa was the hero of Germany; but his grandson, the hero of the Empire, was the hero of none of its component parts. The memory of the grandfather still lives in the hearts of a people, some of whom perhaps even now look for his personal return. The memory of the grandson has everywhere passed away from popular remembrance; the Wonder of the World remains to be the wonder of scholars and historians only.



THE DIVER.

A BALLAD OF SICILY IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

By JOHANN FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER.

[JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER, the famous German poet and dramatist, was born at Marbach, Würtemberg, November 10, 1759. He studied law and medicine at Stuttgart, and was appointed surgeon to a Würtemberg regiment. Objecting to the restraint imposed upon him by the Duke of Würtemberg in consequence of the production of his first play, "The Robbers" (1782), he left the army and went to Mannheim, Leipsic, Dresden, Jena, and Weimar, where he became the firm friend of Goethe. From 1789 to 1799 Schiller held a professorship at Jena, and during this period published "The History of the Thirty Years' War." He died at Weimar, May 9, 1805, of an affection of the lungs. Besides the works already mentioned, Schiller wrote "The History of the Revolt of the Netherlands"; the dramas "Mary Stuart," "Maid of Orleans," "Bride of Messina," "William Tell"; and the trilogy of "Wallenstein." Among his lyric pieces are: "The Ring of Polycrates," "The Diver," "The Knight of Toggenburg," and "The Song of the Bell."]

"OH, WHERE is the knight or the squire so bold,
As to dive to the howling charybdis below? —
I cast in the whirlpool a goblet of gold,
And o'er it already the dark waters flow;
Whoever to me may the goblet bring,
Shall have for his guerdon that gift of his king."

He spoke, and the cup from the terrible steep,
That, rugged and hoary, hung over the verge
Of the endless and measureless world of the deep,
Swirled into the maelstrom that maddened the surge,
“And where is the diver so stout to go —
I ask ye again — to the deep below?”

And the knights and the squires that gathered around,
Stood silent — and fixed on the ocean their eyes;
They looked on the dismal and savage Profound,
And the peril chilled back every thought of the prize.
And thrice spoke the monarch — “The cup to win,
Is there never a wight who will venture in?”

And all as before heard in silence the king —
Till a youth with an aspect unfearing but gentle,
’Mid the tremulous squires — stepped out from the ring,
Unbuckling his girdle, and doffing his mantle;
And the murmuring crowd, as they parted asunder,
On the stately boy cast their looks of wonder.

As he strode to the marge of the summit, and gave
One glance on the gulf of that merciless main,
Lo! the wave that forever devours the wave,
Casts roaringly up the charybdis again,
And as with the swell of the far thunder boom,
Rushes foamingly forth from the heart of the gloom.

And it bubbles and seethes, and it hisses and roars,
As when fire is with water commixed and contending;
And the spray of its wrath to the welkin upsoars,
And flood upon flood hurries on, never ending;
And it never *will* rest, nor from travail be free,
Like a sea that is laboring the birth of a sea.

Yet, at length, comes a lull o’er the mighty commotion,
As the whirlpool sucks into black smoothness the swell
Of the white-foaming breakers — and cleaves thro’ the ocean
A path that seems winding in darkness to hell.
Round and round whirled the waves — deeper and deeper still
driven,
Like a gorge thro’ the mountainous main thunder-riven!

The youth gave his trust to his Maker! Before
That path through the riven abyss closed again —

Hark! a shriek from the crowd rang aloft from the shore,

And, behold! he is whirled in the grasp of the main!

And o'er him the breakers mysteriously rolled,

And the giant mouth closed on the swimmer so bold.

O'er the surface grim silence lay dark; but the crowd

Heard the wail from the deep murmur hollow and fell;

They hearken and shudder, lamenting aloud —

“Gallant youth, — noble heart — fare thee well, fare thee well!”

More hollow and more wails the deep on the ear —

More dread and more dread grows suspense in its fear.

If thou shouldst in those waters thy diadem fling,

And cry, “Who may find it shall win it and wear;”

God wot, though the prize were the crown of a king —

A crown at such hazard were valued too dear.

For never shall lips of the living reveal

What the deeps that howl yonder in terror conceal.

Oh, many a bark, to that breast grappled fast,

Has gone down to the fearful and fathomless grave;

Again, crashed together the keel and the mast.

To be seen, tossed aloft in the glee of the wave. —

Like the growth of a storm ever louder and clearer,

Grows the roar of the gulf rising nearer and nearer.

And it bubbles and seethes, and it hisses and roars,

As when fire is with water commixed and contending;

And the spray of its wrath to the welkin upsoars,

And flood upon flood hurries on, never ending;

And as with the swell of the far thunder boom,

Rushes roaringly forth from the heart of the gloom.

And, lo! from the heart of that far-floating gloom,

What gleams on the darkness so swanlike and white?

Lo! an arm and a neck, glancing up from the tomb! —

They battle — the Man's with the Element's might.

It is he — it is he! in his left hand behold,

As a sign — as a joy! — shines the goblet of gold!

And he breathèd deep, and he breathèd long,

And he greeted the heavenly delight of the day.

They gaze on each other — they shout, as they throng —

“He lives — lo the ocean has rendered its prey!

And safe from the whirlpool and free from the grave,

Comes back to the daylight the soul of the brave!”

And he comes, with the crowd in their clamor and glee,
And the goblet his daring has won from the water,
He lifts to the king as he sinks on his knee; —
And the king from her maidens has beckoned his daughter
She pours to the boy the bright wine which they bring,
And thus spake the Diver — “Long life to the king !

“Happy they whom the rose hues of daylight rejoice,
The air and the sky that to mortals are given !
May the horror below nevermore find a voice —
Nor Man stretch too far the wide mercy of Heaven !
Nevermore — nevermore may he lift from the sight
The veil which is woven with Terror and Night !

“Quick-brightening like lightning — it tore me along,
Down, down, till the gush of a torrent, at play
In the rocks of its wilderness, caught me — and strong
As the wings of an eagle, it whirled me away.
Vain, vain was my struggle — the circle had won me,
Round and round in its dance, the wild element spun me.

And I called on my God, and my God heard my prayer
In the strength of my need, in the gasp of my breath —
And showed me a crag that rose up from the lair,
And I clung to it, nimbly — and baffled the death !
And, safe in the perils around me, behold !
On the spikes of the coral the goblet of gold.

“Below, at the foot of that precipice drear,
Spread the gloomy, and purple, and pathless Obscure !
A silence of Horror that slept on the ear,
That the eye more appalled might the Horror endure !
Salamander — snake — dragon — vast reptiles that dwell
In the deep — coiled about the grim jaws of their hell.

“Dark-crawled, — glided dark the unspeakable swarms,
Clumped together in masses, misshapen and vast ; —
Here clung and here bristled the fashionless forms ; —
Here the dark-moving bulk of the Hammer Fish passed ;
And with teeth grinning white, and a menacing motion,
Went the terrible Shark — the Hyena of Ocean.

“There I hung, and the awe gathered icily o’er me,
So far from the earth, where man’s help there was
none !

The One Human Thing, with the Goblins before me —
 Alone — in a lonesome so ghastly — ALONE!
 Fathom deep from man's eye in the speechless profound,
 With the death of the Main and the Monsters around.

"Methought, as I gazed through the darkness, that now
 It saw — the dread hundred-limbed creature — its prey!
 And darted — O God! from the far flaming bough
 Of the coral, I swept on the horrible way;
 And it seized me, the wave with its wrath and its roar,
 It seized me to save — King, the danger is o'er!"

On the youth gazed the monarch, and marveled; quoth he,
 "Bold Diver, the goblet I promised is thine;
 And this ring will I give, a fresh guerdon to thee, —
 Never jewels more precious shone up from the mine, —
 If thou'lt bring me fresh tidings, and venture again,
 To say what lies hid in the *innermost* main."

Then outspoke the daughter in tender emotion:
 "Ah! father, my father, what more can there rest?
 Enough of this sport with the pitiless ocean —
 He has served thee as none would, thyself hast confest.
 If nothing can slake thy wild thirst of desire,
 Let thy knights put to shame the exploit of the squire!"

The king seized the goblet, — he swung it on high,
 And whirling, it fell in the roar of the tide:
 "But bring back that goblet again to my eye,
 And I'll hold thee the dearest that rides by my side;
 And thine arms shall embrace, as thy bride, I decree,
 The maiden whose pity now pleadeth for thee."

In his heart, as he listened, there leapt the wild joy —
 And the hope and the love through his eyes spoke in fire,
 On that bloom, on that blush, gazed delighted the boy;
 The maiden — she faints at the feet of her sire!
 Here the guerdon divine, there the danger beneath;
 He resolves! To the strife with the life and the death!

They hear the loud surges sweep back in their swell,
 Their coming the thunder sound heralds along!
 Fond eyes yet are tracking the spot where he fell:
 They come, the wild waters, in tumult and throng,
 Roaring up to the cliff — roaring back, as before,
 But no wave ever brings the lost youth to the shore!

THE DIVINE COMEDY.

BY DANTE.

(Cary's Translation.)

[DANTE ALIGHIERI, the greatest of Italian poets, and the maker of Italian as a literary language, was born at Florence, May, 1265. He came of a family of magistrates and was a "White Guelph"; fought in the battles where the Ghibellines were defeated; filled some public offices at home and abroad; became one of the six "pious" of Florence in 1300, and had the most turbulent leaders of all the factions banished; in 1301 was sent on an embassy to Pope Boniface VIII., and his enemies the Blacks being victorious in his absence, was sentenced to perpetual banishment and to burning alive if captured. The sentence was twice repeated, and he never saw Florence again. He died in Ravenna, September 14, 1321. His works are the "Vita Nuova"; the "Divina Commedia," consisting of the "Inferno," "Purgatorio," and "Paradiso," one of the few epoch-making poems of the world, and the actual creator of Italian as a literary language; the "Convito" (Banquet); "De Monarchia" (in Latin), and some small pieces.]

SCENES FROM THE "INFERNO."

CANTO I.

IN THE midway of this our mortal life,
 I found me in a gloomy wood, astray,
 Gone from the path direct: and e'en to tell,
 It were no easy task, how savage wild
 That forest, how robust and rough its growth,
 Which to remember only, my dismay
 Renews, in bitterness not far from death.
 Yet, to discourse of what there good befell,
 All else will I relate discovered there.

How first I entered it I scarce can say,
 Such sleepy dullness in that instant weighed
 My senses down, when the true path I left;
 But when a mountain's foot I reached, where closed
 The valley that had pierced my heart with dread,
 I looked aloft, and saw his shoulders broad
 Already vested with that planet's beam,
 Who leads all wanderers safe through every way.

Then was a little respite to the fear,
 That in my heart's recesses deep had lain
 All of that night, so pitifully passed:
 And as a man, with difficult short breath,

Forespent with toiling, 'scaped from sea to shore,
 Turns to the perilous wide waste, and stands
 At gaze; e'en so my spirit, that yet failed,
 Struggling with terror, turned to view the straits
 That none hath passed and lived. My weary frame
 After short pause recomfited, again
 I journeyed on over that lonely steep,
 The hinder foot still firmer. Scarce the ascent
 Began, when lo! a panther, nimble, light,
 And covered with a speckled skin, appeared;
 Nor, when it saw me, vanished; rather strove
 To check my onward going; that ofttimes,
 With purpose to retrace my steps, I turned.

The hour was morning's prime, and on his way
 Aloft the sun ascended with those stars,
 That with him rose when Love divine first moved
 Those its fair works: so that with joyous hope
 All things conspired to fill me, the gay skin
 Of that swift animal, the matin dawn,
 And the sweet season. Soon that joy was chased,
 And by new dread succeeded, when in view
 A lion came, 'gainst me as it appeared,
 With his head held aloft and hunger-mad,
 That e'en the air was fear-struck. A she-wolf
 Was at his heels, who in her leanness seemed
 Full of all wants, and many a land hath made
 Disconsolate ere now. She with such fear
 O'erwhelmed me, at the sight of her appalled,
 That of the height all hope I lost. As one,
 Who, with his gain elated, sees the time
 When all unwares is gone, he inwardly
 Mourns with heart-gripping anguish; such was I;
 Haunted by that fell beast, never at peace,
 Who coming o'er against me, by degrees
 Impelled me where the sun in silence rests.

While to the lower space with backward step
 I fell, my ken discerned the form of one
 Whose voice seemed faint through long disuse of speech.
 When him in that great desert I espied,
 "Have mercy on me," cried I out aloud,
 "Spirit! or living man! whate'er thou be."

He answered: "Now not man, man once I was,
 And born of Lombard parents, Mantuans both
 By country, when the power of Julius yet
 Was scarcely firm. At Rome my life was passed,

Beneath the mild Augustus, in the time
Of fabled deities and false. A bard
Was I, and made Anchises' upright son
The subject of my song, who came from Troy,
When the flames preyed on Ilium's haughty towers.
But thou, say wherefore to such perils past
Return'st thou? wherefore not this pleasant mount
Ascendest, cause and source of all delight?"
"And art thou then that Virgil, that wellspring
From which such copious floods of eloquence
Have issued?" I with front abashed replied.
"Glory and light of all the tuneful train!
May it avail me, that I long with zeal
Have sought thy volume, and with love immense
Have conned it o'er. My master thou, and guide!
Thou he from whom alone I have derived
That style, which for its beauty into fame
Exalts me. See the beast, from whom I fled.
O save me from her, thou illustrious sage!
For every vein and pulse throughout my frame
She hath made tremble." He, soon as he saw
That I was weeping, answered: "Thou must needs
Another way pursue, if thou wouldst 'scape
From out that savage wilderness. This beast,
At whom thou criest, her way will suffer none
To pass, and no less hindrance makes than death;
So bad and so accursed in her kind,
That never sated is her ravenous will,
Still after food more craving than before.
To many an animal in wedlock vile
She fastens, and shall yet to many more,
Until that greyhound come, who shall destroy
Her with sharp pain. He will not life support
By earth nor its base metals, but by love,
Wisdom, and virtue; and his land shall be
The land 'twixt either Feltro. In his might
Shall safety to Italia's plains arise,
For whose fair realm, Camilla, virgin pure,
Nisus, Euryalus, and Turnus fell.
He, with incessant chase, through every town
Shall worry, until he to hell at length
Restore her, thence by envy first let loose.
I, for thy profit pondering, now devise
That thou may'st follow me; and I, thy guide,
Will lead thee hence through an eternal space,

Where thou shalt hear despairing shrieks, and see
 Spirits of old tormented, who invoke
 A second death; and those next view, who dwell
 Content in fire, for that they hope to come,
 Whene'er the time may be, among the blest,
 Into whose regions if thou then desire
 To ascend, a spirit worthier than I
 Must lead thee, in whose charge, when I depart,
 Thou shalt be left: for that Almighty King,
 Who reigns above, a rebel to his law
 Adjudges me; and therefore hath decreed
 That, to his city, none through me should come.
 He in all parts hath sway; there rules, there holds
 His citadel and throne. O happy those,
 Whom there he chooses!" I to him in few:
 "Bard! by that God, whom thou didst not adore,
 I do beseech thee (that this ill and worse
 I may escape) to lead me, where thou said'st,
 That I Saint Peter's gate may view, and those
 Who, as thou tell'st, are in such dismal plight."
 Onward he moved, I close his steps pursued.

CANTO V.

From the first circle I descended thus
 Down to the second, which, a lesser space
 Embracing, so much more of grief contains,
 Provoking bitter moans. There Minos stands,
 Grinning with ghastly feature: he, of all
 Who enter, strict examining the crimes,
 Gives sentence, and dismisses them beneath,
 According as he foldeth him around:
 For when before him comes the ill-fated soul,
 It all confesses; and that judge severe
 Of sins, considering what place in hell
 Suits the transgression, with his tail so oft
 Himself encircles, as degrees beneath
 He dooms it to descend. Before him stand
 Always a numerous throng; and in his turn
 Each one to judgment passing, speaks, and hears
 His fate, thence downward to his dwelling hurled.
 "O thou! who to this residence of woe
 Approachest!" when he saw me coming, cried
 Minos, relinquishing his dread employ,
 "Look how thou enter here; beware in whom

Thou place thy trust; let not the entrance broad
 Deceive thee to thy harm." To him my guide:
 "Wherefore exclaimest? Hinder not his way
 By destiny appointed; so 'tis willed,
 Where will and power are one. Ask thou no more."

Now 'gin the rueful wailings to be heard.
 Now am I come where many a plaining voice
 Smites on mine ear. Into a place I came
 Where light was silent all. Bellowing there groaned
 A noise, as of a sea in tempest torn
 By warring winds. The stormy blast of hell
 With restless fury drives the spirits on,
 Whirled round and dashed amain with sore annoy.
 When they arrive before the ruinous sweep,
 There shrieks are heard, there lamentations, moans,
 And blasphemies 'gainst the good Power in heaven.

I understood, that to this torment sad
 The carnal sinners are condemned, in whom
 Reason by lust is swayed. As in large troops
 And multitudinous, when winter reigns,
 The starlings on their wings are borne abroad;
 So bears the tyrannous gust those evil souls.
 On this side and on that, above, below,
 It drives them: hope of rest to solace them
 Is none, nor e'en of milder pang. As cranes,
 Chanting their dolorous notes, traverse the sky,
 Stretched out in long array; so I beheld
 Spirits, who came loud wailing, hurried on
 By their dire doom. Then I: "Instructor! who
 Are these, by the black air so scourged?" — "The first
 'Mong those, of whom thou question'st," he replied,
 "O'er many tongues was empress. She in vice
 Of luxury was so shameless, that she made
 Liking be lawful by promulged decree,
 To clear the blame she had herself incurred.
 This is Semiramis, of whom 'tis writ,
 That she succeeded Ninus her espoused;
 And held the land, which now the Soldan rules.
 The next in amorous fury slew herself,
 And to Sicheus' ashes broke her faith:
 Then follows Cleopatra, lustful queen."

There marked I Helen, for whose sake so long
 The time was fraught with evil; there the great
 Achilles, who with love fought to the end.
 Paris I saw, and Tristan; and beside,

A thousand more he showed me, and by name
Pointed them out, whom love bereaved of life.

When I had heard my sage instructor name
Those dames and knights of antique days, o'erpowered
By pity, well-nigh in amaze my mind
Was lost; and I began: "Bard! willingly
I would address those two together coming,
Which seem so light before the wind." He thus:
"Note thou, when nearer they to us approach.
Then by that love which carries them along,
Entreat; and they will come." Soon as the wind
Swayed them towards us, I thus framed my speech:
"O wearied spirits! come, and hold discourse
With us, if by none else restrained." As doves
By fond desire invited, on wide wings
And firm, to their sweet nest returning home,
Cleave the air, wafted by their will along;
Thus issued, from that troop where Dido ranks,
They, through the ill air speeding: with such force
My cry prevailed, by strong affection urged.

THE STORY OF FRANCESCA OF RIMINI.

(Byron's Translation.)

"The land where I was born sits by the seas,
Upon that shore to which the Po descends,
With all his followers, in search of peace.
Love, which the gentle heart soon apprehends,
Seized him for the fair person which was ta'en
From me, and me even yet the mode offends.
Love, who to none beloved to love again
Remits, seized me with wish to please, so strong
That, as thou seest, yet, yet it doth remain.
Love to one death conducted us along,
But Cainà waits for him our life who ended:"
These were the accents uttered by her tongue. —
Since I first listened to these souls offended,
I bowed my visage, and so kept it till —
"What think'st thou?" said the bard; when I unbended,
And recommenced: "Alas, unto such ill
How many sweet thoughts, what strong ecstasies
Led these their evil fortune to fulfill!"
And then I turned unto their side my eyes,
And said, "Francesca, thy sad destinies
Have made me sorrow till the tears arise.

But tell me, in the season of sweet sighs,
 By what and how thy love to passion rose,
 So as his dim desires to recognize?"

Then she to me: "The greatest of all woes
 Is to remind us of our happy days
 In misery, and that thy teacher knows.
 But if to learn our passion's first root preys
 Upon thy spirit with such sympathy,
 I will do even as he who weeps and says.
 We read one day for pastime, seated nigh,
 Of Lancelot, how love enchained him too.
 We were alone, quite unsuspectingly.
 But oft our eyes met, and our cheeks in hue
 All o'er discolored by that reading were;
 But one point only wholly us o'erthrew;
 When we read the long-sighed-for smile of her,
 To be thus kissed by such devoted lover,
 He who from me can be divided ne'er
 Kissed my mouth, trembling in the act all over.
 Accursed was the book and he who wrote!
 That day no further leaf we did uncover." —

While thus one spirit told us of their lot,
 The other wept, so that with pity's thralls
 I swooned as if by death I had been smote,
 And fell down even as a dead body falls.

UGOLINO'S STORY.

(Cary's Translation.)

We now had left him, passing on our way,
 When I beheld two spirits by the ice
 Pent in one hollow, that the head of one
 Was cowl unto the other; and, as bread
 Is ravened up through hunger, the uppermost
 Did so apply his fangs, to the other's brain,
 Where the spine joins it. Not more furiously
 On Menalippus' temples Tydeus gnawed,
 Than on that skull and on its garbage he.

"O thou! who show'st so beastly sign of hate
 'Gainst him thou prey'st on, let me hear," said I,
 "The cause, on such condition, that if right
 Warrant thy grievance, knowing who ye are,
 And what the color of his sinning was,
 I may repay thee in the world above,
 If that, wherewith I speak, be moist so long."

His jaws uplifting from their fell repast,
That sinner wiped them on the hairs o' the head,
Which he behind had mangled, then began :
"Thy will obeying, I call up afresh
Sorrow past cure ; which, but to think of, wrings
My heart, or ere I tell on't. But if words,
That I may utter, shall prove seed to bear
Fruit of eternal infamy to him,
The traitor whom I gnaw at, thou at once
Shalt see me speak and weep. Who thou may'st be
I know not, nor how here below art come :
But Florentine thou seemest of a truth,
When I do hear thee. Know, I was on earth
Count Ugolino, and the Archbishop he
Ruggieri. Why I neighbor him so close,
Now list. That through effect of his ill thoughts,
In him my trust reposing, I was ta'en
And after murdered, need is not I tell.
What therefore thou canst not have heard, that is,
How cruel was the murder, shalt thou hear,
And know if he have wronged me. A small grate
Within that mew, which for my sake the name
Of famine bears, where others yet must pine,
Already through its opening several moons
Had shown me, when I slept the evil sleep
That from the future tore the curtain off.
This one, methought, as master of the sport,
Rode forth to chase the gaunt wolf, and his whelps,
Unto the mountain which forbids the sight
Of Lucca to the Pisan. With lean brachs
Inquisitive and keen, before him ranged
Lanfranchi with Sismondi and Gualandi.
After short course the father and the sons
Seemed tired and lagging, and methought I saw
The sharp tusks gore their sides. When I awoke,
Before the dawn, amid their sleep I heard
My sons (for they were with me) weep and ask
For bread. Right cruel art thou, if no pang
Thou feel at thinking what my heart foretold ;
And if not now, why use thy tears to flow ?
Now had they wakened ; and the hour drew near
When they were wont to bring us food ; the mind
Of each misgave him through his dream, and I
Heard, as its outlet underneath locked up
The horrible tower : whence, uttering not a word,

I looked upon the visage of my sons.
I wept not: so all stone I felt within.
They wept: and one, my little Anselm, cried,
'Thou lookest so! Father, what ails thee?' Yet
I shed no tear, nor answered all that day.
Nor the next night, until another sun
Came out upon the world. When a faint beam
Had to our doleful prison made its way,
And in four countenances I descried
The image of my own, on either hand
Through agony I bit; and they, who thought
I did it through desire of feeding, rose
O' the sudden, and cried, 'Father, we should grieve
Far less, if thou wouldst eat of us: thou gavest
These weeds of miserable flesh we wear;
And do thou strip them off from us again.'
Then, not to make them sadder, I kept down
My spirit in stillness. That day and the next
We all were silent. Ah, obdurate earth!
Why open'dst not upon us? When we came
To the fourth day, then Gaddo at my feet
Outstretched did fling him, crying, 'Hast no help
For me, my father?' There he died; and e'en
Plainly as thou seest me, saw I the three
Fall one by one 'twixt the fifth day and sixth:
Whence I betook me, now grown blind, to grope
Over them all, and for three days aloud
Called on them who were dead. Then, fasting got
The mastery of grief." Thus having spoke,
Once more upon the wretched skull his teeth
He fastened like a mastiff's 'gainst the bone,
Firm and unyielding. Oh, thou Pisa! shame
Of all the people, who their dwelling make
In that fair region, where the Italian voice
Is heard; since that thy neighbors are so slack
To punish, from their deep foundations rise
Capraia and Gorgona, and dam up
The mouth of Arno; that each soul in thee
May perish in the waters. What if fame
Reported that thy castles were betrayed
By Ugolino, yet no right hadst thou
To stretch his children on the rack. For them,
Brigata, Uguccione, and the pair
Of gentle ones, of whom my song hath told,
Their tender years, thou modern Thebes, did make
Uncapable of guilt.

FROM "THE NEW LIFE."

(Rossetti's Translation.)

AFTER this most gracious creature had gone out from among us, the whole city came to be as it were widowed and despoiled of all dignity. Then I, left mourning in this desolate city, wrote unto the principal persons thereof, in an epistle, concerning its condition; taking for my commencement those words of Jeremias: *Quomodo sedet sola civitas!* etc. And I make mention of this, that none may marvel wherefore I set down these words before, in beginning to treat of her death. Also if any should blame me, in that I do not transcribe that epistle whereof I have spoken, I will make it mine excuse that I began this little book with the intent that it should be written altogether in the vulgar tongue; wherefore, seeing that the epistle I speak of is in Latin, it belongeth not to mine undertaking: more especially as I know that my chief friend, for whom I write this book, wished also that the whole of it should be in the vulgar tongue.

When mine eyes had wept for some while, until they were so weary with weeping that I could no longer through them give ease to my sorrow, I bethought me that a few mournful words might stand me instead of tears. And therefore I proposed to make a poem, that weeping I might speak therein of her for whom so much sorrow had destroyed my spirit; and I then began "The eyes that weep."

That this poem may seem to remain the more widowed at its close, I will divide it before writing it; and this method I will observe henceforward. I say that this poor little poem has three parts. The first is a prelude. In the second, I speak of her. In the third, I speak pitifully to the poem. The second begins here, "Beatrice is gone up"; the third here, "Weep, pitiful Song of mine." The first divides into three. In the first, I say what moves me to speak. In the second, I say to whom I mean to speak. In the third, I say of whom I mean to speak. The second begins here, "And because often, thinking"; the third here, "And I will say." Then, when I say, "Beatrice is gone up," I speak of her; and concerning this I have two parts. First, I tell the cause why she was taken away from us: afterwards, I say how one weeps her parting; and this part commences here, "Wonderfully." This part divides into three. In the first, I say who it is that weeps her not. In the second, I say who it is that doth weep her. In the third, I speak of my condition. The second begins here, "But sighing comes, and grief"; the third, "With sighs." Then when I say, "Weep, pitiful Song of mine," I speak to this my song, telling it what ladies to go to, and stay with.

The eyes that weep for pity of the heart
 Have wept so long that their grief languisheth,
 And they have no more tears to weep withal:
 And now, if I would ease me of a part
 Of what little by little leads to death,
 It must be done by speech, or not at all.
 And because often, thinking, I recall
 How it was pleasant, ere she went afar,
 To talk of her with you, kind damozels,
 I talk with no one else,
 But only with such hearts as women's are.
 And I will say, — still sobbing as speech fails, —
 That she hath gone to Heaven suddenly,
 And hath left Love below, to mourn with me.

Beatrice is gone up into high Heaven,
 The kingdom where the angels are at peace;
 And lives with them; and to her friends is dead.
 Not by the frost of winter was she driven
 Away, like others; nor by summer heats;
 But through a perfect gentleness, instead,
 For from the lamp of her meek lowlihead
 Such an exceeding glory went up hence
 That it woke wonder in the Eternal Sire,
 Until a sweet desire
 Entered Him for that lovely excellence,
 So that he bade her to Himself aspire:
 Counting this weary and most evil place
 Unworthy of a thing so full of grace.

Wonderfully out of the beautiful form
 Soared her clear spirit, waxing glad the while;
 And is in its first home, there where it is.
 Who speaks thereof, and feels not the tears warm
 Upon his face, must have become so vile
 As to be dead to all sweet sympathies.
 Out upon him! an abject wretch like this
 May not imagine anything of her, —
 He needs no bitter tears for his relief.
 But sighing comes, and grief,
 And the desire to find no comforter,
 (Save only Death, who makes all sorrow brief,)
 To him who for a while turns in his thought
 How she hath been among us and is not.

With sighs my bosom always laboreth
 In thinking as I do continually,
 Of her for whom my heart now breaks apace;
 And very often when I think of death,
 Such a great inward longing comes to me
 That it will change the color of my face;
 And, if the idea settles in its place,
 All my limbs shake as with an ague fit;
 Till, starting up in wild bewilderment,
 I do become so shent
 That I go forth, lest folk misdoubt of it.
 Afterward, calling with a sore lament
 On Beatrice, I ask, "Canst thou be dead?"
 And calling on her, I am comforted.

Grief with its tears, and anguish with its sighs,
 Come to me now whene'er I am alone;
 So that I think the sight of me gives pain.
 And what my life hath been, that living dies,
 Since for my lady the New Birth's begun,
 I have not any language to explain.
 And so, dear ladies, though my heart were fain,
 I scarce could tell indeed how I am thus.
 All joy is with my bitter life at war;
 Yea, I am fallen so far
 That all men seem to say, "Go out from us,"
 Eyeing my cold white lips, how dead they are.
 But she, though I be bowed unto the dust,
 Watches me; and will guerdon me, I trust.

Weep, pitiful Song of mine, upon thy way,
 To the dames going and the damozels
 For whom and for none else
 Thy sisters have made music many a day.
 Thou, that are very sad and not as they,
 Go dwell thou with them as a mourner dwells.

After I had written this poem, I received the visit of a friend whom I counted as second unto me in the degrees of friendship, and who, moreover, had been united by the nearest kindred to that most gracious creature. And when we had a little spoken together, he began to solicit me that I would write somewhat in memory of a lady who had died; and he disguised his speech, so as to seem to be speaking of another who was but lately dead: wherefore I, perceiving that his speech was of none

other than that blessed one herself, told him that it should be done as he required. Then afterwards, having thought thereof, I imagined to give vent in a sonnet to some part of my hidden lamentations; but in such sort that it might seem to be spoken by this friend of mine, to whom I was to give it. And the sonnet saith thus: "Stay now with me," etc.

This sonnet has two parts. In the first, I call the Faithful of Love to hear me. In the second, I relate my miserable condition. The second begins here, "Mark how they force."

Stay now with me, and listen to my sighs,
 Ye piteous hearts, as pity bids ye do.
 Mark how they force their way out and press through;
 If they be once pent up, the whole life dies.
 Seeing that now indeed my weary eyes
 Oftener refuse than I can tell to you,
 (Even though my endless grief is ever new,)
 To weep and let the smothered anguish rise,
 Also in sighing ye shall hear me call
 On her whose blessed presence doth enrich
 The only home that well befitteth her:
 And ye shall hear a bitter scorn of all
 Sent from the inmost of my spirit in speech
 That mourns its joy and its joy's minister.

But when I had written this sonnet, bethinking me who he was to whom I was to give it, that it might appear to be his speech, it seemed to me that this was but a poor and barren gift for one of her so near kindred. Wherefore, before giving him this sonnet, I wrote two stanzas of a poem: the first being written in very sooth as though it was spoken by him, but the other being mine own speech, albeit, unto one who should not look closely, they would both seem to be said by the same person. Nevertheless, looking closely, one must perceive that it is not so, inasmuch as one does not call this most gracious creature *his lady*, and the other does, as is manifestly apparent. And I gave the poem and the sonnet unto my friend, saying that I had made them only for him.

The poem begins, "Whatever while," and has two parts. In the first, that is, in the first stanza, this my dear friend, her kinsman, laments. In the second, I lament; that is, in the other stanza, which begins, "For ever." And thus it appears that in this poem two persons lament, of whom one laments as a brother, the other as a servant.

Whatever while the thought comes over me
 That I may not again
 Behold that lady whom I mourn for now,
 About my heart my mind brings constantly
 So much of extreme pain
 That I say, Soul of mine, why stayest thou?
 Truly the anguish, soul, that we must bow
 Beneath, until we win out of this life,
 Gives me full oft a fear that trembleth :
 So that I call on Death
 Even as on Sleep one calleth after strife,
 Saying, Come unto me. Life showeth grim
 And bare; and if one dies, I envy him.

 For ever, among all my sighs which burn,
 There is a piteous speech
 That clamors upon Death continually :
 Yea, unto him doth my whole spirit turn
 Since first his hand did reach
 My lady's life with most foul cruelty.
 But from the height of woman's fairness, she,
 Going up from us with the joy we had,
 Grew perfectly and spiritually fair;
 That so she spreads even there
 A light of Love which makes the Angels glad,
 And even unto their subtle minds can bring
 A certain awe of profound marveling.

On that day which fulfilled the year since my lady had
 been made of the citizens of eternal life, remembering me of
 her as I sat alone, I betook myself to draw the resemblance of
 an angel upon certain tablets. And while I did thus, chanc-
 ing to turn my head, I perceived that some were standing
 beside me to whom I should have given courteous welcome,
 and that they were observing what I did : also I learned after-
 wards that they had been there a while before I perceived them.
 Perceiving whom, I arose for salutation, and said : " Another
 was with me."

Afterwards, when they had left me, I set myself again to
 mine occupation, to wit, to the drawing figures of angels : in
 doing which, I conceived to write of this matter in rhyme, as
 for her anniversary, and to address my rhymes unto those who
 had just left me. It was then that I wrote the sonnet which
 saith, " That lady " : and as this sonnet hath two commence-
 ments, it behooveth me to divide it with both of them here.

I say that, according to the first, this sonnet has three parts. In the first, I say that this lady was then in my memory. In the second, I tell what Love therefore did with me. In the third, I speak of the effects of Love. The second begins here, "Love knowing"; the third here, "Forth went they." This part divides into two. In the one, I say that all my sighs issued speaking. In the other, I say how some spoke certain words different from the others. The second begins here, "And still." In this same manner is it divided with the other beginning, save that, in the first part, I tell when this lady had thus come into my mind, and this I say not in the other.

That lady of all gentle memories
 Had lighted on my soul; — whose new abode
 Lies now, as it was well ordained of God,
 Among the poor in heart, where Mary is.
 Love, knowing that dear image to be his,
 Woke up within the sick heart sorrow-bowed,
 Unto the sighs which are its weary load
 Saying, "Go forth." And they went forth, I wis;
 Forth went they from my breast that throbbed and ached;
 With such a pang as oftentimes will bathe
 Mine eyes with tears when I am left alone.
 And still those sighs which drew the heaviest breath
 Came whispering thus: "O noble intellect!
 It is a year to-day that thou art gone."

SECOND COMMENCEMENT.

That lady of all gentle memories
 Had lighted on my soul; — for whose sake flowed
 The tears of Love; in whom the power abode
 Which led you to observe while I did this.
 Love, knowing that dear image to be his, etc.

Then, having sat for some space sorely in thought because of the time that was now past, I was so filled with dolorous imaginings that it became outwardly manifest in mine altered countenance. Whereupon, feeling this, and being in dread lest any should have seen me, I lifted mine eyes to look; and then perceived a young and very beautiful lady, who was gazing upon me from a window with a gaze full of pity, so that the very sum of pity appeared gathered together in her. And, seeing that unhappy persons, when they beget compassion in others, are then most moved unto weeping, as though they also felt pity for themselves, it came to pass that mine eyes began to be inclined unto tears. Wherefore, becoming fearful lest I should make manifest my abject condition, I rose up, and

went where I could not be seen of that lady ; saying afterwards within myself : “ Certainly with her, also, must abide most noble Love.” And with that, I resolved upon writing a sonnet, wherein, speaking unto her, I should say all that I have just said. And as this sonnet is very evident, I will not divide it : —

Mine eyes beheld the blessed pity spring
 Into thy countenance immediately
 A while ago, when thou beheldst in me
 The sickness only hidden grief can bring ;
 And then I knew thou wast considering
 How abject and forlorn my life must be ;
 And I became afraid that thou shouldst see
 My weeping, and account it a base thing.
 Therefore I went out from thee ; feeling how
 The tears were straightway loosened at my heart
 Beneath thine eyes’ compassionate control.
 And afterwards I said within my soul :
 “ Lo ! with this lady dwells the counterpart
 Of the same Love who holds me weeping now.”



SONNETS OF DANTE.

TRANSLATED BY RICHARD GARNETT.

As LATTERLY upon a certain way
 That liked me ill, in heaviness I rode,
 Love to my eyes in middle path was showed,
 Habited in a pilgrim’s light array.
 His sorry seeming did, methought, betray
 That he was of dominion disendowed ;
 Pensive with sighs he went, his head down bowed,
 Lest passers should his countenance survey.
 Then, having sight of me, he called upon
 My name, and said, “ I come from distant coast,
 Where lately dwelt thy heart by my command ;
 Which for new love I render from my hand : ”
 And he with me so blended and was lost,
 I saw not how he suddenly was gone.

Love and the gentle heart make but one whole,
 As in his lay the sage declareth well;
 Nor more may one without the other dwell
 Than without reason reasonable soul.
 Nature, when moods of tenderness control,
 Makes them, Love Lord, and heart the tabernacle
 Where he, pavilioned, sometimes for brief spell
 And sometimes for long season sleepeth sole.
 Beauty then shed from woman wise and pure
 Enchanteth so the eyes, the heart they strike
 With longing for the thing they love to scan:
 And oftentimes therein this doth endure
 Till slumbering Love awakens; and the like
 Worketh in woman excellence of man.

Sweet verses mine, that sing upon the way
 Of her whose loveliness makes others fair,
 One shall o'ertake you, even if now not there,
 Of whom, "This is our brother," ye will say.
 But I by Lord of love and lovers pray
 Most earnestly that ye will lend no ear,
 For not one sentence speaketh he sincere,
 Nor rings one note of truth in all his lay.
 And if it thus should be, that his discourse
 Moves you before your Lady to be found,
 Pause not, but hasten as this doth inspire,
 And say, "Madonna, we come hither bound,
 Pleading his cause who gives his sorrow course,
 And grieving saith, Where is my eyes' desire?"

A light so fair and gentle doth imbue
 Her eyes, that he to whom this doth appear
 Beholdeth what he never may declare
 Because it is so lofty and so new.
 And the bright rays that shower on me subdue
 My heart with trouble so, I quake for fear,
 And, "Not again," I say, "return I here;"
 But soon this resolution changeth hue.
 And I return where I was overthrown,
 Seeking my eyes to comfort and revive
 That shrank before the light they found so fair:
 Alas! they droop and shut as I arrive;
 And dead is the desire that urged them on;
 So, Love, I recommend me to thy care.

There came into my mind upon a day
 The gentle Lady Love laments on earth,
 As ye by impulse that from him had birth
 Were drawn my occupation to survey :
 And Love, aware of what the mind did sway,
 Awakening in the wasted bosom's dearth,
 Was thus my sighs enjoining, "Go ye forth";
 So each one grieving went upon his way.
 They all complaining from my bosom stole,
 Lifting the voice whereby so oft is stained
 The eye with tears disconsolately given :
 But they who passage with least ease obtained,
 Came forth repeating, "Thou transcendent Soul,
 This day last year thy home was made in Heaven."

Pilgrims, who wend along immersed in thought,
 Musing, perchance, on distant things unshown,
 Come ye from regions so remote and lone,
 As should be gathered by your mien distraught ?
 Wherefore do ye not weep, whose feet are brought
 To innermost of city making moan,
 Like men to whom its sorrow is unknown,
 Nor of the soreness apprehending aught ?
 If ye will tarry till the tale is said,
 Certes my heart affirmeth with its sighs
 Hence shall ye fare with lamentation deep.
 This city's Beatrice lieth dead ;
 Of whom men cannot speak but in such wise,
 That whoso harkeneth is fain to weep.

Two ladies on the summit of my mind
 Have met together, speech of Love to hold ;
 For Courtesy the one and Worth extolled,
 Discretion too with Chastity combined :
 And to the other Beauty is assigned,
 And Grace and Charm are under her enrolled ;
 And I, as he commands by whom controlled
 I live, bow down at feet of both inclined.
 Beauty and Virtue Understanding cite
 As umpire in their quarrel, whether fit
 That heart should for the twain have appetite :
 But Love declares, as fountain of all wit ;
 Heart may love Beauty for the eyes' delight,
 And be by excellence of Virtue smit.

MINOR POEMS BY DANTE.

DANTE BESEECHETH DEATH FOR BEATRICE'S LIFE.

(Rossetti's Translation.)

DEATH! since I find not one with whom to grieve,
 Nor whom this grief of mine may move to tears,
 Whereso I be or whitherso I turn,—
 Since it is thou who in my soul wilt leave
 No single joy, but chill'st it with just fears
 And makest it in fruitless hopes to burn,—
 Since thou, Death! and thou only, canst discern
 Wealth to my life, or want, at thy free choice,—
 It is to thee that I lift up my voice,
 Bowing my face that's like a face just dead.
 I come to thee, as to One pitying,
 In grief for that sweet rest that naught can bring
 Again, if thou but once be entered
 Into her life whom my heart cherishes
 Even as the only portal of its peace.

Death! how most sweet the peace is that thy grace
 Can grant to me, and that I pray thee for,
 Thou easily may'st know by a sure sign,
 If in mine eyes thou look a little space
 And read in them the hidden dread they store,—
 If upon all thou look which proves me thine.
 Since the fear only maketh me to pine
 After this sort, what will mine anguish be
 When her eyes close, of dreadful verity,
 In whose light is the light of mine own eyes?
 But now I know that thou wouldst have my life
 As hers, and joy'st thee in my fruitless strife.
 Yet I do think this which I feel implies
 That soon, when I would die to flee from pain,
 I shall find none by whom I may be slain.

Death! if indeed thou smite this Gentle One,
 Whose outward worth but tells the intellect
 How wondrous is the miracle within,
 Thou biddest Virtue rise up and be gone,
 Thou dost away with Mercy's best effect.
 Thou spoil'st the mansion of God's sojourning;
 Yea! unto naught her beauty thou dost bring
 Which is above all other beauties, even

In so much as befitted One whom Heaven
 Sent upon earth in token of its own.
 Thou dost break through the perfect trust which hath
 Been always her companion in Love's path :
 The light once darkened which was hers alone,
 Love needs must say to them he ruleth o'er —
 "I have lost the noble banner that I bore."

Death! have some pity then for all the ill
 Which cannot choose but happen if she die,
 And which will be the sorest ever known!
 Slacken the string, if so it be thy will,
 That the sharp arrow leave it not! thereby
 Sparing her life, which if it flies is flown.
 O Death! for God's sake be some pity shown!
 Restrain within thyself, even at its height,
 The cruel wrath which moveth thee to smite
 Her in whom God hath set so much of grace!
 Show now some ruth, if 'tis a thing thou hast!
 I seem to see Heaven's gate, that is shut fast,
 Open, and angels filling all the space
 About me: come to fetch her soul whose laud
 Is sung by saints and angels before God.

Song! thou must surely see how fine a thread
 This is that my last hope is holden by,
 And what I should be brought to without her.
 Therefore for thy plain speech and lowlihead
 Make thou no pause! but go immediately
 (Knowing thyself for my heart's minister)
 And, with that very meek and piteous air
 Thou hast, stand up before the face of Death,
 To wrench away the bar that prisoneth
 And win unto the place of the good fruit!
 And if indeed thou shake by thy soft voice
 Death's mortal purpose, — haste thee and rejoice
 Our Lady with the issue of thy suit!
 So yet awhile our earthly nights and days
 Shall keep the blessed spirit that I praise.

SESTINA: OF THE LADY PIETRA DEGLI SCROVIGNI.

(Rossetti's Translation.)

To the dim light and the large circle of shade
I have clomb, and to the whitening of the hills,
There where we see no color in the grass.
Nathless my longing loses not its green,
It has so taken root in the hard stone
Which talks and hears as though it were a lady.

Utterly frozen is this youthful lady,
Even as the snow that lies within the shade;
For she is no more moved than is a stone
By the sweet season which makes warm the hills
And alters them afresh from white to green,
Covering their sides again with flowers and grass.

When on her hair she sets a crown of grass
The thought has no more room for other lady;
Because she weaves the yellow with the green
So well that Love sits down there in the shade, —
Love who has shut me in among low hills
Faster than between walls of granite-stone.

She is more bright than is a precious stone;
The wound she gives may not be healed with grass:
I therefore have fled far o'er plains and hills
For refuge from so dangerous a lady;
But from her sunshine nothing can give shade, —
Not any hill, nor wall, nor summer-green.

A while ago, I saw her dressed in green, —
So fair, she might have wakened in a stone
This love which I do feel even for her shade;
And therefore, as one woos a graceful lady,
I wooed her in a field that was all grass
Girdled about with very lofty hills.

Yet shall the streams turn back and climb the hills
Before Love's flame in this damp wood and green
Burn, as it burns within a youthful lady,
For my sake, who would sleep away in stone
My life, or feed like beasts upon the grass,
Only to see her garments cast a shade.

How dark soe'er the hills throw out their shade,
Under her summer-green the beautiful lady
Covers it, like a stone covered in grass.

HIS PITIFUL SONG.

(Rossetti's Translation.)

The eyes that weep for pity of the heart
Have wept so long that their grief languisheth,
And they have no more tears to weep withal:
And now, if I would ease me of a part
Of what, little by little, leads to death,
It must be done by speech, or not at all.
And because often, thinking, I recall
How it was pleasant, ere she went afar,
To talk of her with you, kind damozels!
I talk with no one else,
But only with such hearts as women's are.
And I will say,—still sobbing as speech fails,—
That she hath gone to Heaven suddenly,
And hath left Love below to mourn with me.

Beatrice hath gone up into high Heaven,
The kingdom where the angels are at peace,
And lives with them, and to her friends is dead.
Not by the frost of winter was she driven
Away, like others; nor by summer heats;
But through a perfect gentleness instead.
For from the lamp of her meek lowlihead
Such an exceeding glory went up hence
That it woke wonder in the Eternal Sire,
Until a sweet desire
Entered him for that lovely excellence,—
So that He bade her to Himself aspire:
Counting this evil and most weary place
Unworthy of a thing so full of grace.

Wonderfully out of the beautiful form
Soared her clear spirit, waxing glad the while;
And is in its first home, there where it is.
Who speaks thereof, and feels not the tears warm
Upon his face, must have become so vile
As to be dead to all sweet sympathies.
Out upon him! an abject wretch like this
May not imagine anything of her,—

He needs no bitter tears for his relief,
But sighing comes, and grief,
And the desire to find no comforter
(Save only Death, who makes all sorrow brief),
To him who for a while turns in his thought
How she hath been amongst us, and is not.

With sighs my bosom always laboreth
In thinking, as I do continually,
Of her for whom my heart now breaks apace;
And very often, when I think of death,
Such a great inward longing comes to me
That it will change the color of my face;
And, if the idea settles in its place,
All my limbs shake as with an ague fit;
Till, starting up in wild bewilderment,
I do become so shent
That I go forth, lest folk misdoubt of it.
Afterward, calling with a sore lament
On Beatrice, I ask, — "Canst thou be dead?"
And calling on her I am comforted.

Grief with its tears, and anguish with its sighs,
Come to me now whene'er I am alone;
So that I think the sight of me gives pain.
And what my life hath been, that living dies,
Since for my Lady the New Birth's begun,
I have not any language to explain.
And so, dear ladies! though my heart were fain,
I scarce could tell indeed how I am thus.
All joy is with my bitter life at war;
Yea! I am fallen so far
That all men seem to say — "Go out from us!"
Eying my cold white lips, how dead they are.
But She, though I be bowed unto the dust,
Watches me, and will guerdon me, I trust.

Weep, pitiful Song of mine! upon thy way,
To the dames going and the damozels
For whom, and for none else,
Thy sisters have made music many a day,
Thou! that art very sad and not as they,
Go dwell thou with them as a mourner dwells!

KUBLAI KHAN.

By MARCO POLO.

(Translated by Henry Yule.)

[MARCO POLO, 1254-1324. In 1260 two Venetian merchants, Nicolo and Maffeo Polo, went to the Crimea to trade with that Tartar khanate. The khan was defeated by another Tartar prince, the western roads were blocked by the savage victors, the brothers dared not remain, and fled east to Bokhara. After a couple of years, envoys came thither from Kublai Khan, and knowing the eagerness of the Mongol Augustus for implanting Western culture among his subjects, invited the Polos to return with them. They could do no better than accept. Kublai welcomed them, gave them confidential missions in his service, and after some years sent them back to ask the Pope for a hundred educated men to teach Christianity and liberal arts to his people. They arrived in 1269, but could get only two monks to run the risk, and both those lost heart and turned back early. Nicolo's son Marco, however, now seventeen, went with them. Arriving in 1275, the brothers again became important officials, and Marco rose to high distinction. In 1292 all three were reluctantly given permission to return by the aged Kublai, who died two years later. Reaching home in 1295, Marco was taken prisoner in a sea fight with the Genoese in 1298, and imprisoned for a year, during which he dictated an account of his travels to a fellow-prisoner, who published them.]

KUBLAI'S PALACE.

AND when you have ridden three days from the city last mentioned, between northeast and north, you come to a city called Chandu, which was built by the kaan now reigning. There is at this place a very fine marble palace, the rooms of which are all gilt and painted with figures of men and beasts and birds, and with a variety of trees and flowers, all executed with such exquisite art that you regard them with delight and astonishment.

Round this palace a wall is built, inclosing a compass of sixteen miles, and inside the park there are fountains and rivers and brooks, and beautiful meadows, with all kinds of wild animals (excluding such as are of ferocious nature), which the emperor has procured and placed there to supply food for his gerfalcons and hawks which he keeps there in mew. Of these there are more than two hundred gerfalcons alone, without reckoning the other hawks. The kaan himself goes every week to see his birds sitting in mew, and sometimes he rides through the park with a leopard behind him on his horse's croup; and then if he sees any animal that takes his fancy, he

slips his leopard at it, and the game when taken is made over to feed the hawks in mew. This he does for diversion.

Moreover (at a spot in the park where there is a charming wood) he has another palace built of cane, of which I must give you a description. It is gilt all over, and most elaborately finished inside. It is stayed on gilt and lackered columns, on each of which is a dragon all gilt, the tail of which is attached to the column whilst the head supports the architrave, and the claws likewise are stretched out right and left to support the architrave. The roof, like the rest, is formed of canes, covered with a varnish so strong and excellent that no amount of rain will rot them. These canes are a good three palms in girth, and from ten to fifteen paces in length. They are cut across at each knot, and then the pieces are split so as to form from each two hollow tiles, and with these the house is roofed; only every such tile of cane has to be nailed down to prevent the wind from lifting it. In short, the whole palace is built of these canes, which (I may mention) serve also for a great variety of other useful purposes. The construction of the palace is so devised that it can be taken down and put up again with great celerity; and it can all be taken to pieces and removed whithersoever the emperor may command. When erected, it is stayed (against mishaps from the wind) by more than two hundred cords of silk.

[NOTE by Col. Yule:—It was whilst reading this passage of Marco's narrative in old Purchas, that Coleridge fell asleep, and dreamt the dream of Kublai's paradise, beginning:—

“In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure dome decree:
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran,
By caverns measureless to man,
Down to a sunless sea.
So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round:
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills,
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;
And here were forests, ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.”]

KUBLAI'S PAPER CURRENCY.

Now that I have told you in detail of the splendor of this city of the emperor's, I shall proceed to tell you of the mint which he hath in the same city, in which he hath his money coined and struck, as I shall relate to you. And in doing so I shall make manifest to you how it is that the Great Lord

may well be able to accomplish even much more than I have told you, or am going to tell you, in this book. For, tell it how I might, you never would be satisfied that I was keeping within truth and reason!

The emperor's mint then is in this same city of Cambaluc, and the way it is wrought is such that you might say he hath the secret of alchemy in perfection, and you would be right! For he makes money after this fashion:

He makes them take of the bark of a certain tree, in fact of the mulberry tree, the leaves of which are the food of the silkworms,—these trees being so numerous that whole districts are full of them. What they take is a certain fine white bast or skin which lies between the wood of the tree and the thick outer bark, and this they make into something resembling sheets of paper but black. When these sheets have been prepared they are cut up into pieces of different sizes. [The denominations ranged from the lowest small change to very high figures.] All these pieces of paper are issued with as much solemnity and authority as if they were of pure gold or silver; and on every piece a variety of officials, whose duty it is, have to write their names and to put their seals. And when all is prepared duly, the chief officer deputed by the kaan smears the seal intrusted to him with vermilion, and impresses it on the paper, so that the form of the seal remains stamped upon it in red; the money is then authentic. Any one forging it would be punished with death. And the kaan causes every year to be made such a quantity of this money, which costs him nothing, that it must equal in amount all the treasure in the world.

With these pieces of paper, made as I have described, he causes all payments on his own account to be made; and he makes them to pass current universally over all his kingdoms and provinces and territories, and whithersoever his power and sovereignty extends. And nobody, however important he may think himself, dares to refuse them on pain of death. And indeed everybody takes them readily, for wheresoever a person may go throughout the Great Kaan's dominions he shall find these pieces of paper current, and shall be able to transact all sales and purchases of goods by means of them just as if they were coins of pure gold. And all the while they are so light that ten bezants' worth does not weigh one golden bezant.

Furthermore all merchants arriving from India or other countries, and bringing with them gold or silver or gems and

pearls, are prohibited from selling to any one but the emperor. He has twelve experts chosen for this business, men of shrewdness and experience in such affairs ; these appraise the articles, and the emperor then pays a liberal price for them in those pieces of paper. The merchants accept his price readily, for in the first place they would not get so good an one from anybody else, and secondly they are paid without any delay. And with this paper money they can buy what they like anywhere over the empire, whilst it is also vastly lighter to carry about on their journeys. And it is a truth that the merchants will several times in the year bring wares to the amount of 400,000 bezants, and the Grand Sire pays for all that in that paper. So he buys such a quantity of those precious things every year that his treasure is endless, whilst all the time the money he pays away costs him nothing at all.¹ Moreover, several times in the year proclamation is made through the city that any one who may have gold or silver or gems or pearls, by taking them to the mint shall get a handsome price for them. And the owners are glad to do this, because they would find no other purchaser give so large a price. Thus the quantity they bring in is marvelous, though those who do not choose to do so may let it alone. Still, in this way, nearly all the valuables in the country come into the kaan's possession.

When any of those pieces of paper are spoilt,—not that they are so very flimsy neither,—the owner carries them to the mint, and by paying three per cent. on the value he gets new pieces in exchange. And if any baron, or any one else soever, hath need of gold or silver or gems or pearls in order to make plate, or girdles, or the like, he goes to the mint and buys as much as he list, paying in this paper money.

Now you have heard the ways and means whereby the Great Kaan may have, and in fact has, more treasure than all the kings in the world ; and you know all about it and the reason why.

KUBLAI'S ADMINISTRATION.

Concerning the Twelve Barons who are set over all the Affairs of the Great Kaan.

You must know that the Great Kaan hath chosen twelve great barons to whom he hath committed all the necessary

¹ Marco apparently considers this simply fiat money ; but the next paragraph shows that it was redeemable at any time, and kept afloat by its convenience,

affairs of thirty-four great provinces; and now I will tell you particulars about them and their establishments.

You must know that these twelve barons reside all together in a very rich and handsome palace, which is inside the city of Cambaluc, and consists of a variety of edifices, with many suites of apartments. To every province is assigned a judge and several clerks, and all reside in this palace, where each has his separate quarters. These judges and clerks administer all the affairs of the provinces to which they are attached, under the direction of the twelve barons. Howbeit, when an affair is of very great importance, the twelve barons lay it before the emperor, and he decides as he thinks best. But the power of those twelve barons is so great that they choose the governors for all the thirty-four great provinces that I have mentioned, and only after they have chosen do they inform the emperor of their choice. This he confirms, and grants to the person nominated a tablet of gold such as is appropriate to the rank of his government.

Those twelve barons also have such authority that they can dispose of the movements of the forces, and send them whither, and in such strength as, they please. This is done indeed with the emperor's cognizance, but still the orders are issued on their authority. They are styled Shieng, which is as much as to say "The Supreme Court," and the palace where they abide is also called Shieng. This body forms the highest authority at the Court of the Great Kaan; and indeed they can favor and advance whom they will. I will not now name the thirty-four provinces to you, because they will be spoken of in detail in course of this book.

How the Kaan's Posts and Runners are sped through Many Lands and Provinces.

Now you must know that from this city of Cambaluc proceed many roads and highways leading to a variety of provinces, one to one province, another to another; and each road receives the name of the province to which it leads; and it is a very sensible thing. And the messengers of the emperor in traveling from Cambaluc, be the road whichsoever they will, find at every twenty-five miles of the journey a station which

so that prices could not have been inflated by it. Kublai was evidently a sound economist.

they call a Yamb, or as we should say, the "Horse Post House." And at each of these stations used by the messengers there is a large and handsome building for them to put up at, in which they find all the rooms furnished with fine beds, and all other necessary articles in rich silk, and where they are provided with everything they can want. If even a king were to arrive at one of these, he would find himself well lodged.

At some of these stations, moreover, there shall be posted some four hundred horses standing ready for the use of the messengers; and at others there shall be two hundred, according to the requirements, and to what the emperor has established in each case. At every twenty-five miles, as I said, or anyhow at every thirty miles, you find one of these stations, on all the principal highways leading to the different provincial governments; and the same is the case throughout all the chief provinces subject to the Great Kaan. Even when the messengers have to pass through a roadless tract where neither house nor hotel exists, still there the station houses have been established just the same, excepting that the intervals are somewhat greater, and the day's journey is fixed at thirty-five to forty-five miles, instead of twenty-five to thirty. But they are provided with horses and all the other necessities just like those we have described, so that the emperor's messengers, come from what region they may, find everything ready for them.

And in sooth this is a thing done on the greatest scale of magnificence that ever was seen. Never had emperor, king, or lord such wealth as this manifests! For it is a fact that on all these posts taken together there are more than three hundred thousand horses kept up, specially for the use of the messengers. And the great buildings that I have mentioned are more than ten thousand in number, all richly furnished as I told you. The thing is on a scale so wonderful and costly that it is hard to bring oneself to describe it.

But now I tell you another thing that I had forgotten, but which ought to be told whilst I am on this subject. You must know that by the Great Kaan's orders there has been established between those post houses, at every interval of three miles, a little fort with some forty houses round about it, in which dwell the people who act as the emperor's foot runners. Every one of these runners wears a great wide belt, set all over with bells, so that as they run the three miles from post to post

these are heard jingling a long way off. And thus on reaching a post the runner finds another man similarly equipt, and all ready to take his place, who instantly takes over whatsoever he has in charge, and with it receives a slip of paper from the clerk who is always at hand for the purpose; and so the new man sets off and runs his three miles. At the next station he finds his relief ready in like manner; and so the post proceeds, with a change at every three miles. And in this way the emperor, who has an immense number of these runners, receives dispatches with news from places ten days' journey off in one day and night; or, if need be, news from a hundred days off in ten days and nights; and that is no small matter! In fact in the fruit season many a time fruit shall be gathered one morning in Cambaluc, and the evening of the next day it shall reach the Great Kaan at Chandu, a distance of ten days' journey. The clerk at each of the posts notes the time of each carrier's arrival and departure; and there are often other officers whose business it is to make monthly visitations of all the posts, and to punish those runners who have been slack at their work. The emperor exempts these men from all tribute, and pays them besides.

Moreover there are also at those stations other men equipt similarly with girdles hung with bells, who are employed for expresses when there is a call for great haste in sending dispatches to any governor of a province, or to give news when any baron has revolted, or in other such emergencies; and these men travel a good two hundred or two hundred and fifty miles in the day, and as much in the night. I'll tell you how it stands. They take a horse from those at the station which are standing ready saddled, all fresh and in wind, and mount and go full speed, as hard as they can ride, in fact. And when those at the next post hear the bells they get ready another horse and man equipt in the same way, and he takes over the letter or whatever it be, and is off full speed to the third station, where again a fresh horse is found all ready; and so the dispatch speeds along from post to post, always at full gallop with regular change of horses. And the speed at which they go is marvelous. By night, however, they cannot go so fast as by day, because they have to be accompanied by footmen with torches, who could not keep up with them at full speed.

Those men are highly prized; and they could never do it

did they not bind hard the stomach, chest, and head with strong bands. And each of them carries with him a gerfalcon tablet, in sign that he is bound on an urgent express; so that if, perchance, his horse break down, or he meet with other mishap, whomsoever he may fall in with on the road, he is empowered to make him dismount and give up his horse. Nobody dares refuse in such a case; so that the courier hath always a good fresh nag to carry him.

Now, all these numbers of good post horses cost the emperor nothing at all; and I will tell you the how and the why. Every city, or village, or hamlet, that stands near one of those post stations, has a fixed demand made on it for as many horses as it can supply, and these it must furnish to the post. And in this way are provided all the posts of the cities as well as the towns and villages round about them; only in uninhabited tracts the horses are furnished at the expense of the emperor himself.

Nor do the cities maintain the full number, say of four hundred horses, always at their station, but month by month two hundred shall be kept at the station, and the other two hundred at grass, coming in their turn to relieve the first two hundred. And if there chance to be some river or lake to be passed by the runners and post horses, the neighboring cities are bound to keep three or four boats in constant readiness for the purpose.

And now I will tell you of the great bounty exercised by the emperor towards his people twice a year.

How the Emperor bestows Help upon his People, when they are afflicted with Dearth or Murrain.

Now you must know that the emperor sends his messengers all over his lands and kingdoms and provinces, to ascertain from his officers if the people are afflicted by any dearth through unfavorable seasons or storms or locusts or other like calamity; and from those who have suffered in this way no taxes are exacted for that year; nay, more, he causes them to be supplied with corn of his own for food and seed. Now this is, undoubtedly, a great bounty on his part. And when the winter comes, he causes inquiry to be made as to those who have lost their cattle, whether by murrain or other mishap, and such persons not only go scot free, but get presents of cattle.

And thus, as I tell you, the lord every year helps and fosters the people subject to him.

There is another trait of the Great Kaan I should tell you ; and that is, if a chance shot from his bow strike any herd or flock, whether belonging to one person or to many, and however big the flock may be, he takes no tithe thereof for three years. In like manner, if the arrow strike a boat full of goods, that boat load pays no duty ; for it is thought unlucky that an arrow strike any one's property ; and the Great Kaan says it would be an abomination before God, were such property, that has been struck by the divine wrath, to enter into his treasury.

How the Great Kaan causes Trees to be planted by the Highways.

The emperor, moreover, hath taken order that all the highways traveled by his messengers and the people generally, should be planted with rows of great trees a few paces apart ; and thus the trees are visible a long way off, and no one can miss the way by day or night. Even the roads through uninhabited tracts are thus planted, and it is the greatest possible solace to travelers. And this is done on all the ways where it can be of service. The Great Kaan plants these trees all the more readily, because his great astrologers and diviners tell him that he who plants trees lives long.

But where the ground is so sandy and desert that trees will not grow, he causes other landmarks, pillars or stones, to be set up to show the way.

Concerning the Black Stones that are dug in Cathay, and are burnt for Fuel.

It is a fact that all over the country of Cathay there is a kind of black stone existing in beds in the mountains, which they dig out and burn like firewood. If you supply the fire with them at night, and see that they are well kindled, you will find them still alight in the morning ; and they make such capital fuel that no other is used throughout the country. It is true that they have plenty of wood also, but they do not burn it, because these stones burn better and cost less.

Moreover, with that vast number of people and the number of hot baths that they maintain — for every one has such a bath at least three times a week, and in the winter if possible every

day, whilst every nobleman and man of wealth has a private bath for his own use—the wood would not suffice for the purpose.

How the Great Kaan causes Stores of Corn to be made, to help his People withal in the time of Dearth.

You must know that when the emperor sees that corn is cheap and abundant, he buys up large quantities, and has it stored in all his provinces, in great granaries, where it is so well looked after that it will keep for three or four years.

And this applies, let me tell you, to all kinds of corn, whether wheat, millet, rice, panic, or what not, and when there is a scarcity of a particular kind of corn he causes that to be issued. And if the price of it is at one bezant the measure, he lets them have it at one bezant for four measures, or at whatever price will produce general cheapness; and every one can have food in this way. And by this providence of the emperor's, his people can never suffer from dearth. He does the same over his whole empire, causing these supplies to be stored everywhere according to calculation of the wants and necessities of the people.

Of the Charity of the Emperor to the Poor.

I have told you how the Great Kaan provides for the distribution of necessaries to his people in time of dearth, by making store in time of cheapness. Now I will tell you of his alms and great charity to the poor of his city of Cambaluc.

You see, he causes selection to be made of a number of families in the city which are in a state of indigence, and of such families some may consist of six in the house, some of eight, some of ten, more or fewer in each as it may hap, but the whole number being very great. And each family he causes annually to be supplied with wheat and other corn sufficient for the whole year. And this he never fails to do every year. Moreover, all those who choose to go to the daily almshouse at the court receive a great loaf apiece hot from baking, and nobody is denied, for so the lord hath ordered, and so some thirty thousand people go for it every day from year's end to year's end. Now this is a great goodness in the emperor to take pity of his poor people thus! And they benefit so much by it that they worship him as he were God.

He also provides the poor with clothes. For he lays a tithe upon all wool, silk, hemp, and the like, from which clothing can be made ; and he has these woven and laid up in a building set apart for the purpose ; and as all artisans are bound to give a day's labor weekly, in this way the kaan has these stuffs made into clothing for those poor families, suitable for summer or winter, according to the time of the year. He also provides the clothing for his troops, and has woolens woven for them in every city, the material for which is furnished by the tithe aforesaid. You should know that the Tartars, before they were converted to the religion of the Idolaters, never practiced almsgiving. Indeed, when any poor man begged of them, they would tell him, "Go with God's curse, for if He loved you as He loves me, He would have provided for you !" But the sages of the Idolaters, and especially the Baesis mentioned before, told the Great Kaan that it was a good work to provide for the poor, and that his idols would be greatly pleased if he did also. And since then he has taken to do so much as you have heard.

How the Great Kaan maintains a Guard of Twelve Thousand Horse, which are called Keshican.

You must know that the Great Kaan, to maintain his state, hath a guard of twelve thousand horsemen, who are styled Keshican, which is as much as to say, "Knights devoted to their Lord." Not that he keeps these for fear of any man whatever, but merely because of his own exalted dignity. These twelve thousand men have four captains, each of whom is in command of three thousand ; and each body of three thousand takes a turn of three days and nights to guard the palace, where they also take their meals. After the expiration of three days and nights they are relieved by another three thousand, who mount guard for the same space of time, and then another body takes its turn, so that there are always three thousand on guard. Thus it goes until the whole twelve thousand, who are styled (as I said) Keshican, have been on duty ; and then the tour begins again, and so runs on from year's end to year's end,

THE WRITINGS OF ALFONSO THE WISE.

(From the "Siete Partidas": translated for this work.)

[ALFONSO THE WISE, King of Castile 1252-82, was one of the great literary and intellectual influences of the thirteenth century. The pure, graceful, and simple language of his famous code of laws, the "Siete Partidas" or Seven Parts, and of his "Gran Conquista d'Ultramar" (Great Conquest beyond Sea), founded the Spanish literary language, just as Dante did literary Italian; while he fixed Castilian securely as the national idiom by having the Bible translated into it. His "Alfonsine Tables" of astronomy were of great scientific usefulness; he is reported as saying, "Had I been present at the Creation, I could have given the Deity some valuable advice." He was an unfortunate and perhaps not very capable ruler, and was dethroned by his son Sancho in 1282; the letter here given is his appeal for help in this strait.]

KINGS AND THEIR SUBJECTS.

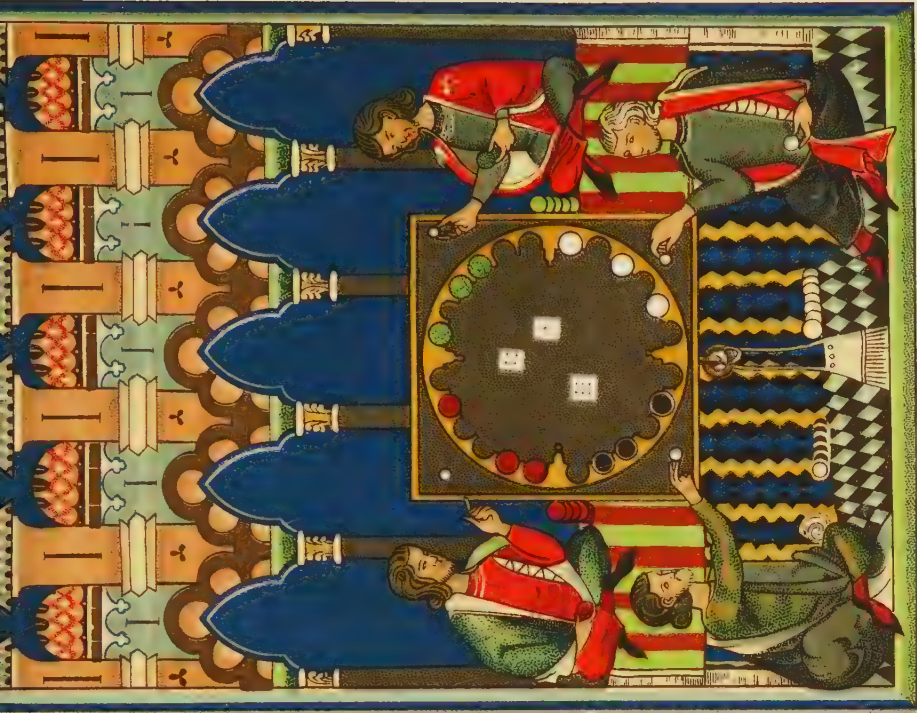
Part II, Title I, Law V.

VICARS of God are the kings, each one in his kingdom, placed over the people to maintain them in justice and in truth as much as in temporal things, just as with the emperor in his empire. And this shows itself completely in two manners: the first of them is spiritual, according to what the prophets and the saints have shown, to whom our Lord has given grace to know these things assuredly and to understand how to do them; the other is according to nature, as the wise men have shown who were learned judges of things in the natural order; and the saints have said that the king is lord, put on the earth in place of God to accomplish justice and give to every one his right, and thence they have called him the heart and soul of the people; for even as the soul lies in the heart of man, and by it the body lives and maintains itself, so in the king lies justice, which is the life and maintenance of the people of his lordship. And on the other hand, as the heart is one, and from it all the other members receive unity, so that they be one body, even so all those in the kingdom, in spite of being many, because the king is and ought to be one, for that reason they ought all on the other hand to be one with him, to serve and aid him in the things which he has to do. And in the natural order the wise have said that the king is the head of the kingdom; for just as from the head are born the senses by which all the members of the body order themselves, even so by the mandates which are born from the king, who is lord and head of all those in the kingdom, should they order and guide themselves, and advise



efigenie ludo in dunt gator: ebar pre
 ma o carro, fier lo pelicar: omz megr
 se muchas nadas en que udon los an
 nes los mantes por que lean por ello
 mas ruyos re oba calop: **Lo** que
 son alli como lo gar a cada calop: as
 tes a cura rebusa e muchas mareas.

Quero quere que coos elie: me
 pes son mto buenos camines en el
 empo ten dltgar o mntine: por po
 que dice auget que se fas en leu solo
 alquans tie fuyt enbren te nre, so
 mo te dia: e poi que las mugeres que
 non cauelgon e ffans: encieros an a
 ualdrillo. I ouosfi e omnes que son
 uicos e ftaos. o los que han labo te
 auer sus plapers apara mntine por
 que non uebban en ellos etiro nin fe
 far o los que son en pout agelo ali co
 mo en pulion o en caueno o que uan
 fabez mar: e comunalmente coos: i
 aquellos que han uerte acamp: por q
 non pueden cauelgar nin fr a eta ni
 a oco porre: e han por fuerza te hitar



with him in order to obey him, and shelter and guard and rectify the kingdom of which he is the head, and they the members.

Title III, Law I. What kind of a thing thought is, and why it is so named.

Thought [*pensamiento*] is the care with which men consider things past, and those present, and those which are to be; and it is so called because with it man weighs [*pesa*] the things for which care comes into his mind.

Law II. Whence thought is born, and how it ought to be wrought.

Thought is born in the mind of man, and it should be wrought not with anger, nor with great melancholy, nor with much cupidity, nor vehemently; but with reason, and about things from which honor comes, or by which one can guard himself from harm. And in order that this may be done better, the wise have said that it should be the king's business to guard his mind in three manners: the first, that he should not direct it toward cupidity, nor toward great care for excessive and useless honors; the second, that he should not too much covet great riches; the third, that he should not love to be very vicious. And of every one of these three manners there is plentiful enough demonstration further on in the laws of this title, as the wise men of old have distinguished it.

Law III. That the king ought not to covet in his mind too great honors.

Excessive and useless honors the king ought not to covet in his mind, rather he ought greatly to ward them off; because that which is too great cannot last, and being lost or impaired turns to dishonor; and the honor which is of that class always becomes a danger to him who follows it, breeding thence troubles and great costs, and without reason impairing what he has for what he covets. And further than this, the wise have said that it is no less a virtue for a man to guard what he has than to gain what he has not; and that is because guarding comes from judgment, and gaining from fortune. And thence the king who guards his honor in such wise that every day he grows in it and does not lessen, and knows how to guard what he has in such manner that he does not lose it for what he desires to gain, he

is held as one of good judgment, and one who loves his people and is sage in raising them to good ; and him who has done this God will guard in this world that he may not receive dishonor from men, and in the other that he may not be dishonored with the wicked in hell.

(From Ticknor's "History of Spanish Literature,")

What meaneth a Tyrant, and how he useth his power in a kingdom when he hath obtained it.

A tyrant doth signify a cruel lord, who by force, or by craft, or by treachery, hath obtained power over any realm or country ; and such men be of such nature, that, when once they have grown strong in the land, they love rather to work their own profit, though it be in harm of the land, than the common profit of all, for they always live in an ill fear of losing it. And that they may be able to fulfill this their purpose unencumbered, the wise of old have said that they use their power against the people in three manners. The first is, that they strive that those under their mastery be ever ignorant and timorous, because, when they be such, they may not be bold to rise against them nor to resist their wills ; and the second is, that they be not kindly and united among themselves, in such wise that they trust not one another, for, while they live in disagreement, they shall not dare to make any discourse against their lord, for fear faith and secrecy should not be kept among themselves ; and the third way is, that they strive to make them poor, and to put them upon great undertakings, which they can never finish, whereby they may have so much harm, that it may never come into their hearts to devise anything against their ruler. And above all this, have tyrants ever striven to make spoil of the strong and to destroy the wise ; and have forbidden fellowship and assemblies of men in their land, and striven always to know what men said or did ; and do trust their counsel and the guard of their person rather to foreigners, who will serve at their will, than to them of the land, who serve from oppression. And, moreover, we say, that, though any man may have gained mastery of a kingdom by any of the lawful means whereof we have spoken in the laws going before this, yet, if he use his power ill, in the ways whereof we speak in this law, him may the people still call tyrant ; for he turneth his mastery which was rightful

into wrongful, as Aristotle hath said in the book which treateth of the rule and government of kingdoms.

The King's Daughters.

They are to endeavor, as much as may be, that the king's daughters be moderate and seemly in eating and in drinking, and also in their carriage and dress, and of good manners in all things, and especially that they be not given to anger; for, besides the wickedness that lieth in it, it is the thing in the world that most easily leadeth women to do ill. And they ought to teach them to be handy in performing those works that belong to noble ladies; for this is a matter that becometh them much, since they obtain by it cheerfulness and a quiet spirit; and besides, it taketh away bad thoughts, which it is not convenient they should have.

WELCOME TO MAY.

(Translation of Mary Ward.)

Welcome, O May, yet once again we greet thee!
So always praise we her, the Holy Mother,
Who prays to God that he shall aid us ever
Against our foes, and to us ever listen.

Welcome, O May, loyally art thou welcome!
So always praise we her, the Mother of Kindness,
Mother who ever on us taketh pity,
Mother who guardeth us from woes unnumbered.

Welcome, O May! welcome, O month well-favored!
So let us ever pray and offer praises
To her who ceases not for us, for sinners,
To pray to God that we from woes be guarded.

Welcome, O May, O joyous May and stainless!
So will we ever pray to her who gaineth
Grace from her Son for us, and gives each morning
Force that by us the Moors from Spain be driven.

Welcome, O May, of bread and wine the giver!
Pray then to her, for in her arms, an infant,
She bore the Lord! She points us on our journey,
The journey that to her will bear us quickly!

LETTER BESEECHING AID.

(From Ticknor's "History of Spanish Literature.")

"Cousin Don Alonzo Perez de Guzman : My affliction is great, because it has fallen from such a height that it will be seen afar ; and as it has fallen on me, who was the friend of all the world, so in all the world will men know this my misfortune, and its sharpness, which I suffer unjustly from my son, assisted by my friends and by my prelates, who, instead of setting peace between us, have put mischief, not under secret pretenses or covertly, but with bold openness. And thus I find no protection in mine own land, neither defender nor champion ; and yet have I not deserved it at their hands, unless it were for the good I have done them. And now, since in mine own land they deceive, who should have served and assisted me, needful is it that I should seek abroad those who will kindly care for me ; and since they of Castile have been false to me, none can think it ill that I ask help among those of Benamarin. For if my sons are mine enemies, it will not then be wrong that I take mine enemies to be my sons ; enemies according to the law, but not of free choice. And such is the good king Aben Jusaf ; for I love and value him much, and he will not despise me or fail me ; for we are at truce. I know also how much you are his, and how much he loves you, and with good cause, and how much he will do through your good counsel. Therefore look not at the things past, but at the things present. Consider of what lineage you are come, and that at some time hereafter I may do you good, and if I do not, that your own good deed shall be its own good reward. Therefore, my cousin, Alonzo Perez de Guzman, do so much for me with my lord and your friend, that, on pledge of the most precious crown that I have, and the jewels thereof, he should lend me so much as he may hold to be just. And if you can obtain his aid, let it not be hindered of coming quickly ; but rather think how the good friendship that may come to me from your lord will be through your hands. And so may God's friendship be with you. Done in Seville, my only loyal city, in the thirtieth year of my reign, and in the first of these my troubles.

"Signed, THE KING."

THE NON-EXISTENCE OF MAGIC.

BY ROGER BACON.

(Translated for this work.)

[ROGER BACON, the greatest natural philosopher of the Middle Ages, was born in Somersetshire, England, about 1214. Educated at Oxford and Paris, by a luckless impulse he joined the Franciscan (mendicant) Order, for which he had no vocation, and which conflicted violently with his real one. His mind was singularly like that of his great namesake, Francis Bacon; he believed in observation and experiment as the basis of deduction, and never ceased urging the study of original sources and texts, as the basis of any sound theological knowledge. This theory, counsel, and practice convinced his superiors that he was heretically minded and dangerous, and they imprisoned him for some years. About 1265, Pope Clement IV., hearing of his scientific attainments, asked him to write out and send a summary of what he knew; in an incredibly short time, though denied pens and paper except by special permission, penniless, and obliged to get materials and skilled help, he wrote and sent his vast "Opus Majus," a summary of all known science and filled with original experiments and acute deductions. He wrote also the "Opus Minus," "Opus Tertium," and minor pieces. In 1278 his writings were condemned by his Order as heretical, and he was again confined. He died in 1294. His mediæval repute as a magician was an ironical fate for one whose chief work was to combat such delusions.]

To William of Paris:

I. OF AND AGAINST FABRICATED APPEARANCES, AND OF
AND AGAINST INVOCATION OF SPIRITS.

I RESPOND heartily to your request, for though nature may be potent and wonderful, yet art using nature as an instrument is more potent than natural gifts, as we see in many things. But whatever is beyond the operation of nature or of art, either is not human or is fabricated and filled with frauds. For there are those who, fabricating appearances by swift motion of the organs, or diversity of voices, or ingenuity of apparatus, or darkness, or by collusion, put many marvels before mortals which have no truth of existence. The world is full of these, as is manifest to the inquirer. For jugglers play many tricks by quickness of hand; and "mediums," fabricating a variety of voices in the stomach and throat and mouth, form human voices far and near, as they choose, as if a spirit spoke through the man; and they shape sounds as of brutes. But pipes laid under the grass, and hidden in recesses of the ground, show us that the voice is human, not of spirits, which is fabricated with

such huge mendacity. And when inanimate things are moved swiftly in the dusk, of morning or evening, that is not reality, but fraud and trick. As to collusion, it fabricates everything men wish, according as they arrange with each other.

Into all these, however, neither philosophic consideration investigates, nor art, nor the power of nature pauses to look. But beside these is a more mischievous occupation, when men, against the laws of philosophy and against all reason, invoke nefarious spirits, through whom to achieve their will. And their mistake is in this, that they believe spirits to be subject to them, and coercible by human power; for this is impossible, because human force is far inferior to that of spirits. And on this point men err still more in this, that they believe by the use of some natural means they can summon spirits or put them to flight. And the error has been made up to this time, when men strive by invocations and supplications and sacrifices to placate them and bring them into the service of the summoners; while it would be much easier without such trial of skill to supplicate God or the good spirits for whatever man ought to repute useful; — since not even in useless matters do malign spirits appear favorable, except so far as sinful deeds are permitted through men by God, who rules and guides the human race. And so these methods are beyond the examples set by wisdom; on the contrary, they rather operate the other way, nor do the truly philosophic ever concern themselves in the manners following.

II. OF MAGIC CHARACTERS, CHARMS, AND THEIR USES.

What should be held concerning charms, and characters, and other things of the kind, I consider after this fashion. It is far from doubtful that everything of the kind is at the present time false and uncertain; for whatever things are universally beyond reasoning out, which philosophers have come upon in the works of nature or art, they have hidden as secrets from the unworthy.

Thus, if it were universally unknown that a magnet draws iron, and some one wished to perform this feat in public, he would draw characters and utter charms, lest it might be perceived that the whole work of attraction was natural. All such performances must be erroneous. Thus, therefore, so many things are hidden in the words of philosophers in many

ways, that a wise man ought to have the prudence to neglect charms and characters, and investigate the works of nature and art; and thus he should perceive that things, as well animate as inanimate, harmonize with each other according to the conformities of nature, not according to the virtue of characters or a charm. And thus, many secrets of nature and art are estimated as magic by the unlearned; and the magicians foolishly confide in characters and charms, to which they ascribe virtue; and by following them, forsake the works of nature or art for the error of charms and characters. And so this race of men is deprived of the utilities of wisdom, impelled by its folly. There are certain supplications of antiquity, instituted by righteous men, or still higher, ordained by God and the angels; and these can thus retain their primal virtue. So in many regions, to this day, certain utterances are made over burning iron and over the waters of a stream, and other like matters, by which the innocent are absolved or the guilty condemned in the case; and these are made by the authority of the Church and of prelates. For even the priests themselves make exorcisms with blessed water, as is written in the old law of purgation by water, by which a woman is proved an adulteress or faithful to her husband; and there are many of the sort. But the things contained in the magicians' books are all forbidden by law, however much truth they may contain; because they are so much abused by rogues that it is not possible to distinguish between the true and the false. Hence, whatever they say as to Solomon or other wise men having composed this or that, is to be denied; because books of this sort are not received by the authority of the Church, nor by the wise, but by misleaders who deceive the world. Furthermore, they compose new books themselves, and multiply new inventions, as we know by experience; and then, that they may entice men the more forcibly, they prefix famous titles to their books, and impudently ascribe them to great authors; and that they may leave no contingency unprovided for, they devise a high-sounding style, and fabricate lies under the pretense of their text.

As to characters, they are either words arranged in inscribed figures, containing the sense of a manufactured utterance, or they are made to represent the appearance of the stars at chosen times. Of characters, therefore, our first judgment must be according to what is said of the utterances. Of the second sort, if they are not made at the chosen times, we know they

have no inner efficacy ; and so, he who makes them as they are formed in the books, regarding nothing except the figure alone which he represents according to his pattern, is judged by the wise as having done nothing. They who know how to perform their work under the constellations due at a given phase of the sky, are able to arrange not merely characters, but all works either of art or nature, according to the virtue of the sky. But because it is difficult to know the skies with surety, so there is much terror in them to many, and there are few who know how to classify anything usefully and truthfully. And therefore the mob of mathematicians judging and operating by the great stars do not accomplish much, or do anything useful ; the learned, however, and those having sufficient skill, can do many useful things, as much by judgment as by working at chosen periods.

It is to be taken into consideration that a skilled physician, and whoever else has to arouse the spirit, can usefully (according to the physician Constantine) employ charms and characters even if feigned ; not because the characters and charms themselves accomplish anything, but that the medicine may be received more trustingly and eagerly, and the spirit of the patient stimulated, and he may more abundantly confide and hope and enjoy ; because the stimulated spirit can renovate many things in the body it informs, so that it may convalesce from infirmity to health, out of enjoyment and confidence. If therefore, the physician, for the magnifying of his work, that the patient may be excited to hope and confidence of health, does something of this kind, not for fraud nor for his own advantage (if we believe the physician Constantine), it is not to be reprobated. For he, in his epistle concerning articles suspended from the neck, thus allows charms and characters for the neck, and defends them in such cases. For the mind has much power over the body, through its strong emotions, as Avicenna teaches in the fourth book *On the Mind* and the eighth *On Animals* ; and all wise men agree. And thus sports are made in presence of the sick, and agreeable things are brought to them. On the other hand, many things are sometimes conceded to the appetite ; because the passions conquer, and the desire of life over death.

IV. ON WONDERFUL ARTIFICIAL INSTRUMENTS.

I will first tell of the wonderful works of art and nature, that I may afterwards assign the causes and manner of them, in which there is nothing magical, that it may be seen that all magic power is inferior to these works, and worthless. And first for the quality and reason of art alone. For instruments of navigation can be made without men as rowers, so that the largest ships, river and ocean, may be borne on, with the guidance of one man, with greater speed than if full of men. Also carriages can be made so that without an animal they may be moved with incalculable speed; as we may assume the scythed chariots to have been, with which battles were fought in ancient times. Also instruments for flying can be made, so that a man may sit in the middle of the instrument, revolving some contrivance by which wings artificially constructed may beat the air, in the manner of a bird flying. Also an instrument small in size for the elevation and depression of weights almost infinitely, than which nothing more useful could chance; for by an instrument three fingers high, and the same breadth, and a less volume, a man can snatch himself and his friends from all danger of prison, both to elevate and descend. An instrument can also be easily made by which one man can forcibly draw a thousand to him, despite their will; and so of drawing other things. Instruments can also be made for walking in the sea or rivers, down to the bottom, without bodily peril. For Alexander the Great used these that he might view the secrets of the ocean, according to what Ethicus the astronomer narrates. These things were done in ancient times, and are done in our own, as is certain, unless it may be the instrument for flying, which I have not seen, nor do I know any man who has seen; but I know that the wise man who planned this device completed it. And such things can be made almost infinitely, as bridges across rivers without pillars or any other support, and machines, and unheard-of devices.

V. OF EXPERIMENTS IN ARTIFICIAL SIGHT.

But more philosophical forms have been invented. For thus transparent glasses may be fashioned, so that one may appear many, and one man an army, and as many suns and moons as we please may be made to appear. For thus nature

sometimes forms vapors, so that two suns and two moons, and even three at once, appear in the air, as Pliny relates in the second book of his natural history. For which reason many and an infinite number may appear in the air ; because after a thing has exceeded its unity, no number is limited for it, as Aristotle argues in the chapter *De Vacuo*. And thus in every city, and, on the other hand, in every army, there can be terrors infinite ; so that either through the multiplication of stellar apparitions, or of men collected against them, they may almost despair, especially if the following instance should be taken with the first.

For glasses can be so constructed that things placed very far off may appear very near, and *vice versa* ; so that from an incredible distance we may read the minutest letters, and number things however little, and make the stars appear where we will. For thus it is believed that Julius Caesar, on the shore of the sea in Gaul, discovered through huge glasses the disposition and sites of the castles and towns of Great Britain.

Bodies may also be so constructed that the greatest may appear the least, and *vice versa* ; and the high may appear low and lowest, and *vice versa* ; and hidden things may appear in sight. For thus Socrates discovered that the dragon, poisoning the city and district with his pestilential breath, lived in coverts among the mountains ; thus also, on the other hand, everything in cities or armies could be discovered by their enemies. Bodies could also be so constructed that poisonous beings and influences and infections could be led off whenever men wished ; for thus it is said that Aristotle taught Alexander ; in which instance the poison of a basilisk, erected on the wall of a city against his army, was turned against the city itself. Glasses could also be so constructed that every man could see gold, and silver, and whatever a man wished ; and whoever should hasten to the place of the vision should find nothing. It behooves us, therefore, not to use magic illusions when the power of philosophy teaches us to perform quite enough.

But there is a sublimer power of construction, by which rays may be drawn and collected through various shapes and reflections to any distance we wish, so far that any object may be burned ; for burning glasses acting forward and backward attest this, as certain authors teach in their books. And the greatest of all constructions and of things constructed is, that the skies may be depicted according to their longitudes and latitudes,

in corporal figure, as they are moved in their daily motion ; and these things are worth a kingdom to the wise man. These, then, suffice for examples of constructions, however infinite a number of others may be put forward meantime.

VIII. OF CONCEALING THE SECRETS OF NATURE AND ART.

Having enumerated certain examples concerning the power of nature and art, that from a few things we may comprehend many, from its parts the whole, and from particulars universals, so far that we may see it is not necessary for us to aspire after magic, when art and nature suffice ; I wish now to follow items through their class, and their causes, and to give their method in particular. But I judge that the secrets of nature are not transmitted through the skins of goats and sheep, that they may be understood by any one who chooses, just as Socrates and Aristotle wish. And Aristotle himself says, in his book of Secrets, that he should be the breaker of the heavens' seal if he communicated the secrets of nature and art ; adding how many evils follow him who reveals secrets. Further on this point A. Gellius says, in the book of the Attic Nights, on the Feast of the Wise, that it is foolish to offer lettuces to an ass when a thistle is enough for him. And in the book of Stones it is written, that he lessens the majesty of things who divulges mystic ones ; nor do secrets remain of which the crowd is partaker. By a commendable division the populace may be divided in opposition to the wise. For what is seen by all is true, and likewise what is seen by the wise, and most of all by the noted. Therefore what is seen by the many — that is, the populace — as far as of this sort, ought to be held false ; — I speak of the populace, which is distinguished as against the wise in this commendable division. For in the common conceptions of the mind it agrees with the wise ; but in the special principles and conclusions of the arts and sciences it disagrees with the wise, laboring about appearances, in sophisms and worthless matters which the wise do not care for. In special or secret things, therefore, the populace errs ; and thus it is divided against the wise ; but in the common conceptions of the mind it is restrained under universal law, and agrees with the wise. But the cause of this secrecy toward the populace on the part of the wise was, because the populace derides the wise, and pays no heed to the secrets of wisdom,

and does not know enough to use the worthiest things; and if by chance anything grand falls under its notice, it destroys it, and abuses it to the multiplex harm of persons and the community. And so it is insane that anything secret should be written down unless it be concealed from the populace, and with difficulty understood by the most studious and the wise.

So has run all the multitude of the wise from the beginning, and it has hidden in many ways the secrets of wisdom from the populace. For some have hidden many things by characters and charms, others by enigmatic and figurative words, as Aristotle in the book of Secrets saying to Alexander: "O Alexander, I wish to show you the greatest secret of secrets, and the divine power shall aid you to conceal the mystery, and to execute the design. Take, therefore, the stone which is not a stone, and it is in what man you will, and what place you will, and what time you will; and it is called the philosopher's egg, and the terminus of the egg." And thus innumerable things are found in many books and various sciences, obscured by such speeches, so that they cannot in any way be understood without a teacher.

XI. HOW TO MAKE THE PHILOSOPHER'S EGG (OR STONE) AND GUNPOWDER.

Six hundred and thirty years of the Arabs being finished [*i.e.*, 1152 A.D.], I respond to your petition in this manner. . . . Let there be taken of the bones of Ada, and of lime, the same weight; and let there be six at the stone of Tagus, and five at the stone of union; and let them be rubbed up at the same time with water of life, whose property it is to dissolve all other things, so that they may be dissolved in it and cooked together. And let this rubbing and cooking be repeated until they are incrated; that is, that the parts may be united as in wax. And the sign of incration is, that the medicine liquefies over intensely glowing iron. Then let it be placed in the same water in a hot and damp place, or suspended in the steam of very hot water; then let them be dissolved and hardened in the sun. Then you are to take saltpeter, and pour quicksilver upon lead, and again wash and cleanse the lead with it so that it may be very near to silver, and then operate as before. Also let the whole weight be thirty. But yet of saltpeter LURU

VOPO VIR CAN UTRIET¹ of sulphur ; and thus you may make thunder and lightning, if you know the method of construction. You can see, nevertheless, whether I speak enigmatically or truthfully. And some may have judged otherwise. For it has been said to me that you ought to resolve everything into a primal material, on which you have two deliverances from Aristotle in his popularized and famous book ; on account of which I am silent. And when you have possessed yourself of that, then you will have pure elements, simple and equal ; and you may do this by contrary means and various operations, which I have before called the Keys of Art. And Aristotle says that equality of powers excludes action, and passion, and corruption. And Averroës says this in reprobation of Galen. And that is rated simpler in medicine, and purer, which can be procured ; and this is worth more against fevers, and affections of the mind and body.

FAREWELL.

And whoever shall have opened these things will have the key which opens them, and no one may shut it ; and when he shall have shut it no one may open it.



THE FAMOUS HISTORIE OF FRYER BACON.

(Old English Romance.)

*Of the Parents and Birth of Fryer Bacon, and how he
addicted himselfe to Learning.*

IN MOST men's opinions he was borne in the west part of England and was sonne to a wealthy farmer, who put him to schoole to the parson of the towne where hee was borne : not with intent that he should turn fryer (as he did), but to get so much understanding, that he might manage the better that wealth hee was to leave him. But young Bacon tooke his learning so fast, that the priest could not teach him any more, which made him desire his master that he would speake to his father

¹A suggested reading is "lura nope cum ubre," an anagram of "pulvere carbonum," powder of charcoal.

to put him to Oxford, that he might not lose that little learning that hee had gained: his master was very willing so to doe: and one day meeting his father, told him, that he had received a great blessing of God, in that he had given him so wise and hopefull a child, as his sonne Roger Bacon was (for so was he named), and wished him withall to doe his duty, and to bring up so his child, that hee might shew his thankfulness to God, which could not better be done then in making of him a scholler; for he found by his sodaine taking of his learning, that hee was a child likely to prove a very great clerke: herat old Bacon was not well pleased (for he desired to bring him up to the plough and to the cart, as hee himselfe was brought), yet he for reverence sake to the priest, shewed not his anger, but kindly thanked him for his paines and counsell, yet desired him not to speake any more concerning that matter; for hee knew best what best pleased himselfe, and that he would doe: so broke they off their talke, and parted.

So soone as the old man came home, he called to his sonne for his bookes, which when he had, he lock'd them up, and gave the boy a cart whip in the place of them, saying to him: Boy, I will have you no priest, you shall not be better learned than I, you can tell now by the almanack when it is best sowing wheat, when barly, pease, and beane: and when the best libbing is, when to sell graine and cattell I will teach thee; for I have all faires and markets as perfit in my memory, as Sir John our priest has masse without booke: take mee this whip, I will teach thee the use of it, it will be more profitable to thee then this harsh Latin: make no reply, but follow my counsell, or else by the masse thou shalt feelee the smart hand of my anger. Young Bacon thought this but hard dealing, yet would he not reply, but within sixe or eight dayes he gave his father the slip, and went to a cloyster some twenty miles off, where he was entertained, and so continued his learning, and in small time came to be so famous, that he was sent for to the University of Oxford, where he long time studied, and grew so excellent in the studies of art and nature, that not England onely, but all Christendome admired him.

How Fryer Bacon deceived his Man, that would fast for his conscience sake.

Fryer Bacon had one onely man to attend on him and he too was none of the wisest, for he kept him in charity, more then

for any service he had of him. This man of his (named Miles) never could indure to fast as other religious persons did, for alwayes hee had in one corner, or another, flesh which hee would eate when his maister eat bread only, or else did fast and abstaine from all things. Fryer Bacon seeing this, thought at one time or other to be even with him, which he did one Fryday in this manner. Miles on the Thursday night had provided a great blacke-pudding for his Frydayes fast: this pudding put he in his pocket (thinking belike to heate it so, for his maister had no fire on those dayes) on the next day, who was so demure as Miles, hee looked as though hee would not have eat any thing: when his maister offerd him some bread, hee refused it, saying his sinnes deserved a greater penance then one dayes fast in a whole weeke: his maister commended him for it, and bid him take heed that he did not dissemble: for if he did, it would at last be knowne; then were I worse than a Turke said Miles: so went he forth as if he would have gone to pray privately, but it was for nothing but to prey upon his blacke pudding; that pulled he out (for it was halfe roasted with the heate) and fell to it lustily; but he was deceived, for having put one end in his mouth, he could neither get it out againe nor bite it off, so that hee stamped out for helpe: his maister hearing him, came; and finding him in that manner, tooke hold of the other end of the pudding, and led him to the hall, and shewed him to all the schollers, saying: see here my good friends and fellow students what a devout man my servant Miles is, he loveth not to break a fast day, witnesse this pudding that his conscience will not let him swallow: I will have him to be an example for you all, then tyed hee him to a window by the end of the pudding, where poore Miles stood like a beare tyed by the nose to a stake, and indured many floutes and mockes: at night his maister released him from his penance; Miles was glad of it, and did vow never to breake more fast dayes whilst that he lived.

How Fryer Bacon by his art took a towne, when the King had lyen before it three months, without doing to it any hurt.

In those times when Fryer Bacon did all his strange trickes, the Kings of England had a great part of France, which they held a long time, till civill warres at home in this land made them to lose it: it did chance that the King of England (for some cause best knowne to himselfe) went into France with a

great armie, where after many victories, he did beseige a strong towne and lay before it full three moneths, without doing to the towne any great damage, but rather received the hurt himselfe. This did so vexe the King, that he sought to take it in any way, either by policy or strength: to this intent hee made proclamation that whosoever could deliver this towne into his hand, hee should have for his paines ten thousand crownes truely paid. This was proclaimed, but there was none found that would undertake it. At length the newes did come into England of this great reward that was promised. Fryer Bacon hearing of it, went into France, and being admitted to the kings presence, hee thus spake unto him: Your maiestie I am sure hath not quite forgot your poore subject Bacon, the love that you shewed to mee being last in your presence, hath drawn mee for to leave my countrey, and my studies, to doe your maiesties service: I beseech your grace, to command mee so farre as my poore art or life may doe you pleasure. The king thanked him for his love, but told him, that hee had now more need of armes than art, and wanted brave souldiers more than learned schollers. Fryer Bacon answered, Your grace saith weil; but let me (under correction) tell you, that art oftentimes doth those things that are impossible to armes, which I will make good in some few examples.

[He tells him much as in §§ 4 and 5 of the preceding article.]

The king all this while heard him with admiration: but hearing him now, that hee would undertake to win the towne, hee burst out in these speeches: most learned Bacon, doe but what thou hast said, and I will give thee what thou most desirest, either wealth, or honour, choose which thou wilt, and I will be as ready to performe, as I have been to promise.

Your maiesties love is all that I seeke (said the fryer) let mee have that, and I have honour enough, for wealth, I have content, the wise should seek no more: but to the purpose. Let your pioniers raise up a mount so high, (or rather higher) than the wall, and then shall you see some probability of that which I have promised.

This mount in two days was raised: then Fryer Bacon went with the king to the top of it, and did with a perspect shew to him the towne, as plainly as if hee had beene in it: at this the king did wonder, but Fryer Bacon told him, that he should wonder more, ere next day noone: against which time, he

desired him to have his whole army in readinesse, for to scale the wall upon a signal given by him, from the mount. This the king promised to doe, and so returned to his tent full of joy, that he should gain this strong towne. In the morning Fryer Bacon went up to the mount and set his glasses, and other instruments up: in the meane time the king ordered his army, and stood in a readinesse for to give the assaults: when the signal was given, which was the waving of a flagge: ere nine of the clocke Fryer Bacon had burnt the state-house of the towne, with other houses only by his mathematicall glasses, which made the whole towne in an uprore, for none did know how it came: whilst that they were quenching of the same Fryer Bacon did wave his flagge: upon which signall given, the king set upon the towne, and tooke it with little or no resistance.

How Fryer Bacon over-came the German coniurer Vandermast, and made a spirit of his owne carry him into Germany.

The king of England after hee had taken the town shewed great mercy to the inhabitants, giving some of them their lives freely, and others he set at liberty for their gold: the towne hee kept as his owne, and swore the chiefe citizens to be his true subiects. Presently after the king of France sent an ambassadour to the king of England for to entreat a peace betweene them. This ambassadour being come to the king, he feasted him (as it is the manner of princes to doe) and with the best sports as he had then, welcomed him. The ambassadour seeing the king of England so free in his love, desired likewise to give him some taste of his good liking, and to that intent sent for one of his fellowes (being a Germane, and named Vandermast) a famous coniuror, who being come, hee told the king, that since his grace had been so bountiful in his love to him, he would shew him (by a servant of his) such wonderfull things that his grace had never seene the like before. The king demanded of him of what nature those things were that hee would doe: the ambassador answered that they were things done by the art of magicke. The king hearing of this, sent straight for Fryer Bacon, who presently came, and brought Fryer Bungey with him.

When the banquet was done, Vandermast did aske the king, if he desired to see the spirit of any man deceased: and if that hee did, hee would raise him in such manner and fashion as he

was in when that he lived. The king told him, that above all men he desired to see Pompey the Great, who could abide no equall. Vandermast by his art raised him, armed in such manner as hee was when he was slaine at the battell of Pharsalia; at this they were all highly contented. Fryer Bacon presently raised the ghost of Iulius Cæsar, who could abide no superiour, and had slaine this Pompey at the battell of Pharsalia: at the sight of him they were all amazed, but the king who sent for Bacon: and Vandermast said that there was some man of art in that presence, whom he desired to see. Fryer Bacon then shewed himselfe, saying; it was I Vandermast, that raised Cæsar, partly to give content to this royall presence, but chiefly for to conquer thy Pompey, as he did once before, at that great battell of Pharsalia, which he now againe shall doe. Then presently began a fight between Cæsar and Pompey, which continued a good space, to the content of all, except Vandermast. At last Pompey was overcome and slaine by Cæsar: then vanished they both away.

My lord ambassadour (said the king) me thinks that my Englishman has put down your German: hath he no better cunning than this? Yes, answered Vandermast, your grace shall see me put downe your Englishman ere that you goe from hence; and therefore Fryer prepare thy selfe with thy best of art to withstand me. Alas, said Fryer Bacon, it is a little thing will serve to resist thee in this kind. I have here one that is my inferior (shewing him Fryer Bungey) try thy art with him; and if thou doe put him to the worst, then will I deale with thee, and not till then.

Fryer Bungey then began to shew his art: and after some turning and looking in his booke, he brought up among them the Hesperian Tree, which did beare golden apples: these apples were kept by a waking dragon, that lay under the tree: He having done this, bid Vandermast finde one that durst gather the fruit. Then Vandermast did raise the ghost of Hercules in his habit that he wore when that he was living, and with his club on his shoulder: Here is one, said Vandermast, that shall gather fruit from this tree: this is Hercules, that in his life time gathered of this fruit, and made the dragon crouch: and now againe shall hee gather it in spite of all opposition. As Hercules was going to plucke the fruit, Fryer Bacon held up his wand, at which Hercules stayed and seemed fearful. Vandermast bid him for to gather of the fruit, or else he would torment him. Hercules

was more fearfull, and said, I cannot, nor I dare not : for great Bacon stands, whose charms are farre more powerfull than thine, I must obey him Vandermast. Hereat Vandermast curst Hercules, and threatned him : But Fryer Bacon laughed, and bid not to chafe himself ere that his journey was ended : for seeing (said he) that Hercules will doe nothing at your command, I will have him doe you some service at mine : with that he bid Hercules carry him home into Germany. The Devill obeyed him, and tooke Vandermast on his backe, and went away with him in all their sights. Hold Fryer, cried the ambassadour, I will not lose Vandermast for half my land. Content yourself my lord, answered Fryer Bacon, I have but sent him home to see his wife, and ere long he may returne. The king of England thanked Fryer Bacon, and forced some gifts on him for his service that he had done for him : for Fryer Bacon did so little respect money, that he never would take any of the king.

MILES'S SONG AFTER THE WEDDING.

And did you heare of a mirth that befell,
the morrow after a wedding day :
At carrying a bride at home to dwell,
and away to Twiver, away, away !

The Quintin was set, and the garlands were made,
'tis a pity old custome should ever decay :
And woe be to him that was horst on a iade,
for he carried no credit away, away.

We met a consort of fiddle-de-dees,
we set them a cock-horse, and made them to play
The winning of Bullen, and Upsie-frees,
and away to Twiver, away, away.

There was ne'er a lad in all the parish,
that would goe to the plow that day :
But on his fore-horse his wench he carries,
and away to Twiver, away, away.

The butler was quicke, and the ale he did tap,
the maidens did make the chamber full gay :
The serving-men gave me a fuddling cap,
and I did carye it away, away.

The smithe of the towne his liquor so tooke,
 that he was perswaded the ground look'd blue,
 And I dare boldly to sweare on a booke,
 such smiths as he there are but a few.

A posset was made, and the women did sip,
 and simpering said they could eate no more :
 Full many a maid was laid on the lip ;
 He say no more, but so give o're.

*How two young Gentlemen that came to Fryer Bacon, to know how
 their fathers did, killed one another ; and how Fryer Bacon
 for griefe, did breake his rare Glasse, wherein he could see any
 thing that was done within fifty miles about him.*

It is spoken of before now, that Fryer Bacon had a glasse, which was of that excellent nature, that any man might behold any thing that he desired to see within the compasse of fifty miles round about him : with this glasse he had pleased divers kinds of people : for fathers did oftentimes desire to see (thereby) how their children did, and children how their parents did ; one friend how another did ; and one enemy (sometimes) how his enemy did : so that from far they would come to see this wonderfull glasse. It happened one day, that there came to him two young gentlemen, (that were countrey men, and neighbors children) for to know of him by his glasse, how their fathers did : Hee being no niggard of his cunning, let them see his glasse, wherein they straight beheld their wishes, which they (through their owne follies) bought at their lives losse, as you shall heare.

The fathers of these two gentlemen, (in their sonnes absence) were become great foes : this hatred betweene them was growne to that height, that wheresoever they met, they had not onely wordes but blowes. Just at that time, as it should seeme, that their sonnes were looking to see how they were in health, they were met, and had drawne, and were together by the eares. Their sonnes seeing this, and having been alwayes great friends, knew not what to say to one another, but beheld each other with angry lookes. At last, one of their fathers, as they might perceive in the glasse, had a fall, and the other taking advantage, stood over him ready to strike him. The sonne of him that was downe, could then containe himselfe no longer, but told the other young man, this his father had received wrong. He answered

again, that it was faire. At last there grew such foule words betweene them, and their bloods were so heated, that they presently stabbed one the other with their daggers, and so fell downe dead.

Fryer Bacon seeing them fall, ranne to them, but it was too late, for they were breathlesse ere he came. This made him to grieve exceedingly : he iudging that they had received the cause of their deaths by this glasse, tooke the glasse in his hand, and uttered words to this effect :

Wretched Bacon, wretched in thy knowledge, in thy understanding wretched ; for thy art hath beene the ruine of these two gentlemen. Had I been busied in those holy things, the which mine order tyes me to, I had not had that time that made this wicked glasse : wicked I well may call it, that is the causer of so vile an act : would it were sensible, then should it feele my wrath ; but being as it is, Ile ruin it for ruining of them : and with that he broke his rare and wonderfull glasse, whose like the whole world had not. In this grief of his, came there newes to him of the deaths of Vandermast and Fryer Bungey : This did increase his grieffe, and made him sorrowfull, that in three days he would not eate any thing but kept his chamber.

Howe Fryer Bacon burnt his books of Magick, and gave himselfe to the study of Divinity only ; and how he turned Anchorite.

In the time that Fryer Bacon kept his chamber, hee fell into divers meditations : sometimes into the vanity of arts and sciences : then would hee condemne himselfe for studying of those things that were so contrary to his order and soules health ; and would say, that magicke made a man a Devill : sometimes would hee meditate on divinity ; then would he cry out upon himselfe, for neglecting the study of it, and for studying magicke : sometime would he meditate on the shortnesse of mans life then would he condemne himselfe for spending a time so short, so ill as he had done his : so would he goe from one thing to another and in all condemne his former studies.

And that the world should know how truly he did repent his wicked life, he caused to be made a great fire ; and sending for many of his friends, schollers, and others, he spake to them after this manner : “ My good friends and fellow students, it is not unknowne unto you, how that through my art I have attained to that credit, that few men living ever had : of the wonders that

I have done, all England can speak, both king and commons : I have unlocked the secret of art and nature, and let the world see those things, that have layen hid since the death of Hermes, that rare and profound philosopher : my studies have found the secrets of the starres ; the bookes that I have made of them, doe serve for presidents to our greatest doctors, so excellent hath my judgment beene therein. I likewise have found out the secrets of trees, plants and stones, with their severall uses ; yet all this knowledge of mine I esteeme so lightly, that I wish that I were ignorant, and knew nothing : for the knowledge of these things, (as I have truly found) serveth not to better a man in goodnesse, but onely to make him proud and thinke too well of himselfe. What hath all my knowledge of natures secrets gained me ? Onely this, the losse of a better knowledge, the losse of divine studies, which makes the immortall part of man (his soule) blessed. I have found, that my knowledge has beene a heavy burden, and has kept downe my good thoughts : but I will remove the cause, which are these bookes : which I doe purpose here before you all to burne." They all entreated him to spare the bookes, because in them there were those things that after-ages might receive great benefit by. He would not hearken unto them, but threw them all into the fire, and in that flame burnt the greatest learning in the world. Then did he dispose of all his goods ; some part he gave to poor schollers, and some he gave to other poore folkes : nothing left he for himselfe : then caused he to be made in the church-wall a cell, where he locked himselfe in, and there remained till his death. His time hee spent in prayer, meditation, and such divine exercises, and did seeke by all means to perswade men from the study of magicke. Thus lived he some two yeeres space in that cell, never comming forth : his meat and drink he received in at a window, and at that window he did discourse with those that came to him ; his grave he digged with his own nayles, and was laid there when he dyed. Thus was the Life and Death of this famous Fryer, who lived most part of his life a Magician, and dyed a true Penitent Sinner, and an Anchorite.

VILLAGE LIFE IN ENGLAND SIX HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

BY AUGUSTUS JESSOPP.

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FEW things have struck me more forcibly since I have cast in my lot among country people, than the strange ignorance which they exhibit of the *history of themselves*. I do not allude to those unpleasant secrets which we should be very sorry indeed for our next-door neighbors to be acquainted with, nor to any such matters as our experience or memories of actual facts could bring to our minds; I mean something very much more than that. Men and women are not only the beings they appear to be at any one moment of their lives, they are not single separate atoms like grains of sand. Rather they are like branches or leaves of some great tree, from which they have sprung and on which they have grown, whose life in the past has come at last to them in the present, and without whose deep anchorage in the soil, and its ages of vigor and vitality, not a bud or a spray that is so fresh and healthful now would have had any existence.

Consider for a moment—Who are we, and what do we mean by *Ourselves*? When I meet a ragged, shuffling tramp on the road (and I meet a good many of them in my lonely walks) I often find myself asking the question, "How did that shambling vagabond come to his present condition? Did his father turn him out of doors? Did his mother drink? Did he learn nothing but lying and swearing and thieving when he was a child? Was his grandfather hanged for some crime, or was his great-grandfather a ruffian killed in a fight?" And I say to myself, "Though I do not know the truth, yet I am sure that man was helped towards his vagabondism, helped to become an outcast as he is, by the neglect or the wickedness, the crimes or the bad example, of his fathers and forefathers on one side or the other; for if he had come of decent people on both sides, people who had been honestly and soberly brought up themselves, as

they tried to bring up their children, yonder dirty tramp would not and could not have sunk to his present self." . . .

The barons' fiefs were often made up of estates in many different shires; and, because it was impossible for the barons to cultivate all their estates themselves they let them out to *subtenants*, who in their turn were bound to render services to the lord of the fief. These subtenants were the great men in the several parishes, and became the actual lords of the manors, residing upon the manors, and having each, on their several manors, very large powers for good or evil over the tillers of the soil.

A manor six hundred years ago meant something very different from a manor now. The lord was a petty king, having his subjects very much under his thumb. But his subjects differed greatly in rank and status. In the first place, there were those who were called the free tenants. The free tenants were they who lived in houses of their own and cultivated land of their own, and who made only an annual money payment to the lord of the manor as an acknowledgment of his lordship. The payment was trifling, amounting to some few pence an acre at the most, and a shilling or so, as the case might be, for the house. The free tenant was neither a yearly tenant, nor a leaseholder. His holding was, to all intents and purposes, his own—subject, of course, to the payment of the ground rent. But if he wanted to sell out of his holding, the lord of the manor exacted a payment for the privilege. If he died, his heir had to pay for being admitted to his inheritance, and if he died without heirs, the property went back to the lord of the manor, who then, but only then, could raise the ground rent if he pleased, though he rarely did so.

Besides these were the *villeins* or *villani*, or *natives*, as they were called. The villeins were tillers of the soil, who held land under the lord, and who, besides paying a small money ground rent, were obliged to perform certain arduous services to the lord, such as to plow the lord's land for so many days in the year, to carry his corn in the harvest, to provide a cart on occasion, etc. Of course these burdens pressed very heavily at times, and the services of the villeins were vexatious and irritating under a hard and unscrupulous lord. But there were other serious inconveniences about the condition of the villein or native. Once a villein, always a villein. A man or woman born in villeinage could never shake it off. Nay, they might

not even go away from the manor to which they were born, and they might not marry without the lord's license, and for that license they always had to pay. Let a villein be ever so shrewd or enterprising or thrifty, there was no hope for him to change his state, except by the special grace of the lord of the manor. (I do not take account of those who ran away to the corporate towns. I suspect that there were many more cases of this than some writers allow. It was sometimes a serious inconvenience to the lords of manors near such towns as Norwich or Lynn. A notable example may be found in the "Abbrev. Placit.," p. 316 (6^o. E. ii. Easter term). It seems that no less than eighteen villeins of the Manor of Cossey were named in a mandate to the Sheriff of Norfolk and Suffolk, who were to be taken and reduced to villeinage, and their goods seized. Six of them pleaded that they were citizens of Norwich—the city being about four miles from Cossey.) Yes, there *was* one means whereby he could be set free, and that was if he could get a bishop to ordain him. The fact of a man being ordained at once made him a free man, and a knowledge of this fact must have served as a very strong inducement to young people to avail themselves of all the helps in their power to obtain something like an education, and so to qualify themselves for admission to the clerical order and to the rank of freeman.

At Rougham there was a certain Ralph Red, who was one of these villeins under the lord of the manor, a certain William le Butler. Ralph Red had a son Ralph, who I suppose was an intelligent youth, and made the most of his brains. He managed to get ordained about six hundred years ago, and he became a chaplain, perhaps to that very chapel of ease I mentioned before. His father, however, was still a villein, liable to all the villein services, and *belonging* to the manor and the lord, he and all his offspring. Young Ralph did not like it, and at last, getting the money together somehow, he bought his father's freedom, and, observe, with his freedom the freedom of all his father's children too, and the price he paid was twenty marks. (N.B. — A man could not buy his own freedom.) That sounds a ridiculously small sum, but I feel pretty sure that six hundred years ago twenty marks would be almost as difficult for a penniless young chaplain to get together as £500 for a penniless young curate to amass now. Of the younger Ralph, who bought his father's freedom, I know little more; but, less than one hundred and fifty years after the elder man received his

liberty, a lineal descendant of his became lord of the manor of Rougham, and, though he had no son to carry on his name, he had a daughter who married a learned judge, Sir William Yelverton, Knight of the Bath, whose monument you may still see at Rougham Church, and from whom were descended the Yelvertons, Earls of Sussex, and the present Lord Avonmore, who is a scion of the same stock.

When Ralph Red bought his father's freedom of William le Butler, William gave him an acknowledgment for the money, and a written certificate of the transaction, but he did not sign his name. In those days nobody signed their names, not because they could not write, for I suspect that just as large a proportion of people in England could write well six hundred years ago, as could have done so forty years ago, but because it was not the fashion to sign one's name. Instead of doing that, everybody who was a free man, and a man of substance, in executing any legal instrument, affixed to it his *seal*, and that stood for his signature. People always carried their seals about with them in a purse or small bag, and it was no uncommon thing for a pickpocket to cut off this bag and run away with the seal, and thus put the owner to very serious inconvenience. This was what actually did happen once to William le Butler's father-in-law. He was a certain Sir Richard Bellhouse, and he lived at North Tuddenham, near Dereham. Sir Richard was High Sheriff for the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk in 1291, and his duties brought him into court on January 25th of that year, before one of the Judges at Westminster. I suppose the court was crowded, and in the crowd some rogue cut off Sir Richard's purse, and made off with his seal. I never heard that he got it back again.

And now I must return to the point from which I wandered when I began to speak of the free tenants and the "villeins." William le Butler, who sold old Ralph Red to his own son, the young Ralph, was himself sprung from a family who had held the Manor of Rougham for about a century. His father was Sir Richard le Butler, who died about 1280, leaving behind him one son, our friend William, and three daughters. Unfortunately, William le Butler survived his father only a very short time, and he left no child to succeed him. The result was that the inheritance of the old knight was divided among his daughters, and what had been hitherto a single lordship became three lordships, each of the parceners looking very jeal-

ously after his own interest, and striving to make the most of his powers and rights.

Though each of the husbands of Sir Richard le Butler's daughters was a man of substance and influence — yet, when the manor was divided, no one of them was anything like so great a person as the old Sir Richard. In those days, as in our own, there were much richer men in the country than the country gentlemen, and in Rougham at this time there were two very prosperous men who were competing with one another as to which should buy up most land in the parish and be the great man of the place. The one of these was a gentleman called Peter the Roman, and the other was called Thomas the Lucky. They were both the sons of Rougham people, and it will be necessary to pursue the history of each of them to make you understand how things went in those "good old times."

First let me deal with Peter the Roman. He was the son of a Rougham lady named Isabella, by an Italian gentleman named Iacomo de Ferentino, or if you like to translate it into English, James of Ferentinum.

How James of Ferentinum got to Rougham and captured one of the Rougham heiresses we shall never know for certain. But we do know that in the days of King Henry, who was the father of King Edward, there was a very large incursion of Italian clergy into England, and that the Pope of Rome got preferment of all kinds for them. In fact, in King Henry's days the Pope had immense power in England, and it looked for a while as if every valuable piece of preferment in the kingdom would be bestowed upon Italians who did not know a word of English, and who often never came near their livings at all. One of these Italian gentlemen, whose name was *John de Ferentino*, was very near being made Bishop of Norwich; he *was* Archdeacon of Norwich, but though the Pope tried to make him bishop, he happily did not succeed in forcing him into the see that time, and John of Ferentinum had to content himself with his archdeaconry and one or two other preferments.

Our friend at Rougham may have been, and probably was, some kinsman of the archdeacon, and it is just possible that Archdeacon Middleton, who, you remember, bought the Lyng House, may have had, as his predecessor in it, another Archdeacon, this John de Ferentino, whose nephew or brother, James, married Miss Isabella de Rucham, and settled down among his

wife's kindred. Be that as it may, John de Ferentino had two sons, Peter and Richard, and it appears that their father, not content with such education as Oxford or Cambridge could afford — though at this time Oxford was one of the most renowned universities in Europe — sent his sons to Rome, having an eye to their future advancement; for in King Henry's days a young man that had friends at Rome was much more likely to get on in the world than he who had only friends in the King's Court, and he who wished to push his interests in the Church must look to the Pope, and not to the King of England, as his main support.

When young Peter came back to Rougham, I dare say he brought back with him some new airs and graces from Italy, and I dare say the new fashions made his neighbors open their eyes. They gave the young fellow the name he is known by in the charters, and to the day of his death people called him Peter Romain, or Peter the Roman. But Peter came back a changed man in more ways than one. He came back a *cleric*. We in England now recognize only three orders of clergy — bishops, priests, and deacons. But six hundred years ago it was very different. In those days a man might be two or three degrees below a deacon, and yet be counted a cleric and belonging to the clergy; and, though Peter Romain was not priest or deacon, he was a privileged person in many ways, but a very unprivileged person in one way — he might never marry.

It was a hard case for a young man who had taken to the clerical profession without taking to the clerical life, and all the harder because there were old men living whose fathers or grandfathers had known the days when even a Bishop of Norwich was married, and who could tell of many an old country clergyman who had had his wife and children in the parsonage. But now — just six hundred years ago — if a young fellow had once been admitted a member of the clerical body, he was no longer under the protection of the laws of the realm, nor bound by them, but he was under the dominion of another law, commonly known as the Canon Law, which the Pope of Rome had succeeded in imposing upon the clergy; and in accordance with that law, if he took to himself a wife, he was, to all intents and purposes, a ruined man.

But when laws are pitted against human nature, they may be forced upon people by the strong hand of power, but they are sure to be evaded where they are not broken literally; and

this law of forbidding clergymen to marry *was* evaded in many ways. Clergymen took to themselves wives, and had families. Again and again their consciences justified them in their course, whatever the Canon Law might forbid or denounce. They married on the sly — if that may be called marriage which neither the Church nor the State recognized as a binding contract, and which was ratified by no formality or ceremony civil or religious: but public opinion was lenient; and where a clergyman was living otherwise a blameless life, his people did not think the worse of him for having a wife and children, however much the Canon Law and certain bigoted people might give the wife a bad name. And so it came to pass that Peter Romaine of Rougham, cleric though he were, lost his heart one fine day to a young lady at Rougham, and marry he would. The young lady's name was Matilda. Her father, though born at Rougham, appears to have gone away from there when very young, and made money somehow at Leicester. He had married a Norfolk lady, one Agatha of Cringleford; and he seems to have died, leaving his widow and daughter fairly provided for; and they lived in a house at Rougham, which I dare say Richard of Leicester had bought. I have no doubt that young Peter Romaine was a young gentleman of means, and it is clear that Matilda was a very desirable bride. But then Peter *couldn't* marry! How was it to be managed? I think it almost certain that no religious ceremony was performed, but I have no doubt that the two plighted their troth either to each, and that somehow they did become man and wife, if not in the eyes of Canon Law, yet by the sanction of a higher law to which the consciences of honorable men and women appeal against the immoral enactments of human legislation.

Among the charters at Rougham I find eighteen or twenty which were executed by Peter Romaine and Matilda. In no one of them is she called his wife; in all of them it is stipulated that the property shall descend to whomsoever they shall leave it, and in only one instance, and there I believe by a mistake of the scribe, is there any mention of their *lawful* heirs. They buy land and sell it, sometimes separately, more often conjointly, but in all cases the interests of both are kept in view; the charters are witnessed by the principal people in the place, including Sir Richard Butler himself, more than once; and in one of the later charters Peter Romaine, as if to provide against the contingency of his own death, makes over all his property in

Rougham without reserve to Matilda, and constitutes her the mistress of it all.

Some year or two after this, Matilda executes her last conveyance, and executes it alone. She sells her whole interest in Rougham—the house in which she lives and all that it contains—lands and ground rents, and everything else, for money down, and we hear of her no more. Did she retire from the world, and find refuge in a nunnery? Did she go away to some other home? Who knows? And what of Peter the Roman? I know little of him, but I suspect the pressure put upon the poor man was too strong for him, and I suspect that somehow, and, let us hope, with much anguish and bitterness of heart—but yet somehow, he was compelled to repudiate the poor woman to whom there is evidence to show he was true and staunch as long as it was possible—and when it was no longer possible I *think* he too turned his back upon the Rougham home, and was presented by the Prior of Westaere Monastery to the Rectory of Bodney at the other end of the county, where, let us hope, he died in peace.

It is a curious fact that Peter Romain was not the only clergyman in Rougham whom we know to have been married. As for Peter Romain, I believe he was an honorable man according to his light, and as far as any men were honorable in those rough days. But for the other. I do not feel so sure about him.

I said that the two prosperous men in Rougham six hundred years ago were Peter Romain and Thomas the Lucky, or, as his name appears in the Latin Charters, Thomas Felix. When Archdeacon Middleton gave up living at Rougham, Thomas Felix bought his estate, called the Lyng House; and shortly after he bought another estate, which, in fact, was a manor of its own, and comprehended thirteen free tenants and five villeins; and, as though this were not enough, on September 24, 1292, he took a lease of another manor in Rougham for six years, of one of the daughters of Sir Richard le Butler, whose husband, I suppose, wanted to go elsewhere. Before the lease expired he died, leaving behind him a widow named Sara and three little daughters, the eldest of whom cannot have been more than eight or nine years old. This was in the year 1294. Sara, the widow, was for the time a rich woman, and she made up her mind never to marry again, and she kept her resolve.

When her eldest daughter Alice came to the mature age of fifteen or sixteen, a young man named John of Thyrnsford wooed and won her. Mistress Alice was by no means a portionless damsel, and Mr. John seems himself to have been a man of substance. How long they were married I know not; but it could not have been more than a year or two, for less than five years after Mr. Felix's death a great event happened, which produced very momentous effects upon Rougham and its inhabitants in more ways than one.

Up to this time there had been a rector at Rougham, and apparently a good rectory house and some acres of glebe land—how many I cannot say. But the canons of Westacre Priory cast their eyes upon the rectory of Rougham, and they made up their minds they would have it. I dare not stop to explain how the job was managed—that would lead me a great deal too far—but it *was* managed, and accordingly, a year or two after the marriage of little Alice, they got possession of all the tithes and the glebe, and the good rectory house at Rougham, and they left the parson of the parish with a smaller house on the other side of the road, and *not* contiguous to the church, an allowance of two quarters of wheat and two quarters of barley a year, and certain small dues which might suffice to keep body and soul together, but little more.

John of Thyrnsford had not been married more than a year or two when he had had enough of it. Whether at the time of his marriage he was already a *cleric*, I cannot tell, but I know that on October 10, 1301, he was a priest, and that on that day he was instituted to the vicarage of Rougham, having been already divorced from poor little Alice. As for Alice—if I understand the case, she never could marry, however much she may have wished it; she had no children to comfort her; she became by and by the great lady of Rougham, and there she lived on for nearly fifty years. Her husband, the vicar, lived on too—on what terms of intimacy I am unable to say. The vicar died some ten years before the lady. When old age was creeping on her she made over all her houses and lands in Rougham to feoffees, and I have a suspicion that she went into a nunnery and there died.

In dealing with the two cases of Peter Romain and John of Thyrnsford I have used the term *cleric* more than once. These two men were, at the end of their career at any rate, what we now understand by clergyman; but there were hosts of men six

hundred years ago in Norfolk who were *clerics*, and yet who were by no means what we now understand by clergymen. The *clerics* of six hundred years ago comprehended all those whom we now call the professional classes ; all, *i.e.*, who lived by their brains, as distinct from those who lived by trade or the labor of their hands.

Six hundred years ago it may be said that there were two kinds of law in England, the one was the law of the land, the other was the law of the Church. The law of the land was hideously cruel and merciless, and the gallows and the pillory, never far from any man's door, were seldom allowed to remain long out of use. The ghastly frequency of the punishment by death tended to make people savage and bloodthirsty. (In 1293 a case is recorded of three men, one of them a goldsmith, who had their right hands chopped off in the middle of the street in London.) It tended, too, to make men absolutely reckless of consequences when once their passions were roused. "As well be hung for a sheep as a lamb" was a saying that had a grim truth in it. When a violent ruffian knew that if he robbed his host in the night he would be sure to be hung for it, and if he killed him he could be no more than hung, he had nothing to gain by letting him live, and nothing to lose if he cut his throat. Where another knew that by tampering with the coin of the realm he was sure to go to the gallows for it, he might as well make a good fight before he was taken, and murder any one who stood in the way of his escape. Hanging went on at a pace which we cannot conceive, for in those days the criminal law of the land was not, as it is now, a strangely devised machinery for protecting the wrongdoer, but it was an awful and tremendous power for slaying all who were dangerous to the persons or the property of the community.

The law of the Church, on the other hand, was much more lenient. To hurry a man to death with his sins and crimes fresh upon him, to slaughter men wholesale for acts that could not be regarded as enormously wicked, shocked those who had learnt that the Gospel taught such virtues as mercy and long-suffering, and gave men hopes of forgiveness on repentance. The Church set itself against the atrocious mangling, and branding, and hanging that was being dealt out blindly, hastily, and indiscriminately, to every kind of transgressor ; and inasmuch as the Church law and the law of the land six hundred years ago were often in conflict, the Church law acted to a great

extent as a check upon the shocking ferocity of the criminal code. And this is how the check was exercised.

A man who was a *cleric* was only half amenable to the law of the land. He was a citizen of the realm, and a subject of the king, but he was *more*: he owed allegiance to the Church, and claimed the Church's protection also. Accordingly, whenever a *cleric* got into trouble, and there was only too good cause to believe that if he were brought to his trial he would have a short shrift and no favor, scant justice and the inevitable gallows within twenty-four hours at the longest, he proclaimed himself a *cleric*, and demanded the protection of the Church, and was forthwith handed over to the custody of the ordinary or bishop. The process was a clumsy one, and led, of course, to great abuses, but it had a good side. As a natural and inevitable consequence of such a privilege accorded to a class, there was a very strong inducement to become a member of that class; and as the Church made it easy for any fairly educated man to be admitted at any rate to the lower orders of the ministry, any one who preferred a professional career, or desired to give himself up to a life of study, enrolled himself among the *clerics*, and was henceforth reckoned as belonging to the clergy.

The country swarmed with these *clerics*. Only a small proportion of them ever became ministers of religion; they were lawyers, or even lawyers' clerks; they were secretaries; some few were quacks with nostrums; and these all were just as much *clerics* as the chaplains, who occupied pretty much the same position as our curates do now, — clergymen, strictly so called, who were on the lookout for employment, and who earned a very precarious livelihood, — or the rectors and vicars, who were the beneficed clergy, and who were the parsons of parishes occupying almost exactly the same position that they do at this moment, and who were almost exactly in the same social position as they are now. Six hundred years ago there were at least seven of these *clerics* in Rougham, all living in the place at the same time, besides John of Thyrsford, the vicar. Five of them were chaplains, two were merely *clerics*. If there were *seven* of these clerical gentlemen whom I happen to have met with in my examination of the Rougham Charters, there must have been others who were not people of sufficient note to witness the execution of important legal instruments, nor with the means to buy land or houses in the parish. It can hardly be

putting the number too high if we allow that there must have been at least ten or a dozen *clerics* of one sort or another in Rougham six hundred years ago.

How did they all get a livelihood? is a question not easy to answer; but there were many ways of picking up a livelihood by these gentlemen. To begin with, they could take an engagement as tutor in a gentleman's family; or they could keep a small school; or earn a trifle by drawing up conveyances, or by keeping the accounts of the lord of the manor. In some cases they acted as private chaplains, getting their victuals for their remuneration, and sometimes they were merely loafing about, and living upon their friends, and taking the place of the country parson if he were sick or past work. Then, too, the smaller monasteries had one or more chaplains, and I suspect that the canons at Castle Acre always would keep two or three chaplains in their pay, and it is not unlikely that as long as Archdeacon Middleton kept on his big house at Rougham he would have a chaplain, who would be attached to the place, and bound to perform the service in the great man's chapel.

But besides the clerics and the chaplains and the rector or vicar, there was another class, the members of which just at this time were playing a very important part indeed in the religious life of the people, and not in the religious life alone; these were the Friars. If the monks looked down upon the parsons, and stole their endowments from them whenever they could, and if in return the parsons hated the monks and regarded them with profound suspicion and jealousy, both parsons and monks were united in their common dislike of the Friars.

Six hundred years ago the Friars had been established in England about sixty years, and they were now by far the most influential Religionists in the country. The Friars, though always stationed in the towns, and by this time occupying large establishments which were built for them in Lynn, Yarmouth, Norwich, and elsewhere, were always acting the part of itinerant preachers, and traveled their circuits on foot, supported by alms. Sometimes the parson lent them the church, sometimes they held a camp meeting in spite of him, and just as often as not they left behind them a feeling of great soreness, irritation, and discontent; but six hundred years ago the preaching of the Friars was an immense and incalculable blessing to the country, and if it had not been for the wonderful reformation

wrought by their activity and burning enthusiasm, it is difficult to see what we should have come to or what corruption might have prevailed in Church and State.

When the Friars came into a village, and it was known that they were going to preach, you may be sure that the whole population would turn out to listen. Sermons in those days in the country were very rarely delivered. As I have said, there were no pulpits in the churches then. A parson might hold a benefice for fifty years, and never once have written or composed a sermon. A preaching parson, one who regularly exhorted his people or expounded to them the Scriptures, would have been a wonder indeed, and thus the coming of the Friars and the revival of pulpit oratory was all the more welcome because the people had not become wearied by the too frequent iteration of truths which may be repeated so frequently as to lose their vital force. A sermon was an event in those days, and a preacher with any real gifts of oratory was looked upon as a prophet sent by God. Never was there a time when the people needed more to be taught the very rudiments of morality. Never had there been a time when people cared less whether their acts and words were right or wrong, true or false. It had almost come to this, that what a man thought would be to his profit, that was good; what would entail upon him a loss, that was evil.

And this brings me to another point, viz. the lawlessness and crime in country villages six hundred years ago. But before I can speak on that subject it is necessary that I should first try to give you some idea of the everyday life of your forefathers. What did they eat and drink? what did they wear? what did they do from day to day? Were they happy? content? prosperous? or was their lot a hard and bitter one? For according to the answer we get to questions such as these, so shall we be the better prepared to expect the people to have been peaceable citizens, or sullen, miserable, and dangerous ruffians, goaded to frequent outbursts of ferocious savagery by hunger, oppression, hatred, and despair.

Six hundred years ago no parish in Norfolk had more than a part of its land under tillage. As a rule, the town or village, with its houses, great and small, consisted of a long street, the church and parsonage being situated about the middle of the parish. Not far off stood the manor house, with its hall where the manor courts were held, and its farm buildings, dovecot,

and usually its mill for grinding the corn of the tenants. No tenant of the manor might take his corn to be ground anywhere except at the lord's mill; and it is easy to see what a grievance this would be felt to be at times, and how the lord of the manor, if he were needy, unscrupulous, or extortionate, might grind the faces of the poor while he ground their corn. Behind most of the houses in the village might be seen a croft or paddock, an orchard or a small garden. But the contents of the gardens were very different from the vegetables we see now; there were, perhaps, a few cabbages, onions, parsnips, or carrots, and apparently some kind of beet or turnip. The potato had never been heard of.

As for the houses themselves, they were squalid enough for the most part. The manor house was often built of stone, when stone was to be had, or where, as in Norfolk, no stone was to be had, then of flint, as in so many of our church towers. Usually, however, the manor house was built in great part of timber. The poorer houses were dirty hovels, run up "anyhow," sometimes covered with turf, sometimes with thatch. None of them had chimneys. Six hundred years ago houses with chimneys were at least as rare as houses heated by hot-water pipes are now. Moreover, there were no brick houses. It is a curious fact that the art of making bricks seems to have been lost in England for some hundreds of years. The laborer's dwelling had no windows; the hole in the roof which let out the smoke rendered windows unnecessary, and, even in the houses of the well-to-do, glass windows were rare. In many cases oiled linen cloth served to admit a feeble semblance of light, and to keep out the rain. The laborer's fire was in the middle of his house; he and his wife and children huddled round it, sometimes groveling in the ashes; and going to bed meant flinging themselves down upon the straw which served them as mattress and feather bed, exactly as it does to the present day in the gypsy's tent in our byways. The laborer's only light by night was the smoldering fire. Why should he burn a rushlight when there was nothing to look at? and reading was an accomplishment which few laboring men were masters of.

As to the food of the majority, it was of the coarsest. The fathers of many a man and woman in every village in Norfolk can remember the time when the laborer looked upon wheat bread as a rare delicacy; and those legacies which were left by

kindly people a century or two ago, providing for the weekly distribution of so many *white* loaves to the poor, tell us of a time when the poor man's loaf was as dark as mud, and as tough as his shoe leather. In the winter time things went very hard indeed with all classes. There was no lack of fuel, for the brakes and waste afforded turf which all might cut, and kindling which all had a right to carry away ; but the poor horses and sheep and cattle were half starved for at least four months in the year, and one and all were much smaller than they are now. I doubt whether people ever fattened their hogs as we do. When the corn was reaped, the swine were turned into the stubble and roamed about the underwood ; and when they had increased their weight by the feast of roots and mast and acorns, they were slaughtered and salted for the winter fare, only so many being kept alive as might not prove burdensome to the scanty resources of the people. Salting down the animals for the winter consumption was a very serious expense. All the salt used was produced by evaporation in *pans* near the seaside, and a couple of bushels of salt often cost as much as a sheep. This must have compelled the people to spare the salt as much as possible, and it must have been only too common to find the bacon more than rancid, and the ham alive again with maggots. If the salt was dear and scarce, sugar was unknown except to the very rich. The poor man had little to sweeten his lot. The bees gave him honey ; and long after the time I am dealing with people left not only their hives to their children by will, but actually bequeathed a summer flight of bees to their friends ; while the hive was claimed by one, the next swarm might become the property of another.

As for the drink, it was almost exclusively water, beer, and cider. Any one who pleased might brew beer without tax or license, and everybody who was at all before the world did brew his own beer according to his own taste. But in those days the beer was very different stuff from that which you are familiar with. To begin with, people did not use hops. Hops were not put into beer till long after the time we are concerned with. I dare say they flavored their beer with horehound and other herbs, but they did not understand those tricks which brewers are said to practice nowadays for making the beer "heady" and sticky and poisonous. I am not prepared to say the beer was better, or that you would have liked it ; but I am pretty sure that in those days it was easier to get pure beer in

a country village than it is now, and if a man chose to drink bad beer he had only himself to thank for it. There was no such monopoly as there is now. I am inclined to think that there were a very great many more people who sold beer in the country parishes than sell it now, and I am sorry to say that the beer sellers in those days had the reputation of being rather a bad lot. It is quite certain that they were very often in trouble, and of all the offenses punished by fine at the manor courts none is more common than that of selling beer in false measures.

The method of cheating their customers by the beer sellers was, we are told, exactly the contrary plan followed by our modern publicans. Now, when a man gets into a warm corner at the pothouse, they tell me that John Barleycorn is apt to serve out more drink than is good for him; but six hundred years ago the beer seller made his profit, or tried to make it, by giving his customer less than he asked for. Tobacco was quite unknown; it was first brought into England about three hundred years after the days we are dealing with. When a man once sat himself down with his pot he had nothing to do but drink. He had no pipe to take off his attention from his liquor. If such a portentous sight could have been seen in those days as that of a man vomiting forth clouds of smoke from his mouth and nostrils, the beholders would have undoubtedly taken to their heels and run for their lives, protesting that the devil himself had appeared to them, breathing forth fire and flames. Tea and coffee, too, were absolutely unknown, unheard of; and wine was the rich man's beverage, as it is now. The fire waters of our own time—the gin and the rum, which have wrought us all such incalculable mischief—were not discovered then. Some little ardent spirits, known under the name of *cordials*, were to be found in the better-appointed establishments, and were kept by the lady of the house among her simples, and on special occasions dealt out in thimblefuls; but the vile grog, that maddens people now, our forefathers of six hundred years ago had never even tasted.

The absence of vegetable food for the greater part of the year, the personal dirt of the people, the sleeping at night in the clothes worn in the day, and other causes, made skin diseases frightfully common. At the outskirts of every town in England of any size there were crawling about emaciated creatures covered with loathsome sores, living heaven knows how. They were called by the common name of lepers, and

probably the leprosy strictly so called was awfully common. But the children must have swarmed with vermin; and the itch, and the scurvy, and the ringworm, with other hideous eruptions, must have played fearful havoc with the weak and sickly.

As for the dress of the working classes, it was hardly dress at all. I doubt whether the great mass of the laborers in Norfolk had more than a single garment—a kind of tunic leaving the arms and legs bare, with a girdle of rope or leather round the waist, in which a man's knife was stuck, to use sometimes for hacking his bread, sometimes for stabbing an enemy in a quarrel. As for any cotton goods, such as are familiar to you all, they had never been dreamt of, and I suspect that no more people in Norfolk wore linen habitually than now wear silk.

Money was almost inconceivably scarce. The laborer's wages were paid partly in rations of food, partly in other allowances, and only partly in money; he had to take what he could get. Even the quitrent, or what I have called the ground rent, was frequently compounded for by the tenant being required to find a pair of gloves, or a pound of cummin, or some other acknowledgment in lieu of a money payment; and one instance occurs among the Rougham Charters of a man buying as much as eleven and one half acres, and paying for them partly in money and partly in barley. (In the year 1276 halfpence and farthings were coined for the first time. This must have been a great boon to the poorer classes, and it evidently was felt to be a matter of great importance.) Nothing shows more plainly the scarcity of money than the enormous interest that was paid for a loan. The only bankers were the Jews; and when a man was once in their hands he was never likely to get out of their clutches again. But six hundred years ago the Jews had almost come to the end of their tether; and in the year 1290 they were driven out of the country, men, women, and children, with unutterable barbarity, only to be replaced by other bloodsuckers who were not a whit less mercenary, perhaps, but only less pushing and successful in their usury.

It is often said that the monasteries were the great supporters of the poor, and fed them in times of scarcity. It may be so, but I should like to see the evidence for the statement. At present I doubt the fact, at any rate as far as Norfolk goes. On the contrary, I am strongly impressed with the belief that

six hundred years ago the poor had no friends. The parsons were needy themselves. In too many cases one clergyman held two or three livings, took his tithes and spent them in the town, and left a chaplain with a bare subsistence to fill his place in the country. There was no parson's wife to drop in and speak a kind word — no clergyman's daughter to give a friendly nod, or teach the little ones at Sunday school — no softening influences, no sympathy, no kindness. What could you expect of people with such dreary surroundings? — what but that which we know actually was the condition of affairs? The records of crime and outrage in Norfolk six hundred years ago are still preserved, and may be read by any one who knows how to decipher them. I had intended to examine carefully the entries of crime for this neighborhood for the year 1286, and to give you the result this evening, but I have not had an opportunity of doing so. The work has been done for the hundred of North Erpingham by my friend Mr. Rye, and what is true for one part of Norfolk during any single year is not likely to be very different from what was going on in another.

The picture we get of the utter lawlessness of the whole county, however, at the beginning of King Edward's reign is quite dreadful enough. Nobody seems to have resorted to the law to maintain a right or redress a wrong, till every other method had been tried. Starting with the squires, if I may use the term, and those well-to-do people who ought to have been among the most law-abiding members of the community — we find them setting an example of violence and rapacity, bad to read of. One of the most common causes of offense was when the lord of the manor attempted to invade the rights of the tenants of the manor by setting up a fold on the heath, or *Bruary* as it was called. What the lord was inclined to do, that the tenants would try to do also, as when in 1272 John de Swanton set up a fold in the common fields at Billingsford; whereupon the other tenants pulled it down, and there was a serious disturbance, and the matter dragged on in the law courts for four years and more. Or as when the Prior of Wymondham impleads William de Calthorp for interfering with his foldage at Burnham, Calthorp replying that the Prior had no right to foldage, and that he (Calthorp) had the right to pull the fold down. In these cases, of course, there would be a general gathering and a riot, for every one's interest was at

stake ; but it was not only when some general grievance was felt that people in those days were ready for a row.

It really looks as if nothing was more easy than to collect a band of people who could be let loose anywhere to work any mischief. One man had a claim upon another for a debt, or a piece of land, or a right which was denied — had the claim, or fancied he had — and he seems to have had no difficulty in getting together a score or two of roughs to back him in taking the law into his own hands. As when John de la Wade in 1270 persuaded a band of men to help him in invading the manor of Hamon de Clere, in this very parish of Tittleshall, seizing the corn and threshing it, and, more wonderful still, cutting down timber and *carrying it off*. There are actually two other cases of a precisely similar kind recorded this same year, one where a gang of fellows in broad day seems to have looted the manors of Dunton and Mileham ; the other case was where a mob, under the leadership of three men, who are named, entered by force into the manor of Dunham, laid hands on a quantity of timber fit for building purposes, and took it away bodily ! A much more serious case, however, occurred some years after this, when two gentlemen of position in Norfolk, with twenty-five followers, who appear to have been their regular retainers, and a great multitude on foot and horse, came to Little Barningham, where in the Hall there lived an old lady, Petronilla de Gros ; they set fire to the house in five places, dragged out the old lady, treated her with the most brutal violence, and so worked upon her fears that they compelled her to tell them where her money and jewels were, and having seized them, I conclude that they left her to warm herself at the smoldering ruins of her mansion.

On another occasion there was a fierce riot at Rainham. There the manor had become divided into three portions, as we have seen was the case at Rougham. One Thomas de Hauville had one portion, and Thomas de Ingoldesthorp and Robert de Seales held the other two portions. Thomas de Hauville, peradventure, felt aggrieved because some rogue had not been whipped or tortured cruelly enough to suit his notions of salutary justice, whereupon he went to the expense of erecting a brand-new pillory, and apparently a gallows too, to strike terror into the minds of the disorderly. The other parceners of the manor were indignant at the act, and collecting nearly sixty of the people of Rainham, they pulled down the new pillory and

utterly destroyed the same. When the case came before the judges, the defendants pleaded in effect that if Thomas de Hauville had put up his pillory on his own domain they would have had no objection, but that he had invaded their rights in setting up his gallows without their permission.

If the gentry, and they who ought to have known better, set such an example, and gave their sanction to outrage and savagery, it was only natural that the lower orders should be quick to take their pattern by their superiors, and should be only too ready to break and defy the law. And so it is clear enough that they were. In a single year, the year 1285, in the hundred of North Erpingham, containing thirty-two parishes, the catalogue of crime is so ghastly as positively to stagger one. Without taking any account of what in those days must have been looked upon as quite minor offenses, — such as simple theft, sheep stealing, fraud, extortion, or harboring felons, — there were eleven men and five women put upon their trial for burglary, eight men and four women were murdered; there were five fatal fights, three men and two women being killed in the frays; and, saddest of all, there were five cases of suicide, among them two women, one of whom hanged herself, and the other cut her throat with a razor. We have in the roll recording these horrors very minute particulars of the several cases, and we know too that, not many months before the roll was drawn up, at least eleven desperate wretches had been hanged for various offenses, and one had been torn to pieces by horses for the crime of debasing the king's coin. It is impossible for us to realize the hideous ferocity of such a state of society as this; — the women were as bad as the men, furious beldames, dangerous as wild beasts, without pity, without shame, without remorse; and finding life so cheerless, so hopeless, so very, very dark and miserable, that when there was nothing to be gained by killing any one else they killed themselves.

Anywhere, anywhere out of the world!

Sentimental people who plaintively sigh for the good old times will do well to ponder upon these facts. Think, twelve poor creatures butchered in cold blood in a single year within a circuit of ten miles from your own door! Two of these unhappy victims were a couple of lonely women, apparently living

together in their poverty, gashed and battered in the dead of the night, and left in their blood, stripped of their little all. The motive, too, for all this horrible housebreaking and bloodshed being a lump of cheese or a side of bacon, and the shuddering creatures cowering in the corner of a hovel, being too paralyzed with terror to utter a cry, and never dreaming of making resistance to the wild-eyed assassins, who came to slay rather than to steal.

Let us turn from these scenes, which are too painful to dwell on; and, before I close, let me try and point to some bright spots in the village life of six hundred years ago. If the hovels of the laborer were squalid, and dirty, and dark, yet there was not — no, there was not — as much difference between them and the dwelling of the former class, the employers of labor. Every man who had any house at all had some direct interest in the land; he always had some rood or two that he could call his own; his allotment was not large, but then there were no large farmers. I cannot make out that there was any one in Rougham who farmed as much as two hundred acres all told. What we now understand by tenant farmers were a class that had not yet come into existence. Where a landlord was non-resident he farmed his estate by a bailiff, and if any one wanted to give up an occupation for a time he let it with all that it contained. Thus, when Alice the divorced made up her mind in 1318 to go away from Rougham, — perhaps on a pilgrimage — perhaps to Rome — who knows? — she let her house and land, and all that was upon it, live and dead stock, to her sister Juliana for three years. The inventory included not only the sheep and cattle, but the very hoes and pitchforks, and sacks; and everything, to the minutest particular, was to be returned without damage at the end of the term, or replaced by an equivalent. But this lady, a lady of birth and some position, certainly did not have two hundred acres under her hands, and would have been a very small personage indeed, side by side with a dozen of our West Norfolk farmers to-day. The difference between the laborer and the farmer was, I think, less six hundred years ago than it is now. Men climbed up the ladder by steps that were more gently graduated; there was no great gulf fixed between the employer and the employed.

I can tell you nothing of the amusements of the people in those days. I doubt whether they had any more amusement

than the swine or the cows had. Looking after the fowls or the geese, hunting for the hen's nest in the furze brake, and digging out a fox or a badger, gave them an hour's excitement or interest now and again. Now and then a wandering minstrel came by, playing upon his rude instrument, and now and then somebody would come out from Lynn, or Yarmouth, or Norwich, with some new batch of songs, for the most part scurrilous and coarse, and listened to much less for the sake of the music than for the words. Nor were books so rare as has been asserted. There were even storybooks in some houses, as where John Senekworth, bailiff for Merton College, at Gamlingay in Cambridgeshire, possessed, when he died in 1314, three books of romance; but then he was a thriving yeoman, with carpets in his house, or hangings for the walls.

There was a great deal more coming and going in the country villages than there is now, a great deal more to talk about, a great deal more doing. The courts of the manor were held periodically, and the free tenants were bound to attend and carry on a large amount of petty business. Then there were the periodical visitations by the Archdeacon and the Rural Dean, and now and then more august personages might be seen with a host of mounted followers riding along the roads. The Bishop of Norwich was always on the move when he was in his diocese; his most favorite places of residence were North Elmham and Gaywood; at both of these places he had a palace and a park; that meant that there were deer there and hunting, and all the good and evil that seems to be inseparable from haunches of venison. Nay, at intervals, even the Archbishop of Canterbury himself, the second man in the kingdom, came down to hold a visitation in Norfolk, and exactly 602 years ago the great Archbishop Peckham spent some time in the county, and though I do not think he came near Rougham or Tittleshall, I think it not improbable that his coming may have had some influence in bringing about the separation between Peter Romaine and Matilda de Cringleford, and the divorce of poor Alice from John of Thyrsoford. . . .

And these were the days of old. But now that we have looked back upon them as they appear through the mists of centuries, the distance distorting some things, obscuring others, but leaving upon us, on the whole, an impression that, after all, these men and women of the past, whose circumstances were so

different from our own, were perhaps not so very unlike what we should be if our surroundings were as theirs — now that we have come to that conclusion, if indeed we have come to it, let me ask you all a question or two. Should we like to change with those forefathers of ours, whose lives were passed in this parish in the way I have attempted to describe, six hundred years ago? Were the former times better than these? Has the world grown worse as it has grown older? Has there been no progress, but only decline?

My friends, the people who lived in this village six hundred years ago were living a life hugely below the level of yours. They were more wretched in their poverty, they were incomparably less prosperous in their prosperity, they were worse clad, worse fed, worse housed, worse taught, worse tended, worse governed; they were sufferers from loathsome diseases which you know nothing of; the very beasts of the field were dwarfed and stunted in their growth, and I do not believe there were any giants in the earth in those days. The death rate among the children must have been tremendous. The disregard of human life was so callous that we can hardly conceive it. There was everything to harden, nothing to soften; everywhere oppression, greed, and fierceness. Judged by our modern standards, the people of our county village were beyond all doubt coarser, more brutal, and more wicked, than they are.

Progress is slow, but there has been progress. The days that are, are not what they should be; we still want reforms, we need much reforming ourselves; but the former days were not better than these, whatever these may be; and if the next six hundred years exhibit as decided an advance as the last six centuries have brought about, and if your children's children of the coming time rise as much above your level in sentiment, material comfort, knowledge, intelligence, and refinement, as you have risen above the level which your ancestors attained to, though even then they will not cease to desire better things, they will nevertheless have cause for thankfulness such as you may well feel to-night as you look back upon what you have escaped from, and reflect upon what you are.

MARION'S DEATH AND WALLACE'S VENGEANCE.

BY JANE PORTER.

(From "The Scottish Chiefs.")

[JANE PORTER: An English novelist; born at Durham in 1776, her father being a surgeon in the Dragoon Guards. She passed her life chiefly in or near London. Her first and most popular novel was "Thaddeus of Warsaw" (1803), translated into several languages; followed by "The Scottish Chiefs" (1809), "Duke Christian of Luneburg," etc. She died at Bristol in 1850.]

ELLERSLIE.

HALBERT, entering the room softly, into which Marion had withdrawn, beheld her on her knees, before a crucifix: she was praying for the safety of her husband.

"May he, O gracious Lord," cried she, "soon return to his home. But if I am to see him here no more, oh, may it please Thee to grant me to meet him within Thy arms in heaven!"

"Hear her, blessed Son of Mary!" ejaculated the old man. She looked round, and, rising from her knees, demanded of him, in a kind but anxious voice, whether he had left her lord in security.

"In the way to it, my lady!" answered Halbert. He repeated all that Wallace had said at parting, and then tried to prevail on her to go to rest. . . . She, little suspecting that he meant to do otherwise than to sleep also, kindly wished him repose, and retired.

Her maids, during the late terror, had dispersed, and were nowhere to be found; and the men, too, after their stout resistance at the gates, had all disappeared; some fled, others were sent away prisoners to Lanark, while the good Hambleton was conversing with their lady. Halbert, therefore, resigned himself to await with patience the rising of the sun, when he hoped some of the scared domestics would return; if not, he determined to go to the cotters who lived in the depths of the glen, and bring some of them to supply the place of the fugitives, and a few, with stouter hearts, to guard his lady.

Thus musing, he sat on a stone bench in the hall, watching anxiously the appearance of that orb, whose setting beams he hoped would light him back with tidings of Sir William Wal-

lace to comfort the lonely heart of his Marion. All seemed at peace. Nothing was heard but the sighing of the trees as they waved before the western window, which opened towards the Lanark hills. The morning was yet gray, and the fresh air blowing in rather chilly, Halbert rose to close the wooden shutter; at that moment his eyes were arrested by a party of armed men in quick march down the opposite declivity. In a few minutes more their heavy steps sounded in his ears, and he saw the platform before the house filled with English. Alarmed at the sight, he was retreating across the apartment, towards his lady's room, when the great hall door was burst open by a band of soldiers, who rushed forward and seized him.

"Tell me, dotard!" cried their leader, a man of low stature, with gray locks, but a fierce countenance, "where is the murderer? Where is Sir William Wallace? Speak, or the torture shall force you!"

Halbert shuddered, but it was for his defenseless lady, not for himself. "My master," said he, "is far from this."

"Where?"

"I know not."

"Thou shalt be made to know, thou hoary-headed villain!" cried the same violent interrogator. "Where is the assassin's wife? I will confront ye. Seek her out."

At that word the soldiers parted right and left, and in a moment afterwards three of them appeared, with shouts, bringing in the trembling Marion.

"Alas! my lady!" cried Halbert, struggling to approach her, as with terrified apprehension she looked around her; but they held her fast, and he saw her led up to the merciless wretch who had given the orders to have her summoned.

"Woman!" cried he, "I am the governor of Lanark. You now stand before the representative of the great King Edward, and on your allegiance to him, and on the peril of your life, I command you to answer me three questions. Where is Sir William Wallace, the murderer of my nephew? Who is that old Scot, for whom my nephew was slain? He and his whole family shall meet my vengeance! And tell me where is that box of treasure which your husband stole from Douglas Castle? Answer me these questions on your life."

Lady Wallace remained silent.

"Speak, woman!" demanded the governor. "If fear cannot move you, know that I can reward as well as avenge. I

will endow you richly, if you declare the truth. If you persist to refuse, you die."

"Then I die," replied she, scarcely opening her half-closed eyes, as she leaned, fainting and motionless, against the soldier who held her.

"What!" cried the governor, stifling his rage, in hopes to gain by persuasion on a spirit he found threats could not intimidate; "can so gentle a lady reject the favor of England; large grants in this country, and perhaps a fine English knight for a husband, when you might have all for the trifling service of giving up a traitor to his liege lord, and confessing where his robberies lie concealed? Speak, fair dame; give me this information, and the lands of the wounded chieftain whom Wallace brought here, with the hand of the handsome Sir Gilbert Hambledon, shall be your reward. Rich, and a beauty in Edward's court! Lady, can you now refuse to purchase all, by declaring the hiding place of the traitor Wallace?"

"It is easier to die!"

"Fool!" cried Heselrigge, driven from his assumed temper by her steady denial. "What! is it easier for these dainty limbs to be hacked to pieces by my soldiers' axes? Is it easier for that fair bosom to be trodden underfoot by my horse's hoofs, and for that beauteous head of thine to decorate my lance? Is all this easier than to tell me where to find a murderer and his gold?"

Lady Wallace shuddered: she stretched her hands to heaven.

"Speak once for all!" cried the enraged governor, drawing his sword; "I am no waxen-hearted Hambledon, to be cajoled by your beauty. Declare where Wallace is concealed, or dread my vengeance."

The horrid steel gleamed across the eyes of the unhappy Marion; unable to sustain herself, she sunk on the ground.

"Kneel not to me for mercy!" cried the fierce wretch; "I grant none, unless you confess your husband's hiding place."

A momentary strength darted from the heart of Lady Wallace to her voice. "I kneel to heaven alone, and may it ever preserve my Wallace from the fangs of Edward and his tyrants!"

"Blasphemous wretch!" cried the infuriate Heselrigge; and in that moment he plunged his sword into her defenseless

breast. Halbert, who had all this time been held back by the soldiers, could not believe that the fierce governor would perpetrate the horrid deed he threatened ; but seeing it done, with a giant's strength and a terrible cry he burst from the hands which held him, and had thrown himself on the bleeding Marion, before her murderer could strike his second blow. However, it fell, and pierced through the neck of the faithful servant before it reached her heart. She opened her dying eyes, and seeing who it was that would have shielded her life, just articulated, "Halbert ! my Wallace—to God——" and with the last unfinished sentence her pure soul took its flight to regions of eternal peace.

The good old man's heart almost burst, when he felt that before-heaving bosom now motionless ; and groaning with grief, and fainting with loss of blood, he lay senseless on her body.

A terrific stillness was now in the hall. Not a man spoke ; all stood looking on each other, with a stern horror marking each pale countenance. Heselrigge, dropping his blood-stained sword on the ground, perceived by the behavior of his men that he had gone too far, and fearful of arousing the indignation of awakened humanity, to some act against himself, he addressed the soldiers in an unusual accent of condescension : "My friends," said he, "we will now return to Lanark : to-morrow you may come back, for I reward your services of this night with the plunder of Ellerslie."

"May a curse light on him who carries a stick from its ground !" exclaimed a veteran, from the further end of the hall. "Amen !" murmured all the soldiers, with one consent ; and falling back, they disappeared, one by one, out of the great door, leaving Heselrigge alone with the soldier, who stood leaning on his sword looking on the murdered lady.

"Grimsby, why stand you there ?" demanded Heselrigge ; "follow me."

"Never," returned the soldier.

"What !" exclaimed the governor, momentarily forgetting his panic, "dare you speak thus to your commander ? March on before me this instant, or expect to be treated as a rebel."

"I march at your command no more," replied the veteran, eying him resolutely : "the moment you perpetrated this bloody deed, you became unworthy the name of man ; and I should disgrace my own manhood, were I ever again to obey the word of such a monster !"

"Villain!" cried the enraged Heselrigge, "you shall die for this!"

"That may be," answered Grimsby, "by the hands of some tyrant like yourself; but no brave man, not the royal Edward, would do otherwise than acquit his soldier for refusing obedience to the murderer of an innocent woman. It was not so he treated the wives and daughters of the slaughtered Saracens when I followed his banners over the fields of Palestine!"

"Thou canting miscreant!" cried Heselrigge, springing on him suddenly, and aiming his dagger at his breast. But the soldier arrested the weapon, and at the same instant closing upon the assassin, with a turn of his foot, threw him to the ground. Heselrigge, as he lay prostrate, seeing his dagger in his adversary's hand, with the most dastardly promises, implored for life.

"Monster!" cried the soldier, "I would not pollute my honest hands with such unnatural blood. Neither, though thy hand has been lifted against my life, would I willingly take thine. It is not rebellion against my commander that actuates me, but hatred of the vilest of murderers. I go far from you, or your power; but if you forswear your voluntary oath, and attempt to seek me out for vengeance, remember it is a soldier of the cross you pursue, and a dire retribution shall be demanded by Heaven, at a moment you cannot avoid, and with a horror commensurate with your crimes."

There was a solemnity and determination in the voice and manner of the soldier that paralyzed the intimidated soul of the governor; he trembled violently, and repeating his oath of leaving Grimsby unmolested, at last obtained his permission to return to Lanark. The men, in obedience to the conscience-struck orders of their commander, had mounted their horses, and were now far out of sight. Heselrigge's charger was still in the courtyard; he was hurrying towards it, but the soldier, with a prudent suspicion, called out, "Stop, sir! you must walk to Lanark. The cruel are generally false: I cannot trust your word, should you have the power to break it. Leave this horse here — to-morrow you may send for it, I shall then be far away."

Heselrigge saw that remonstrance would be unavailing; and shaking with impotent rage, he turned into the path which, after five weary miles, would lead him once more to his citadel.

From the moment the soldier's manly spirit had dared to deliver its abhorrence of Lady Wallace's murder, he was aware that his life would no longer be safe within reach of the machinations of Heselrigge; and determined, alike by detestation of him, and regard for his own preservation, he resolved to take shelter in the mountains, till he could have an opportunity of going beyond sea to join his king's troops in the Guienne wars.

Full of these thoughts, he returned into the hall. As he approached the bleeding group on the floor, he perceived it move; hoping that perhaps the unhappy lady might not be dead, he drew near; but, alas! as he bent to examine, he touched her hand and found it quite cold. The blood which had streamed from the now exhausted heart, lay congealed upon her arms and bosom. Grimsby shuddered. Again he saw her move; but it was not with her own life; the recovering senses of her faithful servant, as his arms clung around the body, had disturbed the remains of her who would wake no more.

On seeing that existence yet struggled in one of these blameless victims, Grimsby did his utmost to revive the old man. He raised him from the ground, and poured some strong liquor he had in a flask into his mouth. Halbert breathed freer; and his kind surgeon, with the venerable harper's own plaid, bound up the wound in his neck. Halbert opened his eyes. When he fixed them on the rough features and English helmet of the soldier, he closed them again with a deep groan.

"My honest Scot," said Grimsby, "trust in me. I am a man like yourself; and though a Southron, am no enemy to age and helplessness."

The harper took courage at these words: he again looked at the soldier; but suddenly recollecting what had passed, he turned his eyes towards the body of his mistress, on which the beams of the now rising sun were shining. He started up, and staggering towards her, would have fallen, had not Grimsby supported him. "O what a sight is this!" cried he, wringing his hands. "My lady! my lovely lady! see how low she lies who was once the delight of all eyes, the comforter of all hearts." The old man's sobs suffocated him. The veteran turned away his face; a tear dropped upon his hand. "Accursed Heselrigge," ejaculated he, "thy fate must come!"

"If there be a man's heart in all Scotland, it is not far distant!" cried Halbert. "My master lives, and will avenge this

murder. You weep, soldier, and you will not betray what has now escaped me."

"I have fought in Palestine," returned he, "and a soldier of the cross betrays none who trust him. Saint Mary preserve your master and conduct you safely to him. We must both hasten hence. Heselrigge will surely send in pursuit of me. He is too vile to forgive the truth I have spoken to him; and should I fall into his power, death is the best I could expect at his hands. Let me assist you to put this poor lady's remains into some decent place; and then, my honest Scot, we must separate."

Halbert, at these words, threw himself upon the bosom of his mistress, and wept with loud lamentations over her. In vain he attempted to raise her in his feeble arms. "I have carried thee scores of times in thy blooming infancy," cried he; "and now must I bear thee to thy grave? I had hoped that my eyes would have been closed by this dear hand." As he spoke, he pressed her cold hand to his lips with such convulsive sobs that the soldier, fearing he would expire in the agony of his sorrow, took him almost motionless from the dead body, and exhorted him to suppress such self-destroying grief for the sake of his master. Halbert gradually revived, and listening to him, cast a wishful look on the lifeless Marion.

"There sleeps the pride and hope of Ellerslie, the mother with her child! O my master, my widowed master," cried he, "what will comfort thee!"

"Now I am alone in this once happy spot. Not a voice, not a sound. Oh! Wallace!" cried he, throwing up his venerable arms, "thy house is left unto thee desolate, and I am to be the fatal messenger." With the last words he struck into a deep ravine which led to the remotest solitudes of the glen, and pursued his way in dreadful silence. No human face of Scot or English cheered or scared him as he passed along. The tumult of the preceding night, by dispersing the servants of Ellerslie, had so alarmed the poor cottagers, that with one accord they fled to their kindred on the hills, amid those fastnesses of nature, to await tidings from the valley, of when all should be still, and they might return in peace. Halbert looked to the right and to the left; no smoke, curling its gray mist from behind the intersecting rocks, reminded him of the gladsome morning hour, or invited him to take a moment's rest from his grievous jour-

ney. All was lonely and comfortless ; and sighing bitterly over the wide devastation, he concealed the fatal sword and the horn under his cloak, and with a staff which he broke from a withered tree, took his way down the winding craigs. Many a pointed flint pierced his aged feet, while exploring the almost trackless paths, which by their direction he hoped would lead him at length to the deep caves of Corie Lynn.

CORIE LYNN.

After having traversed many a weary rood of, to him, before untrodden ground, the venerable minstrel of the house of Wallace, exhausted by fatigue, sat down on the declivity of a steep craig. The burning beams of the midday sun now beat upon the rocks, but the overshadowing foliage afforded him shelter ; and a few berries from the brambles, which knit themselves over the path he had yet to explore, with a draught of water from a friendly burn, offered themselves to revive his enfeebled limbs. Insufficient as they appeared, he took them, blessing Heaven for sending even these ; and strengthened by half an hour's rest, again he grasped his staff to pursue his way.

After breaking a passage through the entangled shrubs that grew across the only possible footing in this solitary wilderness, he went along the side of the expanding stream, which at every turning of the rocks increased in depth and violence. The rills from above, and other mountain brooks, pouring from abrupt falls down the craigs, covered him with spray, and intercepted his passage. Finding it impracticable to proceed through the rushing torrent of a cataract, whose distant roarings might have intimidated even a younger adventurer, he turned from its tumbling waters which burst from his sight, and crept on his hands and knees up the opposite acclivity, catching by the fern and other weeds to stay him from falling back into the flood below. Prodigious craggy heights towered above his head as he ascended ; while the rolling clouds which canopied their summits, seemed descending to wrap him in their "fleecey skirts" ; or the projecting rocks bending over the waters of the glen, left him only a narrow shelf in the cliff, along which he crept till it brought him to the mouth of a cavern.

He must either enter it or return the way he came, or

attempt the descent of overhanging precipices which nothing could surmount but the pinions of their native birds. Above him was the mountain. Retread his footsteps until he had seen his beloved master, he was resolved not to do—to perish in these glens would be more tolerable to him; for while he moved forward, hope, even in the arms of death, would cheer him with the whisper *that he was in the path of duty*. He therefore entered the cavity, and passing on, soon perceived an aperture, through which emerging on the other side, he found himself again on the margin of the river. Having attained a wider bed, it left him a still narrower causeway, to perform the remainder of his journey.

Huge masses of rock, canopied with a thick umbrage of firs, beech, and weeping birch, closed over the glen and almost excluded the light of day. But more anxious, as he calculated by the increased rapidity of the stream he must now be approaching the great fall near his master's concealment, Halbert redoubled his speed. But an unlooked-for obstacle baffled his progress. A growing gloom he had not observed in the sky-excluded valley, having entirely overspread the heavens, at this moment suddenly discharged itself, amidst peals of thunder, in heavy floods of rain upon his head.

Fearful of being overwhelmed by the streams, which now on all sides crossed his path, he kept upon the edge of the river, to be as far as possible from the influence of their violence. And thus he proceeded, slowly and with trepidation, through numerous defiles, and under the plunge of many a mountain torrent, till the augmented storm of a world of waters dashing from side to side, and boiling up with the noise and fury of the contending elements above, told him he was indeed not far from the fall of Corie Lynn.

The spray was spread in so thick a mist over the glen, he knew not how to advance. A step further might be on the firm earth, but more probably illusive, and dash him into the roaring Lynn, where he would be engulfed at once in its furious whirlpool. He paused and looked around. The rain had ceased, but the thunder still rolled at a distance, and echoed tremendously from the surrounding rocks. Halbert shook his gray locks, streaming with wet, and looked towards the sun, now gilding with its last rays the vast sheets of falling water.

"This is thine hour, my master!" exclaimed the old man; "and surely I am too near the Lynn to be far from thee!"

With these words he raised the pipe that hung at his breast and blew three strains of the appointed air. In former days it used to call from her bower that "fair star of evening," the beauteous Marion, now departed forever into her native heaven. The notes trembled as his agitated breath breathed them into the instrument; but feeble as they were, and though the roar of the cataract might have prevented their reaching a less attentive ear than that of Wallace, yet he sprang from the innermost recess under the fall, and dashing through its rushing waters, the next instant was at the side of Halbert.

"Faithful creature!" cried he, catching him in his arms, with all the joy of that moment which ends the anxious wish to learn tidings of what is dearest in the world, "how fares my Marion?"

"I am weary," cried the heart-stricken old man: "take me within your sanctuary, and I will tell you all."

Wallace perceived that his time-worn servant was indeed exhausted; and knowing the toils and hazards of the perilous track he must have passed over in his way to this fearful solitude; also remembering how, as he sat in his shelter, he had himself dreaded the effects of the storm upon so aged a traveler, he no longer wondered at the dispirited tone of his greeting, and readily accounted for the pale countenance and tremulous step which at first had excited his alarm.

Giving the old man his hand, he led him with caution to the brink of the Lynn; and then folding him in his arms, dashed with him through the tumbling water into the cavern he had chosen for his asylum. Halbert sunk against its rocky side, and putting forth his hand to catch some of the water as it fell, drew a few drops to his parched lips, and swallowed them. After this light refreshment, he breathed a little and turned his eyes upon his anxious master.

"Are you sufficiently recovered, Halbert, to tell me how you left my dearest Marion?"

Halbert dreaded to see the animated light which now cheered him from the eyes of his master, overclouded with the Cimmerian horrors his story must unfold: he evaded the direct reply: "I saw your guest in safety; I saw him and the iron box on their way to Bothwell."

"What!" inquired Wallace, "were we mistaken? was not the earl dead when we looked into the well?" Halbert replied in the negative, and was proceeding with a circumstantial

account of his recovery and his departure, when Wallace interrupted him.

"But what of my wife, Halbert? why tell me of others before of her? She whose safety and remembrance are now my sole comfort?"

"Oh, my dear lord!" cried Halbert, throwing himself on his knees in a paroxysm of mental agony, "she remembers you where best her prayers can be heard. She kneels for her beloved Wallace, before the throne of God!"

"Halbert!" cried Sir William, in a low and fearful voice, "what would you say? My Marion—speak! tell me in one word she lives!"

"In heaven!"

At this confirmation of a sudden terror, imbibed from the ambiguous words of Halbert, and which his fond heart would not allow him to acknowledge to himself, Wallace covered his face with his hands and fell with a deep groan against the side of the cavern. The horrid idea of premature maternal pains, occasioned by anguish for him; of her consequent death, involving perhaps that of her infant, struck him to the soul; a mist seemed passing over his eyes; life was receding; and gladly did he believe he felt his spirit on the eve of joining hers.

In having declared that the idol of his master's heart no longer existed for him in this world, Halbert thought he had revealed the worst, and he went on. "Her latest breath was spent in prayer for you. 'My Wallace' were the last words her angel spirit uttered as it issued from her bleeding wounds."

The cry that burst from the heart of Wallace, as he started on his feet at this horrible disclosure, seemed to pierce through all the recesses of the glen, and with an instantaneous and dismal return was reëchoed from rock to rock. Halbert threw his arms round his master's knees. The frantic blaze of his eye struck him with affright. "Hear me, my lord; for the sake of your wife, now an angel hovering near you, hear what I have to say."

Wallace looked around with a wild countenance. "My Marion near me! Blessed spirit! Oh, my murdered wife! my unborn babe! Who made those wounds?" cried he, catching Halbert's arm with a tremendous though unconscious grasp; "tell me who had the heart to aim a blow at that angel's life?"

"The governor of Lanark," replied Halbert.

"How? for what?" demanded Wallace, with the terrific glare of madness shooting from his eyes. "My wife! my wife! what had she done?"

"He came at the head of a band of ruffians, and seizing my lady, commanded her on the peril of her life, to declare where you and the earl of Mar and the box of treasure were concealed. My lady persisted to refuse him information, and in a deadly rage he plunged his sword into her breast." Wallace clenched his hands over his face, and Halbert went on. "Before he aimed a second blow, I had broken from the men who held me, and thrown myself on her bosom; but all could not save her: the villain's sword had penetrated her heart!"

"Great God!" exclaimed Wallace, "dost thou hear this murder?" His hands were stretched towards heaven; then falling on his knees, with his eyes fixed, "Give me power, Almighty Judge!" cried he, "to assert thy justice! Let me avenge this angel's blood, and then take me to thy mercy!"

"My gracious master," cried Halbert, seeing him rise with a stern composure, "here is the fatal sword: the blood on it is sacred, and I brought it to you."

Wallace took it in his hand. He gazed at it, touched it, and kissed it frantically. The blade was hardly yet dry, and the ensanguined hue came off upon the pressure. "Marion! Marion!" cried he, "is it thine? Does thy blood stain my lip?" He paused for a moment, leaning his burning forehead against the fatal blade; then looking up with a terrific smile. "Beloved of my soul! never shall this sword leave my hand till it has drunk the lifeblood of thy murderer."

"What is it you intend, my lord?" cried Halbert, viewing with increased alarm the resolute ferocity which now, blazing from every part of his countenance, seemed to dilate his figure with more than mortal daring. "What can you do? Your single arm——"

"I am not single—God is with me. I am his avenger. Now tremble, tyranny! I come to hurl thee down!" At the word he sprang from the cavern's mouth, and had already reached the topmost cliff when the piteous cries of Halbert penetrated his ear; they recalled him to recollection, and returning to his faithful servant, he tried to soothe his fears, and spoke in a composed though determined tone. "I will lead you from this solitude to the mountains, where the shepherds of Ellerslie are tending their flocks. With them you

will find a refuge, till you have strength to reach Bothwell Castle. Lord Mar will protect you for my sake."

Halbert now remembered the bugle, and putting it into his master's hand, with its accompanying message, asked for some testimony in return, that the earl might know he had delivered it safely. "Even a lock of your precious hair, my beloved master, will be sufficient."

"Thou shalt have it, severed from my head by this accursed steel," answered Wallace, taking off his bonnet, and letting his amber locks fall in tresses on his shoulders. Halbert burst into a fresh flood of tears, for he remembered how often it had been the delight of Marion to comb these bright tresses and to twist them round her ivory fingers. Wallace looked up as the old man's sobs became audible, and read his thoughts: "It will never be again, Halbert," cried he, and with a firm grasp of the sword he cut off a large handful of his hair.

"Marion, thy blood hath marked it!" exclaimed he; "and every hair on my head shall be dyed of the same hue, before this sword is sheathed upon thy murderers. Here, Halbert," continued he, knotting it together, "take this to the earl of Mar: it is all, most likely, he will ever see again of William Wallace. Should I fall, tell him to look on that, and in my wrongs read the future miseries of Scotland, and remember that God armeth a patriot's hand. Let him act on that conviction, and Scotland may yet be free."

Halbert placed the lock in his bosom, but again repeated his entreaties, that his master would accompany him to Bothwell Castle. He urged the consolation he would meet from the good earl's friendship.

"If he indeed regard me," returned Wallace, "for my sake let him cherish you. My consolations must come from a higher hand: I go where it directs. If I live, you shall see me again, but twilight approaches—we must away. The sun must not rise again upon Heselrigge."

Halbert now followed the rapid steps of Wallace, who, assisting the feeble limbs of his faithful servant, drew him up the precipitous side of the Lynn, and then leaping from rock to rock, awaited with impatience the slower advances of the poor old harper, as he crept round a circuit of overhanging cliffs, to join him on the summit of the craigs.

Together they struck into the most inaccessible defiles of the mountains, and proceeded, till on discerning smoke whiten-

ing with its ascending curls the black sides of the impending rocks, Wallace saw himself near the object of his search. He sprang on a high cliff projecting over this mountain valley, and blowing his bugle with a few notes of the well-known *pibroch* of Lanarkshire, was answered by the reverberations of a thousand echoes.

At the loved sounds which had not dared to visit their ears since the Scottish standard was lowered to Edward, the hills seemed teeming with life. Men rushed from their fastnesses, and women with their babes eagerly followed, to see whence sprung a summons so dear to every Scottish heart. Wallace stood on the cliff, like the newly aroused genius of his country : his long plaid floated afar, and his glittering hair, streaming on the blast, seemed to mingle with the golden fires which shot from the heavens. Wallace raised his eyes—a clash as of the tumult of contending armies filled the sky, and flames, and flashing steel, and the horrid red of battle, streamed from the clouds upon the hills.

“Scotsmen!” cried Wallace, waving the fatal sword, which blazed in the glare of these northern lights, like a flaming brand, “behold how the heavens cry aloud to you! I come, in the midst of their fires, to call you to vengeance. I come in the name of all ye hold dear, of the wives of your bosoms, and the children in their arms, to tell you the poniard of England is unsheathed—innocence and age and infancy fall before it. With this sword, last night, did Heselrigge, the English tyrant of Lanark, break into my house, and murder my wife!”

The shriek of horror that burst from every mouth, interrupted Wallace. “Vengeance! vengeance!” was the cry of the men, while tumultuous lamentations for the “sweet Lady of Ellerslie” filled the air from the women.

Wallace sprang from the cliff into the midst of his brave countrymen. “Follow me, then, to strike the mortal blow.”

“Lead on!” cried a vigorous old man. “I drew this stout claymore last in the battle of Largs. *Life and Alexander* was then the word of victory: now, ye accursed Southrons, ye shall meet the slogan of *Death and Lady Marion*.”

“Death and Lady Marion!” was echoed with shouts from mouth to mouth. Every sword was drawn; and those hardy peasants who owned none, seizing the instruments of pasturage, armed themselves with wolf spears, pickaxes, forks, and scythes.

Sixty resolute men now arranged themselves around their

chief, Wallace, whose widowed heart turned icy cold at the dreadful slogan of his Marion's name, more fiercely grasped his sword, and murmured to himself, "From this hour may Scotland date her liberty, or Wallace return no more! My faithful friends," cried he, turning to his men, and placing his plumed bonnet on his head, "let the spirits of your fathers inspire your souls; ye go to assert that freedom for which they died. Before the moon sets, the tyrant of Lanark must fall in blood."

"Death and Lady Marion!" was the pealing answer that echoed from the hills.

Wallace again sprang on the cliffs. His brave peasants followed him; and taking their rapid march by a near cut through a hitherto unexplored defile of the Cartlane Craigs, leaping chasms, and climbing perpendicular rocks, they suffered no obstacles to impede their steps, while thus rushing onward like lions to their prey.

LANARK CASTLE.

The women, and the men whom age withheld from so desperate an enterprise, now thronged around Halbert, to ask a circumstantial account of the disaster which had filled all with so much horror.

Many tears followed his recital; not one of his auditors was an indifferent listener; all had individually, or in persons dear to them, partaken of the tender Marion's benevolence. Their sick beds had been comforted by her charity; her voice had often administered consolation to their sorrows; her hand had smoothed their pillows, and placed the crucifix before their dying eyes. Some had recovered to bless her, and some departed to record her virtues in heaven.

"Ah! is she gone?" cried a young woman, raising her face, covered with tears, from the bosom of her infant; "is the loveliest lady that ever the sun shone upon, cold in the grave? Alas, for me! she it was that gave me the roof under which my baby was born; she it was who, when the Southron soldiers slew my father, and drove us from our home in Ayrshire, gave to my old mother, and my then wounded husband, our cottage by the burnside. Ah! well can I spare him now to avenge her murder."

The night being far advanced, Halbert retired, at the invi-

tation of this young woman, to repose on the heather bed of her husband, who was now absent with Wallace. The rest of the peasantry withdrew to their coverts, while she and some other women whose anxieties would not allow them to sleep, sat at the cavern's mouth watching the slowly moving hours.

The objects of their fond and fervent prayers, Wallace and his little army, were rapidly pursuing their march. It was midnight — all was silent as they hurried through the glen, as they ascended with flying footsteps the steep acclivities that led to the cliffs which overhung the vale of Ellerslie. Wallace must pass along their brow. Beneath was the tomb of his sacrificed Marion! He rushed forward to snatch one look, even of the roof which shrouded her beloved remains.

But in the moment before he mounted the intervening height, a soldier in English armor crossed the path, and was seized by his men. One of them would have cut him down, but Wallace turned away the weapon. "Hold, Scot!" cried he, "you are not a Southron, to strike the defenseless. This man has no sword."

The reflection on their enemy, which this plea of mercy contained, reconciled the impetuous Scots to the clemency of their leader. The rescued man joyfully recognizing the voice of Wallace, exclaimed, "It is my lord! It is Sir William Wallace that has saved my life a second time!"

"Who are you?" asked Wallace; "that helmet can cover no friend of mine."

"I am your servant Dugald," returned the man, "he whom your brave arm saved from the battle-ax of Arthur Heselrigge."

"I cannot now ask you how you came by that armor; but if you be yet a Scot, throw it off and follow me."

"Not to Ellerslie, my lord," cried he; "it has been plundered and burnt to the ground by the governor of Lanark."

"Then," exclaimed Wallace, striking his breast, "are the remains of my beloved Marion forever ravished from my eyes? Insatiate monster!"

"He is Scotland's curse," cried the veteran of Largs. "Forward, my lord, in mercy to your country's groans!"

Wallace had now mounted the craig which overlooked Ellerslie. His once happy home had disappeared, and all beneath lay a heap of smoking ashes. He hastened from the sight, and directing the point of his sword with a forceful action toward Lanark, reëchoed with supernatural strength, "Forward!"

With the rapidity of lightning his little host flew over the hills, reached the cliffs which divided them from the town, and leaped down before the outward trench of the castle of Lanark. In a moment Wallace sprang so feeble a barrier; and with a shout of death, in which the tremendous slogan of his men now joined, he rushed upon the guard that held the northern gate.

Here slept the governor. These opponents being slain by the first sweep of the Scottish swords, Wallace hastened onward, winged with twofold retribution. The noise of battle was behind him; for the shouts of his men had aroused the garrison and drawn its soldiers, half naked, to the spot. He reached the door of the governor. The sentinel who stood there flew before the terrible warrior that presented himself. All the mighty vengeance of Wallace blazed in his face and seemed to surround his figure with a terrible splendor. With one stroke of his foot he drove the door from its hinges, and rushed into the room.

What a sight for the now awakened and guilty Heselrigge! It was the husband of the defenseless woman he had murdered, come in the power of justice, with uplifted arm and vengeance in his eyes! With a terrific scream of despair, and an outcry for the mercy he dared not expect, he fell back into the bed and sought an unavailing shield beneath its folds.

"Marion! Marion!" cried Wallace, as he threw himself towards the bed and buried the sword, yet red with her blood, through the coverlid, deep into the heart of her murderer. A fiendlike yell from the slain Heselrigge told him his work was done; and drawing out the sword he took the streaming blade in his hand. "Vengeance is satisfied," cried he: "thus, O God! do I henceforth divide self from my heart!" As he spoke he snapped the sword in twain, and throwing away the pieces, put back with his hand the impending weapons of his brave companions, who, having cleared the passage of their assailants, had hurried forward to assist in ridding their country of so detestable a tyrant.

"'Tis done," cried he. As he spoke he drew down the coverlid and discovered the body of the governor weltering in blood. The ghastly countenance, on which the agonies of hell seemed imprinted, glared horrible even in death.

Wallace turned away; but the men exulting in the sight, with a shout of triumph exclaimed, "So fall the enemies of Sir William Wallace!"

“Rather so fall the enemies of Scotland !” cried he : “from this hour Wallace has neither love nor resentment but for her. Heaven has heard me devote myself to work our country’s freedom or to die. Who will follow me in so just a cause ?”

“All ! — with Wallace forever !”

The new clamor which this resolution excited, intimidated a fresh band of soldiers, who were hastening across the courtyard to seek the enemy in the governor’s apartments. But on hearing the noise they hastily retreated, and no exertions of their officers could prevail on them to advance again, or even to appear in sight, when the resolute Scots with Wallace at their head soon afterwards issued from the great gate. The English commanders seeing the panic of their men, and which they were less able to surmount on account of the way to the gate being strewn with their slain comrades, fell back into the shadow of the towers, where by the light of the moon, like men paralyzed, they viewed the departure of their enemies over the trenches.



BANNOCKBURN.

ROBERT BRUCE’S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY.

Scots, wha hae wi’ Wallace bled,
 Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,
 Welcome to your gory bed,
 Or to victorie !

Now’s the day, and now’s the hour ;
 See the front o’ battle lower ;
 See approach proud Edward’s power —
 Chains and slaverie !

Wha will be a traitor knave ?
 Wha can fill a coward’s grave ?
 Wha sae base as be a slave ?
 Let him turn and flee !

Wha for Scotland’s King and law
 Freedom’s sword will strongly draw,
 Free-man stand, or free-man fa’ ?
 Let him on wi’ me !

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they *shall* be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Let us do, or die!



Comment mestre guillaume de mandeuille ten ala oultre mer.



omme il soit ainque l'atere doultremer celt alle
 notr la sainte terre de promission en trestoutes les
 autres terres cest la plus excellente et la plus digne
 et d'une souverainne de toutes autres terres et de
 saintes et consacree du precieux corps et du precieux
 sang nre seigneur ihesu crist ou ly pleut soy enom-
 brer en la glorieuse vierge marie et preudre char en
 maine et nourison et la terre mardier et emuron-
 de voies et la noult il maint miracles faire et prechier et enseigner la joye et la
 loy de nous crestiens comme a ses enfanz et de ceste terre vult singuliere

LES MERVEILLES DU MONDE. (Fourteenth Century.)

From the fine MS. in the French Library. There are but two other specimens, both MSS. in the British Museum (Egerton 1070 and Harl. 4947), the last of which may have been executed by the same hand.

the Battle of Crecy
 W. Guesard and de Crecy
 The Battle of Crecy
 Of Remembrance

Les Merveilles du Monde (Fourteenth Century)

From the fine MS. in the French Library. There are but two other specimens, both MSS., in the British Museum (Egerton, 1070, and Harl. 4947), the last of which may have been executed by the same hand. Of all the treasures of the illuminator's art, none is more worthy of careful examination than the volume in question; a present from Jean Sans Peur, Duke of Burgundy, to his uncle, the Duke of Berri; executed doubtless between 1404, the year of his accession to the title, and 1419, when he was assassinated at Montereau. It is mentioned by Silvestre as "one of the finest monuments of the period;" and we may readily suppose that a book intended as a present to the Duke of Berri, at once the most distinguished connoisseur and most munificent patron of art of the age, was confided to an illuminator of the highest talent, with directions to spare no labor in its embellishment.

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THE BATTLE OF CRÉCY, 1346.

By FROISSART.

[JEAN FROISSART, French historian, was born at Valenciennes about 1333, became a cleric; began while a youth to write the history of the wars of his own time, and in 1360 started on a tour for material. He was for many years the guest of the highest potentates in England, Scotland, France, the Netherlands, etc., and about 1390 settled in Flanders and resumed his "Chronicle." In 1395 he revisited England. He died at Chimay in 1419. His great work covers the years from 1326 to 1400, and deals chiefly with England and Scotland, France and Flanders, though not confined to them. He wrote some verses also.]

THE king of England encamped this Friday in the plain: for he found the country abounding in provisions; but, if they should have failed, he had plenty in the carriages which attended on him. The army set about furbishing and repairing their armor; and the king gave a supper that evening to the earls and barons of his army, where they made good cheer. On their taking leave, the king remained alone, with the lords of his bed-chamber: he retired into his oratory, and, falling on his knees before the altar, prayed to God, that, if he should combat his enemies on the morrow, he might come off with honor. About midnight he went to bed; and, rising early the next day, he and the Prince of Wales heard mass, and communicated. The greater part of his army did the same, confessed, and made proper preparations. After mass, the king ordered his men to arm themselves, and assemble on the ground he had before fixed on. He had inclosed a large park near a wood, on the rear of his army, in which he placed all his baggage-wagons and horses; and this park had but one entrance: his men-at-arms and archers remained on foot.

The king afterwards ordered, through his constable and his two marshals, that the army should be divided into three battalions. In the first, he placed the young Prince of Wales, and with him the Earls of Warwick and Oxford, Sir Godfrey de Har-

court, the Lord Reginald Cobham, Lord Thomas Holland, Lord Stafford, Lord Mauley, the Lord Delaware, Sir John Chandos, Lord Bartholomew Burgherst, Lord Robert Neville, Lord Thomas Clifford, the Lord Bourchier, the Lord Latimer, and many other knights and squires whom I cannot name. There might be, in this first division, about eight hundred men-at-arms, two thousand archers, and a thousand Welshmen. They advanced in regular order to their ground, each lord under his banner and pennon, and in the center of his men. In the second battalion were the Earl of Northampton, the Earl of Arundel, the Lords Roos, Willoughby, Basset, St. Albans, Sir Lewis Tufton, Lord Multon, the Lord Lascels, and many others; amounting, in the whole, to about eight hundred men-at-arms, and twelve hundred archers. The third battalion was commanded by the king, and was composed of about seven hundred men-at-arms, and two thousand archers.

The king then mounted a small palfrey, having a white wand in his hand, and attended by his two marshals on each side of him: he rode a foot's pace through all the ranks, encouraging and entreating the army, that they would guard his honor and defend his right. He spoke this so sweetly, and with such a cheerful countenance, that all who had been dispirited were directly comforted by seeing and hearing him. When he had thus visited all the battalions, it was near ten o'clock: he retired to his own division, and ordered them all to eat heartily, and drink a glass after. They ate and drank at their ease; and, having packed up pots, barrels, etc., in the carts, they returned to their battalions, according to the marshals' orders, and seated themselves on the ground, placing their helmets and bows before them, that they might be the fresher when their enemies should arrive.

That same Saturday, the king of France rose betimes, and heard mass in the monastery of St. Peter's in Abbeville, where he was lodged: having ordered his army to do the same, he left that town after sunrise. When he had marched about two leagues from Abbeville, and was approaching the enemy, he was advised to form his army in order of battle, and to let those on foot march forward, that they might not be trampled on by the horses. The king, upon this, sent off four knights, the Lord Moynes of Bastleberg, the Lord of Noyers, the Lord of Beaujeu, and the Lord of Aubigny, who rode so near to the English that they could clearly distinguish their position. The English

plainly perceived they were come to reconnoiter them : however, they took no notice of it, but suffered them to return unmolested. When the king of France saw them coming back, he halted his army ; and the knights, pushing through the crowds, came near the king, who said to them, " My lords, what news ! " They looked at each other, without opening their mouths : for neither chose to speak first. At last the king addressed himself to the Lord Moyne, who was attached to the king of Bohemia, and had performed very many gallant deeds, so that he was esteemed one of the most valiant knights in Christendom. The Lord Moyne said, " Sir, I will speak, since it pleases you to order me, but under the correction of my companions. We have advanced far enough to reconnoiter your enemies. Know, then, that they are drawn up in three battalions, and are waiting for you. I would advise, for my part, (submitting, however, to better counsel,) that you halt your army here, and quarter them for the night ; for before the rear shall come up, and the army be properly drawn out, it will be very late, your men will be tired and in disorder, while they will find your enemies fresh and properly arrayed. On the morrow, you may draw up your army more at your ease, and may reconnoiter at leisure on what part it will be most advantageous to begin the attack ; for, be assured they will wait for you."

The king commanded that it should so be done : and the two marshals rode, one toward the front, and the other to the rear, crying out, " Halt banners, in the name of God and St. Denis." Those that were in the front halted ; but those behind said they would not halt, until they were as forward as the front. When the front perceived the rear pressing on, they pushed forward ; and neither the king nor the marshals could stop them, but they marched without any order until they came in sight of their enemies. As soon as the foremost rank saw them, they fell back at once, in great disorder, which alarmed those in the rear, who thought they had been fighting. There was then space and room enough for them to have passed forward, had they been willing so to do : some did so, but others remained shy. All the roads between Abbeville and Crécy were covered with common people, who, when they were come within three leagues of their enemies, drew their swords, bawling out, " Kill, kill " ; and with them were many great lords that were eager to make show of their courage.

There is no man, unless he had been present, that can imagine, or describe truly, the confusion of that day ; especially the bad management and disorder of the French, whose troops were out of number. What I know, and shall relate in this book, I have learnt chiefly from the English, who had well observed the confusion they were in, and from those attached to Sir John of Hainault, who was always near the person of the king of France.

The English, who were drawn up in three divisions, and seated on the ground, on seeing their enemies advance, rose undauntedly up, and fell into their ranks. That of the prince was the first to do so, whose archers were formed in the manner of a portcullis, or harrow, and the men-at-arms in the rear. The Earls of Northampton and Arundel, who commanded the second division, had posted themselves in good order on his wing, to assist and succor the prince, if necessary.

You must know, that these kings, earls, barons, and lords of France, did not advance in any regular order, but one after the other, or any way most pleasing to themselves. As soon as the king of France came in sight of the English, his blood began to boil, and he cried out to his marshals, "Order the Genoese forward, and begin the battle, in the name of God and St. Denis." There were about fifteen thousand Genoese crossbowmen ; but they were quite fatigued, having marched on foot that day six leagues, completely armed, and with their crossbows. They told the constable, they were not in a fit condition to do any great things that day in battle. The Earl of Alençon, hearing this, said, "This is what one gets by employing such scoundrels, who fall off when there is any need for them." During this time a heavy rain fell, accompanied by thunder and a very terrible eclipse of the sun ; and before this rain a great flight of crows hovered in the air over all those battalions, making a loud noise. Shortly afterward it cleared up, and the sun shone very bright ; but the Frenchmen had it in their faces, and the English in their backs.

When the Genoese were somewhat in order, and approached the English, they set up a loud shout, in order to frighten them ; but they remained quite still, and did not seem to attend to it. They then set up a second shout, and advanced a little forward ; but the English never moved. They hooted a third time, advancing with their crossbows presented, and began to shoot. The English archers then advanced one step

forward, and shot their arrows with such force and quickness, that it seemed as if it snowed. When the Genoese felt these arrows, which pierced their arms, heads, and through their armor, some of them cut the strings of their crossbows, others flung them on the ground, and all turned about and retreated quite discomfited. The French had a large body of men-at-arms on horseback, richly dressed, to support the Genoese. The king of France, seeing them thus fall back, cried out, "Kill me those scoundrels; for they stop up our road, without any reason." You would then have seen the above-mentioned men-at-arms lay about them, killing all they could of these runaways.

[Lord Berners' account of the advance of the Genoese is somewhat different from this; he describes them as *leaping* forward with a *fell* cry, and as this is not mentioned in the printed editions, it seems probable that he followed a MS. varying from those examined by Mr. Johnes. The whole passage is so spirited and graphic that we give it entire.

"Whan the genowayes were assembled toguyder and beganne to aproche, they made a great leape and crye to abasshe thenglyssmen, but they stode styll and styredde nat for all that. Than the genowayes agayne the secoude tyme made another leape and a fell crye and stepped forwarde a lytell, and thenglyssmen remeued nat one fote; thirldy agayne they leapt and cryed, and went forthe tyll they came within shotte; than they shotte feersly with their crosbowes. Than thenglysshe archers stept forthe one pase and lette fly their arowes so hotly and so thycke that it semed snowe. Whan the genowayes felte the arowes persynge through heeds, armes, and brestes, many of them cast downe their crosbowes and did cutte their strynges and retourned dyscomfited. Whan the frenche kynge sawe them flye away, he said, Slee these rascals, for they shall lette and trouble us without reason; than you shoulde haue sene the men of armes dasshe in among them and kyllled a great nombre of them; and euer styll the englyssmen shot where as they sawe thykest preace, the sharp arowes ranne into the men of armes and into their horses, and many fell horse and men amonge the genowayes, and whan they were downe they coude nat relyne agayne; the preace was so thycke that one ouerthrewe a nother. And also amonge the englyssmen there were certayne rascalles that went a fote with great knyues, and they went in among the men of armes and slewe and muredde many as they lay on the grounde, both erles, barownes, knyghts, and squyers, whereof the kyng of Englande was after dyspleased, for he had rather they had been taken prisoners."]

The English continued shooting as vigorously and quickly as before ; some of their arrows fell among the horsemen, who were sumptuously equipped, and, killing and wounding many, made them caper and fall among the Genoese, so that they were in such confusion they could never rally again. In the English army there were some Cornish and Welshmen on foot, who had armed themselves with large knives : these advancing through the ranks of the men-at-arms and archers, who made way for them, came upon the French when they were in this danger, and, falling upon earls, barons, knights and squires, slew many, at which the king of England was afterwards much exasperated. The valiant king of Bohemia was slain there. He was called Charles of Luxembourg ; for he was the son of the gallant king and emperor, Henry of Luxembourg : having heard the order of the battle, he inquired where his son, the Lord Charles, was : his attendants answered, that they did not know, but believed he was fighting. The king said to them, "Gentlemen, you are all my people, my friends and brethren at arms this day : therefore, as I am blind, I request of you to lead me so far into the engagement that I may strike one stroke with my sword." The knights replied, they would directly lead him forward ; and in order that they might not lose him in the crowd, they fastened all the reins of their horses together, and put the king at their head, that he might gratify his wish, and advanced toward the enemy. The Lord Charles of Bohemia, who already signed his name as king of Germany, and bore the arms, had come in good order to the engagement ; but when he perceived that it was likely to turn out against the French, he departed, and I do not well know what road he took. The king, his father, had rode in among the enemy, and made good use of his sword ; for he and his companions had fought most gallantly. They had advanced so far that they were all slain ; and on the morrow they were found on the ground, with their horses all tied together.

The Earl of Alençon advanced in regular order upon the English, to fight with them ; as did the Earl of Flanders, in another part. These two lords, with their detachments, coasting, as it were, the archers, came to the prince's battalion, where they fought valiantly for a length of time. The king of France was eager to march to the place where he saw their banners displayed, but there was a hedge of archers before him. He had that day made a present of a handsome black horse to

Sir John of Hainault, who had mounted on it a knight of his, called Sir John de Fusselles, that bore his banner : which horse ran off with him, and forced his way through the English army, and, when about to return, stumbled and fell into a ditch and severely wounded him : he would have been dead, if his page had not followed him round the battalions, and found him unable to rise : he had not, however, any other hindrance than from his horse ; for the English did not quit the ranks that day to make prisoners. The page alighted, and raised him up ; but he did not return the way he came, as he would have found it difficult from the crowd. This battle which was fought on the Saturday between La Broyes and Crécy, was very murderous and cruel ; and many gallant deeds of arms were performed that were never known. Toward evening, many knights and squires of the French had lost their masters : they wandered up and down the plain, attacking the English in small parties : they were soon destroyed ; for the English had determined that day to give no quarter, or hear of ransom from any one.

Early in the day some French, Germans, and Savoyards, had broken through the archers of the prince's battalion, and had engaged with the men-at-arms ; upon which the second battalion came to his aid, and it was time, for otherwise he would have been hard pressed. The first division, seeing the danger they were in, sent a knight in great haste to the king of England, who was posted upon an eminence, near a wind-mill. On the knight's arrival, he said, "Sir, the Earl of Warwick, the Lord Reginald Cobham, and the others who are about your son, are vigorously attacked by the French ; and they entreat that you would come to their assistance with your battalion, for, if their numbers should increase, they fear he will have too much to do." The king replied, "Is my son dead, unhorsed, or so badly wounded that he cannot support himself?" "Nothing of the sort, thank God," rejoined the knight ; "but he is in so hot an engagement that he has great need of your help." The king answered, "Now, Sir Thomas, return back to those that sent you, and tell them from me, not to send again for me this day, or expect that I shall come, let what will happen, as long as my son has life ; and say, that I command them to let the boy win his spurs ; for I am determined, if it please God, that all the glory and honor of this day shall be given to him, and to those into whose care I have intrusted him." The knight returned to his lords, and related

the king's answer, which mightily encouraged them, and made them repent they had ever sent such a message.

[The style of Lord Berners, in many instances, is so different from the mode of expression adopted by Mr. Johnes, as almost to make the parallel passage appear a distinct narrative, and in such cases it is interesting to compare the two translations. The following is Lord Berners' version of this narration.

"In the mornyng the day of the batayle certayne frenchemen and almaynes perforce opyned the archers of the princes batayle, and came and fought with the men at armes hande to hande. Than the second batayle of thenglyshe men came to sucour the prince's batayle, the whiche was tyme, for they had as than moche ado, and they with the prince sent a messangar to the kynge who was on a lytell wyndmill hill. Than the knyght sayd to the kyng, Sir therle of Warwyke and therle of Cafort (Stafford) Sir Reynolde Cobham and other such as be about the prince your sonne are feersly fought with all, and are sore handled, wherefore they desire you that you and your batayle woll come and ayde them, for if the frenchemen encrease as they dout they woll your sonne end they shall have moche a do. Than the kynge sayde, is my sonne deed or hurt or on the yerthe felled? No, sir, quoth the knight, but he is hardely matched wherefore he hath nede of your ayde. Well sayde the kyng, retourne to hym and to them that sent you hyther, and say to them that they sende no more to me for any adventure that falleth as long as my sonne is alyve; and also say to them that they suffer hym this day to wyne his spures, for if God be pleased, I woll this iourney be his and the honoure therof and to them that be aboute hym. Than the knyght retourned agayn to them and shewed the kynges wordes, the which greatly encouraged them, and repoyned in that they had sende to the kynge as they dyd."]

It is a certain fact, that Sir Godfrey de Harcourt, who was in the prince's battalion, having been told by some of the English, that they had seen the banner of his brother engaged in the battle against him, was exceedingly anxious to save him; but he was too late, for he was left dead on the field, and so was the Earl of Aumarle his nephew. On the other hand, the Earls of Alençon and of Flanders were fighting lustily under their banners, and with their own people; but they could not resist the force of the English, and were there slain, as well as many other knights and squires that were attending on or accompanying them. The Earl of Blois, nephew to the king of France, and the Duke of Lorraine, his brother-in-law, with

their troops, made a gallant defense ; but they were surrounded by a troop of English and Welsh, and slain in spite of their prowess. The Earl of St. Pol and the Earl of Auxerre were also killed, as well as many others. Late after vespers, the king of France had not more about him than sixty men, every one included. Sir John of Hainault, who was of the number, had once remounted the king ; for his horse had been killed under him by an arrow : he said to the king, "Sir, retreat while you have an opportunity, and do not expose yourself so simply : if you have lost this battle, another time you will be the conqueror." After he had said this, he took the bridle of the king's horse, and led him off by force ; for he had before entreated of him to retire.

The king rode on until he came to the castle of la Broyes, where he found the gates shut, for it was very dark. The king ordered the governor of it to be summoned : he came upon the battlements, and asked who it was that called at such an hour ? The king answered, "Open, open, governor ; it is the fortune of France." The governor, hearing the king's voice, immediately descended, opened the gate, and let down the bridge. The king and his company entered the castle ; but he had only with him five barons, Sir John of Hainault, the Lord Charles of Montmorency, the Lord of Beaujeu, the Lord of Aubigny, and the Lord of Montfort. The king would not bury himself in such a place as that, but, having taken some refreshments, set out again with his attendants about midnight, and rode on, under the direction of guides who were well acquainted with the country, until, about daybreak, he came to Amiens, where he halted. This Saturday the English never quitted their ranks in pursuit of any one, but remained on the field, guarding their position, and defending themselves against all who attacked them. The battle was ended at the hour of vespers.

When, on the Saturday night, the English heard no more hooting or shouting, nor any more crying out to particular lords or their banners, they looked upon the field as their own, and their enemies as beaten. They made great fires, and lighted torches because of the obscurity of the night. King Edward then came down from his post, who all that day had not put on his helmet, and, with his whole battalion, advanced to the Prince of Wales, whom he embraced in his arms and kissed, and said, "Sweet son, God give you good perseverance : you are my son, for most loyally have you acquitted yourself this day :

you are worthy to be a sovereign." The prince bowed down very low, and humbled himself, giving all the honor to the king, his father. The English, during the night, made frequent thanksgivings to the Lord, for the happy issue of the day, and without rioting; for the king had forbidden all riot or noise. On the Sunday morning, there was so great a fog that one could scarcely see the distance of half an acre. The king ordered a detachment from the army, under the command of the two marshals, consisting of about five hundred lances and two thousand archers, to make an excursion, and see if there were any bodies of French collected together. The quota of troops from Rouen and Beauvais, had, this Sunday morning, left Abbeville and St. Riequier in Ponthieu, to join the French army, and were ignorant of the defeat of the preceding evening: they met this detachment, and, thinking they must be French, hastened to join them.

As soon as the English found who they were, they fell upon them; and there was a sharp engagement; but the French soon turned their backs, and fled in great disorder. There were slain in this flight in the open fields, under hedges and bushes, upward of seven thousand; and had it been clear weather, not one soul would have escaped.

A little time afterwards, this same party fell in with the archbishop of Rouen and the great prior of France, who were also ignorant of the discomfiture of the French: for they had been informed that the king was not to fight before Sunday. Here began a fresh battle: for those two lords were well attended by good men-at-arms; however, they could not withstand the English, but were almost all slain, with the two chiefs who commanded them; very few escaping. In the course of the morning, the English found many Frenchmen who had lost their road on the Saturday, and had lain in the open fields, not knowing what was become of the king, or their own leaders. The English put to the sword all they met: and it has been assured to me for fact, that of foot soldiers, sent from the cities, towns and municipalities, there were slain, this Sunday morning, four times as many as in the battle of Saturday. . . .

The king sent to have the numbers and condition of the dead examined. . . . They made to him a very circumstantial report of all they had observed, and said they had found eighty banners, the bodies of eleven princes, twelve hundred knights, and about thirty thousand common men.

DU GUESCLIN AND THE CONDOTTIÈRES.

(From "The White Company.")

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

[ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE, Scotch novelist, was born in Edinburgh, May 22, 1859. He is the son of Charles Doyle, an artist, and nephew of Richard Doyle of *Punch*. He received his early education at Stonyhurst, in Lancashire, and in Germany; studied medicine at Edinburgh four years; and practiced at Southsea from 1882 to 1890, when he gave his whole attention to literature. He first became popular with the detective stories, "A Study in Scarlet," "The Sign of the Four," and "Adventures of Sherlock Holmes." His other works include: the historical novels "Micah Clarke," "The White Company," "The Refugees," "Rodney Stone," and "Uncle Bernac"; "The Captain of the Polestar"; "Stark Munro Letters"; "Round the Red Lamp"; "Tragedy of the Korosko." He is also the author of the one-act play, "A Story of Waterloo," produced by Sir Henry Irving in 1894.]

THE RAVAGED COUNTRY.

IF it were grim and desolate upon the English border, however, what can describe the hideous barrenness of this ten times harried tract of France? The whole face of the country was scarred and disfigured, mottled over with the black blotches of burned farmsteadings, and the gray, gaunt gable ends of what had been chateaux. Broken fences, crumbling walls, vineyards, littered with stones, the shattered arches of bridges—look where you might, the signs of ruin and rapine met the eye. Here and there only, on the farthest sky line, the gnarled turrets of a castle, or the graceful pinnacles of church or of monastery showed where the forces of the sword or of the spirit had preserved some small islet of security in this universal flood of misery. Moodily and in silence the little party rode along the narrow and irregular track, their hearts weighed down by this far-stretching land of despair. It was indeed a stricken and a blighted country, and a man might have ridden from Auvergne in the north to the marches of Foix, nor ever seen a smiling village or a thriving homestead.

From time to time as they advanced they saw strange lean figures scraping and scratching amid the weeds and thistles, who, on sight of the band of horsemen, threw up their arms and dived in among the brushwood, as shy and as swift as wild

animals. More than once, however, they came on families by the wayside, who were too weak from hunger and disease to fly, so that they could but sit like hares on a tussock, with panting chests and terror in their eyes. So gaunt were these poor folk, so worn and spent—with bent and knotted frames, and sullen, hopeless, mutinous faces—that it made the young Englishman heartsick to look upon them. Indeed, it seemed as though all hope and light had gone so far from them that it was not to be brought back; for when Sir Nigel threw down a handful of silver among them there came no softening of their lined faces, but they clutched greedily at the coins, peering questioningly at him, and champing with their animal jaws. Here and there amid the brushwood the travelers saw the rude bundle of sticks which served them as a home—more like a fowl's nest than the dwelling place of man. Yet why should they build and strive, when the first adventurer who passed would set torch to their thatch, and when their own feudal lord would wring from them with blows and curses the last fruits of their toil? They sat at the lowest depth of human misery, and hugged a bitter comfort to their souls as they realized that they could go no lower. Yet they had still the human gift of speech, and would take council among themselves in their brushwood hovels, glaring with bleared eyes and pointing with thin fingers at the great widespread chateaux which ate like a cancer into the life of the countryside. When such men, who are beyond hope and fear, begin in their dim minds to see the source of their woes, it may be an evil time for those who have wronged them. The weak man becomes strong when he has nothing, for then only can he feel the wild, mad thrill of despair. High and strong the chateaux, lowly and weak the brushwood hut; but God help the seigneur and his lady when the men of the brushwood set their hands to the work of revenge!

Sir Tristram de Rochefort, Seneschal of Auvergne and Lord of Villefranche, was a fierce and renowned soldier who had grown gray in the English wars. As lord of the marches and guardian of an exposed countryside, there was little rest for him even in times of so-called peace, and his whole life was spent in raids and outfalls upon the Brabanters, late comers, flayers, free companions, and roving archers who wandered over his province. At times he would come back in triumph, and a

dozen corpses swinging from the summit of his keep would warn evil doers that there was still a law in the land. At others his ventures were not so happy, and he and his troop would spur it over the drawbridge with clatter of hoofs hard at their heels and whistle of arrows about their ears. Hard he was of hand and harder of heart, hated by his foes, and yet not loved by those whom he protected, for twice he had been taken prisoner, and twice his ransom had been wrung by dint of blows and tortures out of the starving peasants and ruined farmers. Wolves or watchdogs, it was hard to say from which the sheep had most to fear.

The Castle of Villefranche was harsh and stern as its master. A broad moat, a high outer wall turreted at the corners, with a great black keep towering above all — so it lay before them in the moonlight. By the light of two flambeaux, protruded through the narrow slit-shaped openings at either side of the ponderous gate, they caught a glimpse of the glitter of fierce eyes and of the gleam of the weapons of the guard. The sight of the two-headed eagle of Du Guesclin, however, was a passport into any fortalice in France, and ere they had passed the gate the old border knight came running forwards with hands outthrown to greet his famous countryman.

The material for a feast was ever at hand in days when, if there was grim want in the cottage, there was at least rude plenty in the castle. Within an hour the guests were seated around a board which creaked under the great pasties and joints of meat, varied by those more dainty dishes in which the French excelled, the spiced ortolan and the truffled beccaficoes. The great fire crackled in the grate, the hooded hawks slept upon their perches, the rough deerhounds with expectant eyes crouched upon the tiled floor; close at the elbows of the guests stood the dapper little lilac-coated pages; the laugh and jest circled round and all was harmony and comfort. Little they recked of the brushwood men who crouched in their rags along the fringe of the forest and looked with wild and haggard eyes at the rich, warm glow which shot a golden bar of light from the high arched windows of the castle.

"These folk here," said the knight of Bohemia, "they do not seem too well fed."

"Ah, canaille!" cried the Lord of Villefranche. "You would scarce credit it, and yet it is sooth that when I was taken at Poitiers it was all that my wife and foster brother could do

to raise the money from them for my ransom. The sulky dogs would rather have three twists of a rack, or the thumbikins for an hour, than pay out a denier for their own feudal father and liege lord. Yet there is not one of them but hath an old stocking full of gold pieces hid away in a snug corner."

"Why do they not buy food then?" asked Sir Nigel. "By St. Paul! it seemed to me their bones were breaking through their skin."

"It is their grutching and grumbling that makes them thin. We have a saying here, Sir Nigel, that if you pommel Jacques Bonhomme he will pat you, but if you pat him he will pommel you. Doubtless you find it so in England."

"Ma foi, no!" said Sir Nigel. "I have two Englishmen of this class in my train, who are at this instant, I make little doubt, as full of your wine as any cask in your cellar. He who pommeled them might come by such a pat as he would be likely to remember."

"I cannot understand it," quoth the seneschal, "for the English knights and nobles whom I have met were not men to brook the insolence of the baseborn."

"Perchance, my fair lord, the poor folk are sweeter and of a better countenance in England," laughed the Lady Rochefort. "Mon Dieu! you cannot conceive to yourself how ugly they are! Without hair, without teeth, all twisted and bent; for me, I cannot think how the good God ever came to make such people. I cannot bear it, I, and so my trusty Raoul goes ever before me with a cudgel to drive them from my path."

"Yet they have souls, fair lady, they have souls!" murmured the chaplain, a white-haired man with a weary, patient face.

"So I have heard you tell them," said the lord of the castle; "and for myself, father, though I am a true son of holy Church, yet I think that you were better employed in saying your mass and in teaching the children of my men at arms, than in going over the countryside to put ideas in these folks' heads which would never have been there but for you. I have heard that you have said to them that their souls are as good as ours, and that it is likely that in another life they may stand as high as the oldest blood of Auvergne. For my part, I believe that there are so many worthy knights and gallant gentlemen in heaven who know how such things should be arranged, that there is little fear that we shall find ourselves mixed up with base

roturiers and swineherds. Tell your beads, father, and con your psalter, but do not come between me and those whom the king has given to me ! ”

“ God help them ! ” cried the old priest. “ A higher King than yours has given them to me, and I tell you here in your own castle hall, Sir Tristram de Rochefort, that you have sinned deeply in your dealings with these poor folk, and that the hour will come, and may even now be at hand, when God’s hand will be heavy upon you for what you have done.” He rose as he spoke, and walked slowly from the room.

“ Pest take him ! ” cried the French knight. “ Now, what is a man to do with a priest, Sir Bertrand ? — for one can neither fight him like a man nor coax him like a woman.”

“ By St. Ives ! Tristram, this chaplain of yours seems to me to be a worthy man, and you should give heed to his words, for though I care nothing for the curse of a bad pope, it would be a grief to me to have aught but a blessing from a good priest.”

“ He shall have four silver candlesticks,” said the seneschal, moodily. “ And yet I would that he would leave the folk alone. You cannot conceive in your mind how stubborn and brainless they are. Mules and pigs are full of reason beside them. God He knows that I have had great patience with them. It was but last week that, having to raise some money, I called up to the castle Jean Goubert, who, as all men know, has a casketful of gold pieces hidden away in some hollow tree. I give you my word that I did not so much as lay a stripe upon his fool’s back, but after speaking with him, and telling him how needful the money was to me, I left him for the night to think over the matter in my dungeon. What think you that the dog did ? Why, in the morning we found that he had made a rope from strips of his leathern jerkin, and had hung himself to the bar of the window.”

“ For me, I cannot conceive such wickedness ! ” cried the lady.

“ And there was Gertrude Le Bœuf, as fair a maiden as eye could see, but as bad and bitter as the rest of them. When young Amory de Valance was here last Lammastide, he looked kindly upon the girl, and even spoke of taking her into his service. What does she do, with her dog of a father ? Why, they tie themselves together and leap into the Linden Pool, where the water is five spears’ lengths deep. I give you my word that

it was a great grief to young Amory, and it was days ere he could cast it from his mind. But how can one serve people who are so foolish and so ungrateful?"

HOW THE BRUSHWOOD MEN CAME TO THE CHATEAU OF VILLEFRANCHE.

It was late ere Alleyne Edricson, having carried Sir Nigel the goblet of spiced wine which it was his custom to drink after the curling of his hair, was able at last to seek his chamber. It was a stone-flagged room upon the second floor, with a bed in a recess for him, and two smaller pallets on the other side, on which Aylward and Hordle John were already snoring. Alleyne had knelt down to his evening orisons, when there came a tap at his door, and Ford entered with a small lamp in his hand. His face was deadly pale, and his hand shook until the shadows flickered up and down the wall.

"What is it, Ford?" cried Alleyne, springing to his feet.

"I can scarce tell you," said he, sitting down on the side of the couch, and resting his chin upon his hand. "I know not what to say or what to think."

"Has aught befallen you, then?"

"Yes, or I have been slave to my own fancy. I tell you, lad, that I am all undone, like a fretted bowstring. Hark hither, Alleyne! it cannot be that you have forgotten little Tita, the daughter of the old glass stainer at Bordeaux?"

"I remember her well."

"She and I, Alleyne, broke the lucky groat together ere we parted, and she wears my ring upon her finger. 'Caro mio,' quoth she when last we parted, 'I shall be near thee in the wars, and thy danger will be my danger.' Alleyne, as God is my help, as I came up the stairs this night I saw her stand before me, her face in tears, her hands out as though in warning—I saw it, Alleyne, even as I see those two archers upon their couches. Our very finger tips seemed to meet, ere she thinned away like a mist in the sunshine."

"I would not give overmuch thought to it," answered Alleyne. "Our minds will play us strange pranks."

Ford shook his head. "I saw little Tita as clearly as though I were back at the Rue des Apôtres at Bordeaux," said he. "But the hour is late, and I must go."

"Where do you sleep, then?"

"In the chamber above you. May the saints be with us all!" He rose from the couch and left the chamber, while Alleyne could hear his feet sounding upon the winding stair. The young squire walked across to the window and gazed out at the moonlit landscape.

The window at which he stood was in the second floor of that portion of the castle which was nearest to the keep. In front lay the broad moat, with the moon lying upon its surface, now clear and round, now drawn lengthwise as the breeze stirred the waters. Beyond, the plain sloped down to a thick wood, while further to the left a second wood shut out the view. Between the two an open glade stretched, silvered in the moonshine, with the river curving across the lower end of it.

As he gazed, he saw of a sudden a man steal forth from the wood into the open clearing. He walked with his head sunk, his shoulders curved, and his knees bent, as one who strives hard to remain unseen. Ten paces from the fringe of trees he glanced around, and waving his hand he crouched down, and was lost to sight among a belt of furze bushes. After him there came a second man, and after him a third, a fourth, and a fifth, stealing across the narrow open space and darting into the shelter of the brushwood. Nine and seventy Alleyne counted of these dark figures flitting across the line of the moonlight. Many bore huge burdens upon their backs, though what it was that they carried he could not tell at the distance. Out of the one wood and into the other they passed, all with the same crouching, furtive gait, until the black bristle of trees had swallowed up the last of them.

For a moment Alleyne stood in the window, still staring down at the silent forest, uncertain as to what he should think of these midnight walkers. Then he bethought him that there was one beside him who was fitter to judge on such a matter. His fingers had scarce rested upon Aylward's shoulder ere the bowman was on his feet, with his hand outstretched to his sword.

"Qui va?" he cried. "Holà! mon petit. By my hilt! I thought there had been a camisade. What then, mon gar?"

"Come hither by the window, Aylward," said Alleyne. "I have seen fourscore men pass from yonder shaw across the glade, and nigh every man of them had a great burden on his back. What think you of it?"

"I think nothing of it, mon camarade! There are as many

masterless folk in this country as there are rabbits on Cowdray Down, and there are many who show their faces by night but would dance in a hempen collar if they stirred forth in the day. On all the French marches are droves of outcasts, reivers, spoilers, and drawlatches, of whom I judge that these are some, though I marvel that they should dare to come so nigh to the castle of the seneschal. All seems very quiet now," he added, peering out of the window.

"They are in the further wood," said Alleyne.

"And there they may bide. Back to rest, *mon petit*; for, by my hilt! each day now will bring its own work. Yet it would be well to shoot the bolt in yonder door when one is in strange quarters. So!" He threw himself down upon his pallet and in an instant was fast asleep.

It might have been about three o'clock in the morning when Alleyne was aroused from a troubled sleep by a low cry or exclamation. He listened, but, as he heard no more, he set it down as the challenge of the guard upon the walls, and dropped off to sleep once more. A few minutes later he was disturbed by a gentle creaking of his own door, as though some one were pushing cautiously against it, and immediately afterwards he heard the soft thud of cautious footsteps upon the stair which led to the room above, followed by a confused noise and a muffled groan. Alleyne sat up on his couch with all his nerves in a tingle, uncertain whether these sounds might come from a simple cause — some sick archer and visiting leech perhaps — or whether they might have a more sinister meaning. But what danger could threaten them here in this strong castle, under the care of famous warriors, with high walls and a broad moat around them? Who was there that could injure them? He had well-nigh persuaded himself that his fears were a foolish fancy, when his eyes fell upon that which sent the blood cold to his heart, and left him gasping, with hands clutching at the counterpane.

Right in front of him was the broad window of the chamber, with the moon shining brightly through it. For an instant something had obscured the light, and now a head was bobbing up and down outside, the face looking in at him, and swinging slowly from one side of the window to the other. Even in that dim light there could be no mistaking those features. Drawn, distorted, and blood-stained, they were still those of the young fellow-squire who had sat so recently upon his own

couch. With a cry of horror Alleyne sprang from his bed and rushed to the casement, while the two archers, aroused by the sound, seized their weapons and stared about them in bewilderment. One glance was enough to show Edricson that his fears were but too true. Foully murdered, with a score of wounds upon him and a rope round his neck, his poor friend had been cast from the upper window and swung slowly in the night wind, his body rasping against the wall and his disfigured face upon a level with the casement.

"My God!" cried Alleyne, shaking in every limb. "What has come upon us? What devil's deed is this?"

"Here is flint and steel," said John, stolidly. "The lamp, Aylward! This moonshine softens a man's heart. Now we may use the eyes which God hath given us."

"By my hilt!" cried Aylward, as the yellow flame flickered up, "it is indeed young Master Ford, and I think that this seneschal is a black villain, who dare not face us in the day but would murther us in our sleep. By the twang of string! if I do not soak a goose's feather with his heart's blood, it will be no fault of Samkin Aylward of the White Company."

"But, Aylward, think of the men whom I saw yesternight," said Alleyne. "It may not be the seneschal. It may be that others have come into the castle. I must to Sir Nigel ere it be too late. Let me go, Aylward, for my place is by his side."

"One moment, mon gar. Put that steel headpiece on the end of my yew stave. So! I will put it first through the door; for it is ill to come out when you can neither see nor guard yourself. Now, camarades, out swords and stand ready! Holà, by my hilt! it is time that we were stirring!"

As he spoke, a sudden shouting broke forth in the castle, with the scream of a woman and the rush of many feet. Then came the sharp clink of clashing steel, and a roar like that of an angry lion—"Notre Dame Du Guesclin! St. Ives! St. Ives!" The bowman pulled back the bolt of the door, and thrust out the headpiece at the end of the bow. A clash, the clatter of the steel cap upon the ground, and, ere the man who struck could heave up for another blow, the archer had passed his sword through his body. "On, camarades, on!" he cried; and, breaking fiercely past two men who threw themselves in his way, he sped down the broad corridor in the direction of the shouting.

A sharp turning, and then a second one, brought them to

the head of a short stair, from which they looked straight down upon the scene of the uproar. A square oak-floored hall lay beneath them, from which opened the doors of the principal guest chambers. This hall was as light as day, for torches burned in numerous sconces upon the walls, throwing strange shadows from the tusked or antlered heads which ornamented them. At the very foot of the stair, close to the open door of their chamber, lay the seneschal and his wife: she with her head shorn from her shoulders, he thrust through with a sharpened stake, which still protruded from either side of his body. Three servants of the castle lay dead beside them, all torn and draggled, as though a pack of wolves had been upon them. In front of the central guest chamber stood Du Guesclin and Sir Nigel, half-clad and unarmored, with the mad joy of battle gleaming in their eyes. Their heads were thrown back, their lips compressed, their blood-stained swords poised over their right shoulders, and their left feet thrown out. Three dead men lay huddled together in front of them; while a fourth, with the blood squirting from a severed vessel, lay back with updrawn knees, breathing in wheezy gasps. Further back—all panting together, like the wind in a tree—there stood a group of fierce, wild creatures, bare-armed and bare-legged, gaunt, unshaven, with deep-set murderous eyes and wild beast faces. With their flashing teeth, their bristling hair, their mad leapings and screamings, they seemed to Alleyne more like fiends from the pit than men of flesh and blood. Even as he looked, they broke into a hoarse yell and dashed once more upon the two knights, hurling themselves madly upon their sword points; clutching, scrambling, biting, tearing, careless of wounds if they could but drag the two soldiers to earth. Sir Nigel was thrown down by the sheer weight of them, and Sir Bertrand with his thunderous war cry was swinging round his heavy sword to clear a space for him to rise, when the whistle of two long English arrows, and the rush of the squire and the two English archers down the stairs, turned the tide of the combat. The assailants gave back, the knights rushed forward, and in a very few moments the hall was cleared, and Hordle John had hurled the last of the wild men down the steep steps which led from the end of it.

“Do not follow them,” cried Du Guesclin. “We are lost if we scatter. For myself I care not a denier, though it is a poor thing to meet one’s end at the hands of such scum; but

I have my dear lady here, who must by no means be risked. We have breathing space now, and I would ask you, Sir Nigel, what it is that you would counsel?"

"By St. Paul!" answered Sir Nigel, "I can by no means understand what hath befallen us, save that I have been woken up by your battle cry, and, rushing forth, found myself in the midst of this small bickering. Harrow and alas for the lady and the seneschal! What dogs are they who have done this bloody deed?"

"They are the Jacks, the men of the brushwood. They have the castle, though I know not how it hath come to pass. Look from this window into the bailey."

"By heaven!" cried Sir Nigel, "it is as bright as day with the torches. The gates stand open, and there are three thousand of them within the walls. See how they rush and scream and wave! What is it that they thrust out through the postern door? My God! it is a man at arms, and they pluck him limb from limb, like hounds on a wolf. Now another, and yet another. They hold the whole castle, for I see their faces at the windows. See, there are some with great bundles on their backs."

"It is dried wood from the forest. They pile them against the walls and set them in a blaze. Who is this who tries to check them? By St. Ives! it is the good priest who spake for them in the hall. He kneels, he prays, he implores! What! villains, would ye raise hands against those who have befriended you? Ah, the butcher has struck him! He is down! They stamp him under their feet! They tear off his gown and wave it in the air! See now how the flames lick up the walls! Are there none left to rally round us? With a hundred men we might hold our own."

"Oh, for my Company!" cried Sir Nigel. "But where is Ford, Alleyne?"

"He is foully murdered, my fair lord."

"The saints receive him! May he rest in peace! But here come some at least who may give us counsel, for amid these passages it is ill to stir without a guide."

As he spoke, a French squire and the Bohemian knight came rushing down the steps, the latter bleeding from a slash across his forehead.

"All is lost!" he cried. "The castle is taken and on fire, the seneschal is slain, and there is naught left for us."

"On the contrary," quoth Sir Nigel, "there is much left to us, for there is a very honorable contention before us, and a fair lady for whom to give our lives. There are many ways in which a man might die, but none better than this."

"You can tell us, Godfrey," said Du Guesclin to the French squire: "how came these men into the castle, and what succors can we count upon? By St. Ives! if we come not quickly to some counsel we shall be burned like young rooks in a nest."

The squire, a dark, slender stripling, spoke firmly and quickly, as one who was trained to swift action. "There is a passage under the earth into the castle," said he, "and through it some of the Jacks made their way, casting open the gates for the others. They have had help from within the walls, and the men at arms were heavy with wine: they must have been slain in their beds, for these devils crept from room to room with soft step and ready knife. Sir Amory the Hospitaller was struck down with an ax as he rushed before us from his sleeping chamber. Save only ourselves, I do not think that there are any left alive."

"What, then, would you counsel?"

"That we make for the keep. It is unused, save in time of war, and the key hangs from my poor lord and master's belt."

"There are two keys there."

"It is the larger. Once there, we might hold the narrow stair; and at least, as the walls are of a greater thickness, it would be longer ere they could burn them. Could we but carry the lady across the bailey, all might be well with us."

"Nay; the lady hath seen something of the work of war," said Tiphaine, coming forth, as white, as grave, and as unmoved as ever. "I would not be a hamper to you, my dear spouse and gallant friend. Rest assured of this, that if all else fail I have always a safeguard here" — drawing a small silver-hilted poniard from her bosom — "which sets me beyond the fear of these vile and blood-stained wretches."

"Tiphaine," cried Du Guesclin, "I have always loved you; and now, by Our Lady of Rennes! I love you more than ever. Did I not know that your hand will be as ready as your words, I would myself turn my last blow upon you, ere you should fall into their hands. Lead on, Godfrey! A new golden pyx will shine in the minster of Dinan if we come safely through with it."

The attention of the insurgents had been drawn away from murder to plunder, and all over the castle might be heard their

cries and whoops of delight as they dragged forth the rich tapestries, the silver flagons, and the carved furniture. Down in the courtyard half-clad wretches, their bare limbs all mottled with blood stains, strutted about with plumed helmets upon their heads, or with the Lady Rochefort's silken gowns girt round their loins and trailing on the ground behind them. Casks of choice wine had been rolled out from the cellars, and starving peasants squatted, goblet in hand, draining off vintages which De Rochefort had set aside for noble and royal guests. Others, with slabs of bacon and joints of dried meat upon the ends of their pikes, held them up to the blaze or tore at them ravenously with their teeth. Yet all order had not been lost amongst them, for some hundreds of the better armed stood together in a silent group, leaning upon their rude weapons and looking up at the fire, which had spread so rapidly as to involve one whole side of the castle. Already Alleyne could hear the crackling and roaring of the flames, while the air was heavy with heat and full of the pungent whiff of burning wood.

HOW FIVE MEN HELD THE KEEP OF VILLEFRANCHE.

Under the guidance of the French squire the party passed down two narrow corridors. The first was empty, but at the head of the second stood a peasant sentry, who started off at the sight of them, yelling loudly to his comrades. "Stop him, or we are undone!" cried Du Guesclin, and had started to run, when Aylward's great war bow twanged like a harp string, and the man fell forward upon his face, with twitching limbs and clutching fingers. Within five paces of where he lay a narrow and little-used door led out into the bailey. From beyond it came such a Babel of hooting and screaming, horrible oaths and yet more horrible laughter, that the stoutest heart might have shrunk from casting down the frail barrier which faced them.

"Make straight for the keep!" said Du Guesclin, in a sharp, stern whisper. "The two archers in front, the lady in the center, a squire on either side, while we three knights shall bide behind and beat back those who press upon us. So! Now open the door, and God have us in His holy keeping!"

For a few moments it seemed that their object would be attained without danger, so swift and so silent had been their movements. They were halfway across the bailey ere the frantic, howling peasants made a movement to stop them. The

few who threw themselves in their way were overpowered or brushed aside, while the pursuers were beaten back by the ready weapons of the three cavaliers. Unscathed they fought their way to the door of the keep, and faced round upon the swarming mob, while the squire thrust the great key into the lock.

"My God!" he cried, "it is the wrong key."

"The wrong key!"

"Dolt, fool that I am! This is the key of the castle gate; the other opens the keep. I must back for it!" He turned, with some wild intention of retracing his steps, but at the instant a great jagged rock, hurled by a brawny peasant, struck him full upon the ear, and he dropped senseless to the ground.

"This is key enough for me!" quoth Hordle John, picking up the huge stone, and hurling it against the door with all the strength of his enormous body. The lock shivered, the wood smashed, the stone flew into five pieces, but the iron clamps still held the door in its position. Bending down, he thrust his great fingers under it, and with a heave raised the whole mass of wood and iron from its hinges. For a moment it tottered and swayed, and then, falling outward, buried him in its ruin, while his comrades rushed into the dark archway which led to safety.

"Up the steps, Tiphaine!" cried Du Guesclin. "Now round, friends, and beat them back!" The mob of peasants had surged in upon their heels, but the two trustiest blades in Europe gleamed upon that narrow stair, and four of their number dropped upon the threshold. The others gave back, and gathered in a half-circle round the open door, gnashing their teeth and shaking their clenched hands at the defenders. The body of the French squire had been dragged out by them and hacked to pieces. Three or four others had pulled John from under the door, when he suddenly bounded to his feet, and clutching one in either hand dashed them together with such force that they fell senseless across each other upon the ground. With a kick and a blow he freed himself from two others who clung to him, and in a moment he was within the portal with his comrades.

Yet their position was a desperate one. The peasants from far and near had been assembled for this deed of vengeance, and not less than six thousand were within or around the walls of the Chateau of Villefranche. Ill armed and half starved, they

were still desperate men, to whom danger had lost all fears: for what was death that they should shun it to cling to such a life as theirs? The castle was theirs, and the roaring flames were spurting through the windows and flickering high above the turrets on two sides of the quadrangle. From either side they were sweeping down from room to room and from bastion to bastion in the direction of the keep. Faced by an army, and girt in by fire, were six men and one woman; but some of them were men so trained to danger and so wise in war that even now the combat was less unequal than it seemed. Courage and resource were penned in by desperation and numbers, while the great yellow sheets of flame threw their lurid glare over the scene of death.

"There is but space for two upon a step to give free play to our sword arms," said Du Guesclin. "Dó you stand with me, Nigel, upon the lowest. France and England will fight together this night. Sir Otto, I pray you to stand behind us with this young squire. The archers may go higher yet and shoot over our heads. I would that we had our harness, Nigel."

"Often have I heard my dear Sir John Chandos say that a knight should never, even when a guest, be parted from it. Yet it will be more honor to us if we come well out of it. We have a vantage, since we see them against the light and they can scarce see us. It seems to me that they muster for an onslaught."

"If we can but keep them in play," said the Bohemian, "it is likely that these flames may bring us succor if there be any true men in the country."

"Bethink you, my fair lord," said Alleyne to Sir Nigel, "that we have never injured these men, nor have we cause of quarrel against them. Would it not be well, if but for the lady's sake, to speak them fair and see if we may not come to honorable terms with them?"

"Not so, by St. Paul!" cried Sir Nigel. "It does not accord with mine honor, nor shall it ever be said that I, a knight of England, was ready to hold parley with men who have slain a fair lady and a holy priest."

"As well hold parley with a pack of ravening wolves," said the French captain. "Ha! Notre Dame Du Guesclin! St. Ives! St. Ives!"

As he thundered forth his war cry, the Jacks who had

been gathering before the black arch of the gateway rushed in madly in a desperate effort to carry the staircase. Their leaders were a small man, dark in the face, with his beard done up in two plaits, and another larger man, very bowed in the shoulders, with a huge club studded with sharp nails in his hand. The first had not taken three steps ere an arrow from Aylward's bow struck him full in the chest, and he fell coughing and spluttering across the threshold. The other rushed onwards, and breaking between Du Guesclin and Sir Nigel he dashed out the brains of the Bohemian with a single blow of his clumsy weapon. With three swords through him he still struggled on, and had almost won his way through them ere he fell dead upon the stair. Close at his heels came a hundred furious peasants, who flung themselves again and again against the five swords which confronted them. It was cut and parry and stab as quick as eye could see or hand act. The door was piled with bodies, and the stone floor was slippery with blood. The deep shout of Du Guesclin, the hard, hissing breath of the pressing multitude, the clatter of steel, the thud of falling bodies, and the screams of the stricken, made up such a medley as came often in after years to break upon Alleyne's sleep. Slowly and sullenly at last the throng drew off, with many a fierce backward glance, while eleven of their number lay huddled in front of the stair which they had failed to win.

"The dogs have had enough," said Du Guesclin.

"By St. Paul! there appear to be some very worthy and valiant persons among them," observed Sir Nigel. "They are men from whom, had they been of better birth, much honor and advancement might be gained. Even as it is, it is a great pleasure to have seen them. But what is this that they are bringing forward?"

"It is as I feared," growled Du Guesclin. "They will burn us out, since they cannot win their way past us. Shoot straight and hard, archers; for, by St. Ives! our good swords are of little use to us."

As he spoke, a dozen men rushed forward, each screening himself behind a huge fardel of brushwood. Hurling their burdens in one vast heap within the portal, they threw burning torches upon the top of it. The wood had been soaked in oil, for in an instant it was ablaze, and a long, hissing yellow flame licked over the heads of the defenders, and drove them further up to the first floor of the keep. They had scarce reached it,

however, ere they found that the wooden joists and planks of the flooring were already on fire. Dry and worm eaten, a spark upon them became a smolder, and a smolder a blaze. A choking smoke filled the air, and the five could scarce grope their way to the staircase which led up to the very summit of the square tower.

Strange was the scene which met their eyes from this eminence. Beneath them on every side stretched the long sweep of peaceful country, rolling plain, and tangled wood, all softened and mellowed in the silver moonshine. No light, nor movement, nor any sign of human aid could be seen, but far away the hoarse clangor of a heavy bell rose and fell upon the winter air. Beneath and around them blazed the huge fire, roaring and crackling on every side of the bailey, and even as they looked the two corner turrets fell with a deafening crash, and the whole castle was but a shapeless mass, spouting flames and smoke from every window and embrasure. The great black tower upon which they stood rose like a last island of refuge amid this sea of fire; but the ominous crackling and roaring below showed that it would not be long ere it was engulfed also in the common ruin. At their very feet was the square courtyard, crowded with the howling and dancing peasants, their fierce faces upturned, their clenched hands waving, all drunk with bloodshed and with vengeance. A yell of execration and a scream of hideous laughter burst from the vast throng, as they saw the faces of the last survivors of their enemies peering down at them from the height of the keep. They still piled the brushwood round the base of the tower, and gamboled hand in hand around the blaze, screaming out the doggerel lines which had long been the watchword of the Jacquerie : —

Cessez, cessez, gens d'armes et piétons,
De piller et manger le bonhomme,
Qui de longtemps Jacques Bonhomme
Se nomme.

Their thin, shrill voices rose high above the roar of the flames and the crash of the masonry, like the yelping of a pack of wolves who see their quarry before them and know that they have well-nigh run him down.

"By my hilt!" said Aylward to John, "it is in my mind that we shall not see Spain this journey. It is a great joy to

me that I have placed my feather bed and other things of price with that worthy woman at Lyndhurst, who will now have the use of them. I have thirteen arrows yet, and if one of them fly unfleshed, then, by the twang of string! I shall deserve my doom. First at him who flaunts with my lady's silken frock. Clap in the clout, by God! though a hand's breadth lower than I had meant. Now for the rogue with the head upon his pike. Ha! to the inch, John. When my eye is true, I am better at rovers than at long-butts or hoyles. A good shoot for you also, John! The villain hath fallen forward into the fire. But I pray you, John, to loose gently, and not to pluck with the drawing hand, for it is a trick that hath marred many a fine bowman."

Whilst the two archers were keeping up a brisk fire upon the mob beneath them, Du Guesclin and his lady were consulting with Sir Nigel upon their desperate situation.

"'Tis a strange end for one who has seen so many stricken fields," said the French chieftain. "For me one death is as another, but it is the thought of my sweet lady which goes to my heart."

"Nay, Bertrand, I fear it as little as you," said she. "Had I my dearest wish, it would be that we should go together."

"Well answered, fair lady!" cried Sir Nigel. "And very sure I am that my own sweet wife would have said the same. If the end be now come, I have had great good fortune in having lived in times when so much glory was to be won, and in knowing so many valiant gentlemen and knights. But why do you pluck my sleeve, Alleyne?"

"If it please you, my fair lord, there are in this corner two great tubes of iron, with many heavy balls, which may perchance be those bombards and shot of which I have heard."

"By St. Ives! it is true," cried Sir Bertrand, striding across to the recess where the ungainly, funnel-shaped, thick-ribbed engines were standing. "Bombards they are, and of good size. We may shoot down upon them."

"Shoot with them, quotha?" cried Aylward in high disdain, for pressing danger is the great leveler of classes. "How is a man to take aim with these fool's toys, and how can he hope to do scath with them?"

"I will show you," answered Sir Nigel; "for here is the great box of powder, and if you will raise it for me, John, I

will show you how it may be used. Come hither, where the folk are thickest round the fire. Now, Aylward, crane thy neck and see what would have been deemed an old wife's tale when we first turned our faces to the wars. Throw back the lid, John, and drop the box into the fire!"

A deafening roar, a fluff of bluish light, and the great square tower rocked and trembled from its very foundations, swaying this way and that like a reed in the wind. Amazed and dizzy, the defenders, clutching at the cracking parapets for support, saw great stones, burning beams of wood, and mangled bodies hurtling past them through the air. When they staggered to their feet once more, the whole keep had settled down upon one side, so that they could scarce keep their footing upon the sloping platform. Gazing over the edge, they looked down upon the horrible destruction which had been caused by the explosion. For forty yards round the portal the ground was black with writhing, screaming figures, who struggled up and hurled themselves down again, tossing this way and that, sightless, scorched, with fire bursting from their tattered clothing. Beyond this circle of death their comrades, bewildered and amazed, cowered away from this black tower and from these invincible men, who were most to be dreaded when hope was furthest from their hearts.

"A sally, Du Guesclin, a sally!" cried Sir Nigel. "By St. Paul! they are in two minds, and a bold rush may turn them." He drew his sword as he spoke and darted down the winding stairs, closely followed by his four comrades. Ere he was at the first floor, however, he threw up his arms and stopped. "Mon Dieu!" he said, "we are lost men!"

"What then?" cried those behind him.

"The wall hath fallen in, the stair is blocked, and the fire still rages below. By St. Paul! friends, we have fought a very honorable fight, and may say in all humbleness that we have done our devoir, but I think that we may now go back to the Lady Tiphaine and say our orisons, for we have played our parts in this world, and it is time that we made ready for another."

The narrow pass was blocked by huge stones littered in wild confusion over each other, with the blue choking smoke reeking up through the crevices. The explosion had blown in the wall and cut off the only path by which they could

descend. Pent in, a hundred feet from earth, with a furnace raging under them and a ravening multitude all round who thirsted for their blood, it seemed indeed as though no men had ever come through such peril with their lives. Slowly they made their way back to the summit, but as they came out upon it the Lady Tiphaine darted forward and caught her husband by the wrist.

"Bertrand," said she, "hush and listen! I have heard the voices of men all singing together in a strange tongue."

Breathless they stood and silent, but no sound came up to them, save the roar of the flames and the clamor of their enemies.

"It cannot be, lady," said Du Guesclin. "This night hath overwrought you, and your senses play you false. What men are there in this country who would sing in a strange tongue?"

"Holà!" yelled Aylward, leaping suddenly into the air with waving hands and joyous face. "I thought I heard it ere we went down, and now I hear it again. We are saved, comrades! By these ten finger bones, we are saved! It is the marching song of the White Company. Hush!"

With upraised forefinger and slanting head, he stood listening. Suddenly there came swelling up a deep-voiced, rollicking chorus from somewhere out of the darkness. Never did choice or dainty ditty of Provence or Languedoc sound more sweetly in the ears than did the rough-tongued Saxon to the six who strained their ears from the blazing keep:—

We'll drink all together
To the gray goose feather
And the land where the gray goose flew.

"Ha, by my hilt!" shouted Aylward, "it is the dear old bow song of the Company. Here come two hundred as tight lads as ever twirled a shaft over their thumb nails. Hark to the dogs, how lustily they sing!"

Nearer and clearer, swelling up out of the night, came the gay marching lilt:—

What of the bow?
The bow was made in England.
Of true wood, of yew wood,
The wood of English bows;

For men who are free
Love the old yew tree
And the land where the yew tree grows.
What of the men ?
The men were bred in England,
The bowmen, the yeomen,
The lads of the dale and fell,
Here's to you and to you,
To the hearts that are true,
And the land where the true hearts dwell.

"They sing very joyfully," said Du Guesclin, "as though they were going to a festival."

"It is their wont when there is work to be done."

"By St. Paul!" quoth Sir Nigel, "it is in my mind that they come too late, for I cannot see how we are to come down from this tower."

"There they come, the hearts of gold!" cried Aylward. "See, they move out from the shadow. Now they cross the meadow. They are on the further side of the moat. Holà, camarades, holà! Johnston, Eccles, Cooke, Harward, Bligh! Would ye see a fair lady and two gallant knights done foully to death?"

"Who is there?" shouted a deep voice from below. "Who is this who speaks with an English tongue?"

"It is I, old lad. It is Sam Aylward of the Company; and here is your captain, Sir Nigel Loring, and four others, all laid out to be grilled like an Easterling's herrings."

"Curse me if I did not think that it was the style of speech of old Samkin Aylward," said the voice, amid a buzz from the ranks. "Wherever there are knocks going there is Sammy in the heart of it. But who are these ill-faced rogues who block the path? To your kennels, canaille! What! you dare look us in the eyes? Out swords, lads, and give them the flat of them! Waste not your shafts upon such runagate knaves."

There was little fight left in the peasants, however, still dazed by the explosion, amazed at their own losses, and disheartened by the arrival of the disciplined archers. In a very few minutes they were in full flight for their brushwood homes,

leaving the morning sun to rise upon a blackened and blood-stained ruin, where it had left the night before the magnificent castle of the Seneschal of Auvergne. Already the white lines in the east were deepening into pink as the archers gathered round the keep and took counsel how to rescue the survivors.

"Had we a rope," said Alleyne, "there is one side which is not yet on fire, down which we might slip."

"But how to get a rope?"

"It is an old trick," quoth Aylward. "Holà! Johnston, cast me up a rope, even as you did at Maupertius in the war time."

The grizzled archer thus addressed took several lengths of rope from his comrades, and knotting them firmly together, he stretched them out in the long shadow which the rising sun threw from the frowning keep. Then he fixed the yew stave of his bow upon end and measured the long, thin, black line which it threw upon the turf.

"A six-foot stave throws a twelve-foot shadow," he muttered. "The keep throws a shadow of sixty paces. Thirty paces of rope will be enow and to spare. Another strand, Watkin! Now pull at the end that all may be safe. So! It is ready for them."

"But how are they to reach it?" asked the young archer beside him.

"Watch and see, young fool's head," growled the old bowman. He took a long string from his pouch and fastened one end to an arrow.

"All ready, Samkin?"

"Ready, camarade."

"Close to your hand, then." With an easy pull he sent the shaft flickering gently up, falling upon the stonework within a foot of where Aylward was standing. The other end was secured to the rope, so that in a minute a good strong cord was dangling from the only sound side of the blazing and shattered tower. The Lady Tiphaine was lowered with a noose drawn fast under the arms, and the other five slid swiftly down, amid the cheers and joyous outcry of their rescuers.



ROMEO AND JULIET.

By SHAKESPEARE.

[This story is a real tradition of Italian family feuds, assigned to the fourteenth century. Verona has a monument commemorating it.]

Scene: Capulet's Garden. Enter ROMEO.

Romeo —

He jests at scars, that never felt a wound. —

[JULIET appears above, at a window.

But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks!

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun! —

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,

Who is already sick and pale with grief,

That thou her maid art far more fair than she:

Be not her maid, since she is envious;

Her vestal livery is but sick and green,

And none but fools do wear it; cast it off. —

It is my lady; O, it is my love:

O, that she knew she were! —

She speaks, yet she says nothing: What of that?

Her eye discourses, I will answer it. —

I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:

Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,

Having some business, do entreat her eyes

To twinkle in their spheres till they return.

What if her eyes were there, they in her head?

The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,

As daylight doth a lamp; her eye in heaven

Would through the airy region stream so bright,

That birds would sing, and think it were not night.

See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand,

O, that I were a glove upon that hand!

That I might touch that cheek!

Juliet —

Ah me!

Romeo —

She speaks: —

O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art

As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,

As is a winged messenger of heaven

Unto the white-upturned wond'ring eyes

Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,

When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,

And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Juliet —

O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?

Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:

Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Romeo—

Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this? [*Aside.*

Juliet—

'Tis but thy name, that is my enemy;—
Thou art thyself though, not a Montague.
What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
What's in a name? that which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo called,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Without that title:—Romeo, doff thy name;
And for that name which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.

Romeo—

I take thee at thy word:
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptized;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Juliet—

What man art thou, that thus, bescreened in night,
So stumblest on my counsel?

Romeo—

By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee;
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Juliet—

My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound;
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

Romeo—

Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.

Juliet—

How cam'st thou hither, tell me? and wherefore?
The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb;
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Romeo—

With love's light wings did I o'erperch these walls;
For stony limits cannot hold love out:
And what love can do, that dares love attempt,
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.

Juliet—

If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

Romeo —

Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their swords; look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.

Juliet —

I would not for the world they saw thee here.

Romeo —

I have night's cloak to hide me from their sight;
And, but thou love me, let them find me here:
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

Juliet —

By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

Romeo —

By love, who first did prompt me to inquire;
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot; yet wert thou as far
As that vast shore washed with the furthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.

Juliet —

Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face;
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke: But farewell compliment!
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say — Ay;
And I will take thy word: yet if thou swear'st,
Thou mayst prove false; at lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs. O, gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or, if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo; but else, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;
And therefore thou mayst think my 'havior light;
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou overheard'st, ere I was 'ware,
My true love's passion; therefore, pardon me;
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Romeo —

Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops, —

Juliet —

O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Romeo —

What shall I swear by?

Juliet —

Do not swear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

Romeo —

If my heart's dear love —

Juliet —

Well, do not swear: although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contráct to-night:
It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,
Ere one can say — It lightens. Sweet, good night!
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!

Romeo —

O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Juliet —

What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

Romeo —

The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

Juliet —

I gave thee mine before thou didst request it:
And yet I would it were to give again.

Romeo —

Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?

Juliet —

But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have:
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.

[*Nurse calls within.*

I hear some noise within: Dear love, adieu!
Anon, good nurse! — Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little, I will come again.

[*Exit.*

Romeo —

O blessed, blessed night! I am afeard,
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Reënter JULIET, above.

Juliet —

Three words, dear Romeo, and good night, indeed.
If that thy bent of love be honorable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee, my lord, throughout the world: —

Nurse [*within*] —

Madam.

Juliet —

I come, anon: — But if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee, —

Nurse [*within*] —

Madam.

Juliet —

By and by, I come: —

To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief:
To-morrow will I send.

Romeo —

So thrive my soul, —

Juliet —

A thousand times good night!

[*Exit.*

Romeo —

A thousand times the worse, to want thy light. —
Love goes toward love, as schoolboys from their books,
But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.
[*Retiring slowly.*

Reënter JULIET, above.

Juliet —

Hist! Romeo, hist! — O, for a falconer's voice,
To lure this tassel-gentle back again!
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;
Else would I tear the cave where echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine
With repetition of my Romeo's name.

Romeo —

It is my soul, that calls upon my name:
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears!

Juliet —

Romeo!

Romeo — My sweet!

Juliet —

At what o'clock to-morrow

Shall I send to thee?

Romeo —

At the hour of nine.

Juliet —

I will not fail; 'tis twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Romeo —

Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Juliet —

I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Rememb'ring how I love thy company.

Romeo —

And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Juliet —

'Tis almost morning, I would have thee gone:
And yet no further than a wanton's bird;
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Romeo —

I would, I were thy bird.

Juliet —

Sweet, so would I:

Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow
That I shall say — good night, till it be morrow. [*Exit.*

Romeo —

Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast! —
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell;
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. [*Exit.*

Scene : Friar Laurence's Cell.

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and ROMEO.

Friar —

So smile the heavens upon this holy act,
That after hours with sorrow chide us not.

Romeo —

Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight:
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare,
It is enough I may but call her mine.

Friar —

These violent delights have violent ends,

And in their triumph die; like fire and powder,
Which, as they kiss, consume: The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite:
Therefore, love moderately; long love doth so;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Enter JULIET.

Here comes the lady: — O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint:
A lover may bstride the gossamers
That idle in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall; so light is vanity.

Juliet —

Good even to my ghostly confessor.

Friar —

Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

Juliet —

As much to him, else are his thanks too much.

Romeo —

Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heaped like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbor air, and let rich music's tongue,
Unfold the imagined happiness that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

Juliet —

Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,
Braggs of his substance, not of ornament:
They are but beggars that can count their worth;
But my true love is grown to such excess,
I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.

Friar —

Come, come with me, and we will make short work;
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,
Till holy church incorporate two in one. *[Exeunt.]*

Scene : Juliet's Chamber.

Enter ROMEO and JULIET.

Juliet —

Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree:
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Romeo —

It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops;
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Juliet —

Yon light is not daylight, I know it, I:
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torchbearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua:
Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone.

Romeo —

Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
I'll say, yon gray is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow!
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads:
I have more care to stay, than will to go;—
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.
How is't, my soul? let's talk, it is not day.

Juliet —

It is, it is, hie hence, be gone, away;
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords, and unpleasing sharps.
Some say, the lark makes sweet division;
This doth not so, for she divideth us:
Some say, the lark and loathed toad change eyes:
O, now I would they had changed voices too;
Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day.
O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.

Romeo —

More light and light? — more dark and dark our woes.

Nurse —

Enter NURSE.

Madam!

Juliet —

Nurse?

Nurse —

Your lady mother's coming to your chamber:
The day is broke; be wary, look about.

[*Exit.*

Juliet —

Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

Romeo —

Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I'll descend.

[*ROMEO descends.*]

Juliet —

Art thou gonē so? my love! my lord! my friend!
I must hear from thee every day i' the hour,
For in a minute there are many days;
O! by this count I shall be much in years,
Ere I again behold my Romeo.

Romeo —

Farewell! I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

Juliet —

O, think'st thou, we shall ever meet again?

Romeo —

I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come.

Juliet —

O God! I have an ill-divining soul:
Methinks, I see thee, now thou art below,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:
Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.

Romeo —

And trust me, love, in mine eye so do you.
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu! adieu!



GESTA ROMANORUM.

[*I.e.*, “Deeds of the Romans”: a name probably fitting well enough the original form of the collection, — stories of the classics, with morals attached, — but irrelevant to what it finally became, a volume of moralized tales from many sources, to inculcate Christianity and especially deference to all members and requirements of the ecclesiastical system. It probably took shape in its present form early in the fourteenth century.]

OF FIDELITY.

THE subject of a certain king fell into the hands of pirates, and wrote to his father for ransom. But the father would not redeem him; so the youth wasted away in prison. Now, he who detained him in chains had a daughter of great beauty and virtue. She was at this time in her twentieth year, and

frequently visited the young man with the hope of alleviating his griefs. But he was too disconsolate to hearken.

It one day fell out that, while the damsel was with him, the youth said to her, "Oh, that you would try to set me free, kind maiden!" She replied, "But how am I to effect it? Thy father, thine own father, will not ransom thee; on what ground then should I, a stranger, attempt it? And suppose that I were induced to do so, I should incur the wrath of my parent, because thine denies the price of thy redemption. Nevertheless, on one condition thou shalt be liberated." "Kind damsel," returned he, "impose what thou wilt; so that it be possible, I will accomplish it." "Promise, then," said she, "to marry me, whenever an opportunity may occur." "I promise," said the youth, joyfully, "and plight thee a faith that shall never be broken."

The girl straightway set him free from his bonds, without her father's knowledge, and fled with him to his own country. When they arrived, the father of the youth welcomed him, and said, "Son, I am overjoyed at thy return; but who is the lady under thy escort?" He replied, "It is the daughter of a king, to whom I am betrothed." The father returned, "On pain of losing thy inheritance, I charge thee, marry her not." "My father," exclaimed the youth, "what hast thou said? My obligations to her are greater than they are to you; for when imprisoned and fettered by my enemy, I implored you to ransom me; but you would not. Now, she not only released me from prison, but from deadly peril—and, therefore, I am resolved to marry her."

The father answered: "Son, I tell thee that thou canst not confide in her, and consequently ought not to espouse her. She deceived her own father, when she liberated thee from prison; for this did her father lose the price of thy ransom. Therefore, I am of opinion that thou canst not confide in her, and consequently ought not to espouse her.¹ Besides, there is another reason. It is true she liberated thee, but it was for the gratification of her passions, and in order to oblige thee to marry her. And since an unworthy passion was the source of thy liberty, I think she ought not to be thy wife."

¹"Look to her, Moor; have a quick eye to see;
She has deceived her father, and may thee."

Othello, Act. i. Sc. 3.

When the lady heard such reasons assigned, she answered, "To your first objection, that I deceived my own parent, I reply that it is not true. He deceives who takes away or diminishes a certain good. But my father is so rich that he needs not any addition. When, therefore, I had maturely weighed this matter, I procured the young man's freedom. And if my father had received a ransom for him, he had been but little richer ; while you would have been utterly impoverished. Now, in acting thus, I have served you, who refused the ransom, and have done no injury to my parent. As for your last objection, that an unworthy passion urged me to do this, I assert that it is false. Feelings of such a nature arise either from great personal beauty, or from wealth, or honors ; or finally, from a robust appearance. None of which qualities your son possessed. For imprisonment had destroyed his beauty ; and he had not sufficient wealth even to effect his liberation ; while much anxiety had worn away his strength, and left him emaciated and sickly. Therefore, compassion rather persuaded me to free him."

When the father had heard this, he could object nothing more. So his son married the lady with very great pomp, and closed his life in peace.

APPLICATION.

My beloved, the son captured by pirates is the whole human race, led by the sin of our first parent into the prison of the devil—that is, into his power. The father who would not redeem him is the world, which aids not man's escape from the evil one, but rather loves to detain him in thralldom. The daughter who visited him in prison is the Divinity of Christ united to the soul ; who sympathized with the human species—and who, after his passion, descended into hell and freed us from the chains of the devil. But the celestial Father had no occasion for wealth, because He is infinitely rich and good. Therefore Christ, moved with compassion, came down from heaven to visit us, and took upon Himself our form, and required no more than to be united in the closest bonds with man. So Hosea ii. : "I will marry her to me in faithfulness." But our father, the world, whom many obey, ever murmurs and objects to this. "If thou unitest thyself to God, thou shalt lose my inheritance"—that is the inheritance of this world ; because

it is "impossible to serve God and mammon." Matt. vi.: "He who shall leave father, or mother, or wife, or country for my sake, he shall receive an hundredfold, and possess everlasting life." Which may Jesus Christ, the Son of the living God, vouchsafe to bestow upon us; who with the Father, and the Holy Ghost, liveth and reigneth for ever and ever. Amen.

OF REMEMBERING DEATH, AND FORGETTING THINGS TEMPORAL.

There was an image in the city of Rome standing in an erect posture, with the dexter hand outstretched; and upon the middle finger was written, "STRIKE HERE." The image stood a long time in this manner, and no one understood what the inscription signified. It was much wondered at, and commented on; but this was all, for they invariably departed as wise as they came. At last, a certain subtle clerk, hearing of the image, felt anxious to see it; and when he had done so, he observed the superscription, "*Strike here.*" He noticed that when the sun shone upon the image, the outstretched finger was discernible in the lengthened shadow. After a little consideration he took a spade, and where the shadow ceased, dug to the depth of about three feet. This brought him to a number of steps, which led into a subterranean cavity. Not a little exhilarated with his discovery, the clerk prosecuted the adventure.

Descending the steps, he entered the hall of a magnificent palace, in which he perceived a king and a queen and many nobles seated at table, and the hall itself filled with men. They were all habited in costly apparel, and kept the most rigid silence. Looking about, he beheld in one corner of the place a polished stone, called a carbuncle, by the single aid of which the hall was lighted. In the opposite corner stood a man armed with a bow and arrow, in the act of taking aim at the precious stone. Upon his brow was inscribed, "I am what I am: my shaft is inevitable; least of all can yon luminous carbuncle escape its stroke." The clerk, amazed at what he saw, entered the bedchamber, and found a multitude of beautiful women arrayed in purple garments, but not a sound escaped them. From thence he proceeded to the stables, and observed a number of horses and asses in their stalls. He touched them, but they were nothing but stone. He visited

all the various buildings of the palace, and whatsoever his heart desired was to be found there. Returning to the hall, he thought of making good his retreat. "I have seen wonders to-day," said he to himself, "but nobody will credit the relation, unless I carry back with me some incontrovertible testimony."

Casting his eyes upon the highest table, he beheld a quantity of golden cups and beautiful knives, which he approached, and laid his hands upon one of each, designing to carry them away. But no sooner had he placed them in his bosom, than the archer struck the carbuncle with the arrow, and shivered it into a thousand atoms. Instantly the whole building was enveloped in thick darkness, and the clerk, in utter consternation, sought his way back. But being unable, in consequence of the darkness, to discover it, he perished in the greatest misery, amid the mysterious statues of the palace.

APPLICATION.

My beloved, the image is the devil; the clerk is any covetous man, who sacrifices himself to the cupidity of his desires. The steps by which he descends are the passions. The archer is death, the carbuncle is human life, and the cup and knife are worldly possessions.

OF THE AVARICIOUS PURSUIT OF RICHES, WHICH LEADS TO HELL.

A certain carpenter residing in a city near the sea, very covetous and very wicked, collected a large sum of money, and placed it in the trunk of a tree, which he placed by his fireside, that no one might have any suspicion that it held money. It happened once that, while all his household slept, the sea overflowed its boundaries, broke down that side of the building where the log was situated, and carried it away. It floated many miles, and reached, at length, a city in which there lived a person who kept open house. Arising early in the morning, he perceived the trunk of a tree in the water, and brought it to land, thinking it was nothing but a bit of timber thrown away by some one. He was a liberal, kind-hearted man, and a great benefactor to the poor. It one day chanced

that he entertained some pilgrims in his house ; and the weather being extremely cold, he cut up the log for firewood. When he had struck two or three blows with the ax, he heard a rattling sound ; and cleaving it in twain, the gold pieces rolled out in every direction. Greatly rejoiced at the discovery, he repositied them in a secure place, until he should ascertain who was the owner.

Now, the carpenter, bitterly lamenting the loss of his money, traveled from place to place in pursuit of it. He came by accident, to the house of the hospitable man who had found the trunk. He failed not to mention the object of his search ; and the host, understanding that the money was his, said to himself, "I will prove, if God will, that the money should be returned to him." Accordingly, he made three cakes, the first of which he filled with earth ; the second, with the bones of dead men ; and in the third, he put a quantity of the gold which he had discovered in the trunk. "Friend," said he, addressing the carpenter, "we will eat three cakes, composed of the best meat in the house. Choose which you will have." The carpenter did as he was directed ; he took the cakes and weighed them in his hand, one after another, and finding that with the earth weigh heaviest, he chose it. "And if I want more, my worthy host," added he, "I will have that," laying his hand upon the cake containing the bones. "You may keep the third cake yourself." "I see clearly," murmured the host, "I see very clearly that God does not will the money to be restored to this wretched man." Calling, therefore, the poor and infirm, the blind and the lame, and opening the cake of gold in the presence of the carpenter, to whom he spoke, "Thou miserable varlet, this is thine own gold. But thou preferredst the cake of earth, and dead men's bones. I am persuaded, therefore, that God wills not that I return thee thy money" — without delay, he distributed the whole amongst the paupers, and drove the carpenter away in great tribulation.

APPLICATION.

My beloved, the carpenter is any worldly-minded man ; the trunk of the tree denotes the human heart, filled with the riches of this life. The host is a wise confessor. The cake of earth is the world ; that of the bones of dead men is the flesh ; and that of gold is the kingdom of heaven.

OF FEMININE SUBTLETY.

KING DARIUS was a circumspect prince, and had three sons, whom he much loved. On his deathbed he bequeathed the kingdom to his firstborn; to the second, all his own personal acquisitions; and to the third a golden ring, a necklace, and a piece of valuable cloth. The ring had the power to render any one who bore it on his finger beloved; and, moreover, obtained for him whatsoever he sought. The necklace enabled the person who wore it upon his breast to accomplish his heart's desire; and the cloth had such virtue, that whosoever sat upon it and thought where he would be carried, there he instantly found himself. These three gifts the king conferred upon the younger son, for the purpose of aiding his studies; but the mother retained them until he was of a proper age. Soon after the bequests, the old monarch gave up the ghost, and was magnificently buried. The two elder sons then took possession of their legacies, and the mother of the younger delivered to him the ring, with the caution that he should beware of the artifices of women, or he would otherwise lose it. Jonathan (for that was his name) took the ring, and went zealously to his studies, in which he made himself a proficient. But walking on a certain day through the street, he observed a very beautiful woman, with whom he was so much struck, that he took her to him. He continued, however, to use the ring, and found favor with every one, insomuch that whatever he desired he had.

Now, the lady was greatly surprised that he lived so splendidly, having no possessions; and once, when he was particularly exhilarated, tenderly embraced him, and protested that there was not a creature under the sun whom she loved so much as she did him. He ought therefore, she thought, to tell her by what means he supported his magnificence. He, suspecting nothing, explained the virtues of the ring; and she begged that he would be careful of so invaluable a treasure. "But," added she, "in your daily intercourse with men you may lose it: place it in my custody, I beseech you." Overcome by her entreaties, he gave up the ring; and when his necessities came upon him, she asserted loudly that thieves had carried it off.

He lamented bitterly that now he had not any means of subsistence; and, hastening to his mother, stated how he had lost his ring. "My son," said she, "I forewarned you of what would happen, but you have paid no attention to my advice. Here is the necklace; preserve it more carefully. If it be lost, you will forever want a thing of the greatest honor and profit." Jonathan took the necklace, and returned to his studies. At the gate of the city his mistress met him, and received him with the appearance of great joy. He remained with her, wearing the necklace upon his breast; and whatever he thought, he possessed. As before, he lived so gloriously that the lady wondered, well knowing that he had neither gold nor silver. She guessed, therefore, that he carried another talisman; and cunningly drew from him the history of the wonder-working necklace. "Why," said the lady, "do you always take it with you? You may think in one moment more than can be made use of in a year. Let me keep it." "No," replied he, "you will lose the necklace, as you lost the ring; and thus I shall receive the greatest possible injury." "O my lord," replied she, "I have learnt, by having had the custody of the ring, how to secure the necklace; and I assure you no one can possibly get it from me." The silly youth confided in her words, and delivered the necklace.

Now, when all he possessed was expended, he sought his talisman; and she, as before, solemnly protested that it had been stolen. This threw Jonathan into the greatest distress. "Am I mad," cried he, "that after the loss of my ring I should give up the necklace?" Immediately hastening to his mother, he related to her the whole circumstance. Not a little afflicted, she said, "Oh, my dear child, why didst thou place confidence in the woman? People will believe thee a fool: but be wise, for I have nothing more for you than the valuable cloth which your father left: and if you lose that, it will be quite useless returning to me." Jonathan received the cloth, and again went to his studies. The harlot seemed very joyful; and he, spreading out the cloth, said, "My dear girl, my father bequeathed me this beautiful cloth; sit down upon it by my side." She complied, and Jonathan secretly wished that they were in a desert place, out of the reach of man. The talisman took effect; they were carried into a forest on the utmost boundary of the world, where there was not a trace of humanity. The lady wept bitterly, but Jonathan paid no regard to her tears. He solemnly

vowed to Heaven that he would leave her a prey to the wild beasts, unless she restored his ring and necklace; and this she promised to do. Presently, yielding to her request, the foolish Jonathan discovered the power of the cloth; and, in a little time being weary, placed his head in her lap and slept. In the interim, she contrived to draw away that part of the cloth upon which he reposed, and sitting upon it alone, wished herself where she had been in the morning. The cloth immediately executed her wishes, and left Jonathan slumbering in the forest. When he awoke, and found his cloth and his mistress departed, he burst into an agony of tears. Where to bend his steps he knew not; but arising, and fortifying himself with the sign of the cross, he walked along a certain path, until he reached a deep river, over which he must pass. But he found it so bitter and hot, that it even separated the flesh from the bones. Full of grief, he conveyed away a small quantity of that water, and when he had proceeded a little further, felt hungry. A tree upon which hung the most tempting fruit invited him to partake; he did so, and immediately became a leper. He gathered also a little of the fruit, and conveyed it with him. After traveling for some time, he arrived at another stream, of which the virtue was such, that it restored the flesh to his feet; and eating of a second tree, he was cleansed from his leprosy. Some of that fruit he likewise took along with him.

Walking in this manner day after day, he came at length to a castle, where he was met by two men, who inquired what he was. "I am a physician," answered he. "This is lucky," said the others; "the king of this country is a leper, and if you are able to cure him of his leprosy, vast rewards will be assigned you." He promised to try his skill; and they led him forward to the king. The result was fortunate; he supplied him with the fruit of the second tree, and the leprosy left him; and washing the flesh with the water, it was completely restored. Being rewarded most bountifully, he embarked on board a vessel for his native city. There he circulated a report that a great physician was arrived; and the lady who had cheated him of the talismans, being sick unto death, immediately sent for him. Jonathan was so much disguised that she retained no recollection of him, but he very well remembered her. As soon as he arrived, he declared that medicine would avail nothing, unless she first confessed her sins; and if she had defrauded

any one, it must be restored. The lady, reduced to the very verge of the grave, in a low voice acknowledged that she had cheated Jonathan of the ring, necklace, and cloth; and had left him in a desert place to be devoured by wild beasts. When she had said this, the pretended physician exclaimed, "Tell me, lady, where these talismans are?" "In that chest," answered she, and delivered up the keys, by which he obtained possession of his treasures. Jonathan then gave her of the fruit which produced leprosy; and, after she had eaten, of the water which separated the flesh from the bones. The consequence was that she was excruciated with agony, and shortly died. Jonathan hastened to his mother, and the whole kingdom rejoiced at his return. He told by what means God had freed him from such various dangers; and, having lived many years, ended his days in peace.

APPLICATION.

My beloved, the king is Christ; the queen mother, the Church; and the three sons, men living in the world. The third son is any good Christian; the ring is faith; the necklace is grace or hope; and the cloth, charity. The concubine is the flesh; the bitter water is repentance, and the first fruit is remorse; the second water is confession, and the second fruit is prayer, fasting, and almsgiving. The leprous king is any sinful man; the ship in which Jonathan embarked is the divine command.

THE THREE BLACK CROWS.

There were two brothers, of whom one was a layman and the other a parson. The former had often heard his brother declare that there never was a woman who could keep a secret. He had a mind to put this maxim to the test in the person of his own wife, and one night he addressed her in the following manner: "My dear wife, I have a secret to communicate to you, if I were certain that you would reveal it to nobody. Should you divulge it, it would cause me the greatest uneasiness and vexation." "My lord," answered his wife, "fear not; we are one body, and your advantage is mine. In like manner, your injury must deeply affect me." "Well, then," said he,

"know that, my bowels being oppressed to an extraordinary degree, I fell very sick. My dear wife, what will you think? I actually voided a huge black crow, which instantly took wing, and left me in the greatest trepidation and confusion of mind." "Is it possible?" asked the innocent lady; "but, husband, why should this trouble you? You ought rather to rejoice that you are freed from such a pestilent tenant." Here the conversation closed; in the morning, the wife hurried off to the house of a neighbor. "My best friend," said she, "may I tell you a secret?" "As safely as to your own soul," answered the fair auditor. "Why," replied the other, "a marvelous thing has happened to my poor husband. Being last night extremely sick, he voided two prodigious black crows, feathers and all, which immediately flew away. I am much concerned." The other promised very faithfully—and immediately told her neighbor that *three* black crows had taken this most alarming flight. The next edition of the story made it *four*; and in this way it spread, until it was very credibly reported that *sixty* black crows had been evacuated by one unfortunate varlet. But the joke had gone further than he dreamt of; he became much disturbed, and assembling his busy neighbors, explained to them that, having wished to prove whether or not his wife could keep a secret, he had made such a communication. Soon after this, his wife dying, he ended his days in a cloister, where he learnt three letters; of which one was black; the second, red; and the third, white. [This seems merely introduced to tell us, in the application, that the black letter is recollection of our sins; the red, Christ's blood; and the white, the desire of heaven.]

APPLICATION.

My beloved, the layman is any worldly-minded man who, thinking to do one foolish thing without offense, falls into a thousand errors. But he assembles the people—that is, past and present sins—and by confession expurgates his conscience.

[Dr. John Byrom's famous versification of this story will be found in a later volume.]

THE DEATH OF RIENZI.

BY BULWER-LYTTON.

(From "The Last of the Tribunes.")

[EDWARD GEORGE EARLE LYTTON-BULWER, later LORD LYTTON, English novelist, playwright, and poet, was born in Norfolk in 1803. He graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge; became a member of Parliament for many years, colonial secretary 1858-1859; was editor of the *New Monthly Magazine* 1831-1833; elected lord rector of Glasgow University 1856; died January 18, 1873. His novels include (among many others): "Pelham," "Paul Clifford," "Eugene Aram," "The Last Days of Pompeii," "Rienzi," "Ernest Maltravers," "Alice, or the Mysteries," "Zanoni," "The Caxtons," "My Novel," "Kenelm Chillingly," and "The Coming Race"; his plays, the permanent favorites "Richelieu," "Money," and "The Lady of Lyons"; his poems, the satirical "New Timon," and translations of Schiller's ballads.]

IT was the morning of the 8th of October, 1354. Rienzi, who rose betimes, stirred restlessly in his bed. "It is yet early," he said to Nina, whose soft arm was round his neck; "none of my people seem to be astir. Howbeit, *my* day begins before *theirs*."

"Rest yet, my Cola; you want sleep."

"No; I feel feverish, and this old pain in the side torments me. I have letters to write."

"Let me be your secretary, dearest," said Nina.

Rienzi smiled affectionately as he rose; he repaired to his closet adjoining his sleeping apartment, and used the bath as was his wont. Then dressing himself, he returned to Nina, who, already loosely robed, sat by the writing table, ready for her office of love.

"How still are all things!" said Rienzi. "What a cool and delicious prelude, in these early hours, to the toilsome day."

Leaning over his wife, he then dictated different letters, interrupting the task at times by such observations as crossed his mind.

"So, now to Annibaldi! By the way, young Adrian should join us to-day; how I rejoice for Irene's sake!"

"Dear sister—yes! she loves,—if any, Cola, can so love,—as we do."

"Well, but to your task, my fair scribe. Ha! what noise is that? I hear an armed step—the stairs creak—some one shouts my name."

Rienzi flew to his sword ! the door was thrown rudely open, and a figure in complete armor appeared within the chamber.

"How ! what means this ?" said Rienzi, standing before Nina, with his drawn sword.

The intruder lifted his visor ; it was Adrian Colonna.

"Fly, Rienzi ! hasten, Signora ! Thank Heaven, I can save ye yet ! Myself and train released by the capture of Palestrina, the pain of my wound detained me last night at Tivoli. The town was filled with armed men — not *thine*, Senator. I heard rumors that alarmed me. I resolved to proceed onward ; I reached Rome, the gates of the city were wide open !"

"How !"

"Your guard gone. Presently I came upon a band of the retainers of the Savelli. My insignia, as a Colonna, misled them. I learned that this very hour some of your enemies are within the city, the rest are on their march, the people themselves arm against you. In the obscurer streets I passed through, the mob were already forming. They took me for thy foe, and shouted. I came hither ; thy sentries have vanished. The private door below is unbarred and open. Not a soul seems left in thy palace. Haste — fly — save thyself ! Where is Irene ?"

"The Capitol deserted ! — impossible !" cried Rienzi. He strode across the chambers to the anteroom, where his night guard usually waited — it was empty ! He passed hastily to Villani's room — it was untenanted ! He would have passed farther, but the doors were secured without. It was evident that all egress had been cut off, save by the private door below, — and *that* had been left open to admit his murderers !

He returned to his room. Nina had already gone to rouse and prepare Irene, whose chamber was on the other side, within one of their own.

"Quick, Senator !" said Adrian. "Methinks there is yet time. We must make across to the Tiber. I have stationed my faithful squires and Northmen there. A boat waits us."

"Hark !" interrupted Rienzi, whose senses had of late been preternaturally quickened. "I hear a distant shout — a familiar shout, 'Viva 'l Popolo !' Why, so say I ! These must be friends."

"Deceive not thyself ; thou hast scarce a friend at Rome."

"Hist," said Rienzi in a whisper ; "save Nina — save Irene, I cannot accompany thee."

"Art thou mad ?"

"No ! but fearless. Besides, did I accompany, I might but destroy you all. Were I found with you, you would be massacred with me. Without me ye are safe. Yes, even the Senator's wife and sister have provoked no revenge. Save them, noble Colonna ! Cola di Rienzi puts his trust in God alone !"

By this time Nina had returned, Irene with her. Afar was heard the tramp — steady — slow — gathering — of the fatal multitude.

"Now, Cola," said Nina, with a bold and cheerful air, and she took her husband's arm, while Adrian had already found his charge in Irene.

"Yes, *now*, Nina !" said Rienzi ; "at length we part ! If this is my last hour — *in* my last hour I pray God to bless and shield thee ! for verily, thou hast been my exceeding solace — provident as a parent, tender as a child, the smile of my hearth, the — the —"

Rienzi was almost unmanned. Emotions, deep, conflicting, unspeakably fond and grateful, literally choked his speech.

"What !" cried Nina, clinging to his breast, and parting her hair from her eyes, as she sought his averted face. "Part ! never ! This is my place ; all Rome shall not tear me from it !"

Adrian, in despair, seized her hand, and attempted to drag her thence.

"Touch me not, sir !" said Nina, waving her arm with angry majesty, while her eyes sparkled as a lioness whom the huntsmen would sever from her young. "I am the wife of Cola di Rienzi, the Great Senator of Rome, and by his side will I live and die !"

"Take her hence : quick ! quick ! I hear the crowd advancing."

Irene tore herself from Adrian, and fell at the feet of Rienzi ; she clasped his knees.

"Come, my brother, come ! Why lose these precious moments ? Rome forbids you to cast away a life in which her very self is bound up."

"Right, Irene ; Rome is bound up with me, and we will rise or fall together ! — no more !"

"You destroy us all !" said Adrian, with generous and impatient warmth. "A few minutes more, and we are lost. Rash man ! it is not to fall by an infuriate mob that you have been preserved from so many dangers."

"I believe it," said the Senator, as his tall form seemed to dilate as with the greatness of his own soul. "I shall triumph yet! Never shall mine enemies—never shall posterity say that a *second* time Rienzi abandoned Rome! Hark! 'Viva 'l Popolo?' still the cry of 'THE PEOPLE.' That cry scares none but tyrants! I shall triumph and survive!"

"And I with thee!" said Nina, firmly. Rienzi paused a moment, gazed on his wife, passionately clasped her to his heart, kissed her again and again, and then said, "Nina, I command thee, — Go!"

"Never!"

He paused. Irene's face, drowned in tears, met his eyes.

"We will all perish with you," said his sister; "you only, Adrian, *you* leave us!"

"Be it so," said the knight, sadly; "we will *all* remain," and he desisted at once from further effort.

There was a dead but short pause, broken but by a convulsive sob from Irene. The tramp of the raging thousands sounded fearfully distinct. Rienzi seemed lost in thought; then lifting his head, he said calmly, "Ye have triumphed—I join ye; I but collect these papers, and follow you. Quick, Adrian, save them!" and he pointed meaningly to Nina.

Waiting no other hint, the young Colonna seized Nina in his strong grasp; with his left hand he supported Irene, who with terror and excitement was almost insensible. Rienzi relieved him of the lighter load; he took his sister in his arms, and descended the winding stairs. Nina remained passive—she heard her husband's step behind, it was enough for her—she but turned once to thank him with her eyes. A tall Northman clad in armor stood at the open door. Rienzi placed Irene, now perfectly lifeless, in the soldier's arms, and kissed her pale cheek in silence.

"Quick, my lord," said the Northman, "on all sides they come!" So saying, he bounded down the descent with his burden. Adrian followed with Nina; the Senator paused one moment, turned back, and was in his room, ere Adrian was aware that he had vanished.

Hastily he drew the coverlid from his bed, fastened it to the casement bars, and by its aid dropped (at a distance of several feet) into the balcony below. "I will not die like a rat," said he, "in a trap they have set for me! The whole crowd shall, at least, see and hear me."

This was the work of a moment.

Meanwhile Nina had scarcely proceeded six paces, before she discovered that she was alone with Adrian.

"Ha! Cola!" she cried, "where is he? he has gone!"

"Take heart, lady, he has returned but for some secret papers he has forgotten. He will follow us anon."

"Let us wait, then."

"Lady," said Adrian, grinding his teeth, "hear you not the crowd? on, on!" and he flew with a swifter step. Nina struggled in his grasp — Love gave her the strength of despair. With a wild laugh she broke from him. She flew back — the door was closed, but unbarred; her trembling hands lingered a moment round the spring. She opened it, drew the heavy bolt across the panels, and frustrated all attempt from Adrian to regain her. She was on the stairs, — she was in the room. Rienzi was gone! She fled, shrieking his name, through the State Chambers — all was desolate. She found the doors opening on the various passages that admitted to the rooms below barred without. Breathless and gasping, she returned to the chamber. She hurried to the casement; she perceived the method by which he had descended below; her brave heart told her of his brave design; she saw they were separated. "But the same roof holds us," she cried joyously, "and our fate shall be the same!" With that thought she sank in mute patience on the floor.

Forming the generous resolve not to abandon the faithful and devoted pair without another effort, Adrian had followed Nina, but too late; the door was closed against his efforts. The crowd marched on; he heard their cry change on a sudden; it was no longer "LIVE THE PEOPLE!" but, "DEATH TO THE TRAITOR!" His attendant had already disappeared, and waking now only to the danger of Irene, the Colonna in bitter grief turned away, lightly sped down the descent, and hastened to the river side, where the boat and his band awaited him.

The balcony on which Rienzi had alighted was that from which he had been accustomed to address the people; it communicated with a vast hall used on solemn occasions for State festivals, and on either side were square projecting towers, whose grated casements looked into the balcony. One of these towers was devoted to the armory, the other contained the prison of Brettone, the brother of Montreal. Beyond the latter

tower was the general prison of the Capitol. For then the prison and the palace were in awful neighborhood!

The windows of the hall were yet open, and Rienzi passed into it from the balcony; the witness of the yesterday's banquet was still there—the wine, yet undried, crimsoned the floor, and goblets of gold and silver shone from the recesses. He proceeded at once to the armory, and selected from the various suits that which he himself had worn when, nearly eight years ago, he had chased the barons from the gates of Rome. He arrayed himself in the mail, leaving only his head uncovered; and then taking in his right hand, from the wall, the great Gonfalon of Rome, returned once more to the hall. Not a man encountered him. In that vast building, save the prisoner and the faithful Nina, whose presence he knew not of, the Senator was alone.

On they came, no longer in measured order, as stream after stream—from lane, from alley, from palace, and from hovel—the raging sea received new additions. On they came, their passions excited by their numbers—women and men, children and malignant age—in all the awful array of aroused, released, unresisted physical strength and brutal wrath; “Death to the traitor—death to the tyrant—death to him who has taxed the people!”—“*Mora l' traditore che ha fatta la gabella!—Mora!*” Such was the cry of the people; such the crime of the Senator! They broke over the low palisades of the Capitol; they filled with one sudden rush the vast space—a moment before so desolate, now swarming with human beings athirst for blood!

Suddenly came a dead silence, and on the balcony above stood Rienzi; his head was bared and the morning sun shone over that lordly brow, and the hair, grown gray before its time, in the service of that maddening multitude. Pale and erect he stood, neither fear, nor anger, nor menace—but deep grief and high resolve—upon his features! A momentary shame, a momentary awe, seized the crowd.

He pointed to the Gonfalon wrought with the Republican motto and arms of Rome, and thus he began:—

“I too am a Roman and a citizen; hear me!”

“Hear him not! hear him not! his false tongue can charm away our senses!” cried a voice louder than his own: and Rienzi recognized Cecco del Vecchio.

“Hear him not! down with the tyrant!” cried a more

shrill and youthful tone ; and by the side of the artisan stood Angelo Villani.

"Hear him not! death to the death giver!" cried a voice close at hand, and from the grating of the neighboring prison glared near upon him, as the eye of a tiger, the vengeful gaze of the brother of Montreal.

Then from Earth to Heaven rose the roar: "Down with the tyrant—down with him who taxed the people!"

A shower of stones rattled on the mail of the Senator, — still he stirred not. No changing muscle betokened fear. His persuasion of his own wonderful powers of eloquence, if he could but be heard, inspired him yet with hope; he stood collected in his own indignant but determined thoughts; but the knowledge of that very eloquence was now his deadliest foe. The leaders of the multitude trembled lest he *should* be heard; "*and doubtless,*" says the contemporaneous biographer, "*had he but spoken he would have changed them all, and the work been marred.*"

The soldiers of the barons had already mixed themselves with the throng; more deadly weapons than stones aided the wrath of the multitude; darts and arrows darkened the air; and now a voice was heard shrieking, "Way for the torches!" And red in the sunlight the torches tossed and waved, and danced to and fro, above the heads of the crowd, as if the fiends were let loose amongst the mob! And what place in hell *hath* fiends like those a mad mob can furnish? Straw, and wood, and litter, were piled hastily round the great doors of the Capitol, and the smoke curled suddenly up, beating back the rush of the assailants.

Rienzi was no longer visible, an arrow had pierced his hand—the right hand that supported the flag of Rome—the right hand that had given a constitution to the Republic. He retired from the storm into the desolate hall.

He sat down; and tears, springing from no weak woman source, but tears from the loftiest fountain of emotion—tears that befit a warrior when his own troops desert him—a patriot when his countrymen rush to their own doom—a father when his children rebel against his love,—tears such as these forced themselves from his eyes and relieved, but *they changed*, his heart!

"Enough, enough!" he said, presently rising and dashing the drops scornfully away; "I have risked, dared, toiled

enough for this dastard and degenerate race. I will yet baffle their malice! I renounce the thought of which they are so little worthy! Let Rome perish! I feel, at last, that I am nobler than my country! she deserves not so high a sacrifice!"

With that feeling, Death lost all the nobleness of aspect it had before presented to him; and he resolved, in very scorn of his ungrateful foes, in very defeat of their inhuman wrath, to make one effort for his life! He divested himself of his glittering arms; his address, his dexterity, his craft, returned to him. His active mind ran over the chances of disguise—of escape; he left the hall, passed through the humbler rooms devoted to the servitors and menials, found in one of them a coarse working garb; indued himself with it, placed upon his head some of the draperies and furniture of the palace, as if escaping with them; and said, with his old "*fantastico riso*," "When all other friends desert me, I may well forsake myself!" With that he awaited his occasion.

Meanwhile the flames burnt fierce and fast; the outer door below was already consumed; from the apartment he had deserted the fire burst out in volleys of smoke—the wood crackled, the lead melted—with a crash fell the severed gates—the dreadful entrance was opened to all the multitude—the proud Capitol of the Cæsars was already tottering to its fall! Now was the time! He passed the flaming door—the smoldering threshold; he passed the outer gate unscathed—he was in the middle of the crowd. "Plenty of pillage within," he said to the bystanders, in the Roman *patois*, his face concealed by his load: "Down, down with the traitor." The mob rushed past him—he went on—he gained the last stair descending into the open streets—he was at the last gate—liberty and life were before him.

A soldier (one of his own) seized him. "Pass not—whither goest thou?"

"Beware, lest the Senator escape disguised!" cried a voice behind—it was Villani's. The concealing load was torn from his head—Rienzi stood revealed!

"I *am* the Senator!" he said in a loud voice. "Who dare touch the Representative of the People?"

The multitude were round him in an instant. Not led, but rather hurried and whirled along, the Senator was borne to the Place of the Lion. With the intense glare of the bursting

flames, the gray image reflected a lurid light, and glowed—(that grim and solemn monument!)—as if itself of fire!

There arrived, the crowd gave way, terrified by the greatness of their victim. Silent he stood, and turned his face around; nor could the squalor of his garb, nor the terror of the hour, nor the proud grief of detection, abate the majesty of his mien, or reassure the courage of the thousands who gathered, gazing round him. The whole Capitol, wrapped in fire, lighted with ghastly pomp the immense multitude. Down the long vista of the streets extended the fiery light and the serried throng, till the crowd closed with the gleaming standards of the Colonna—the Orsini—the Savelli! Her true tyrants were marching into Rome! As the sound of their approaching horns and trumpets broke upon the burning air, the mob seemed to regain their courage. Rienzi prepared to speak; his first word was as the signal of his own death. . . .

As Rienzi, without a word, without a groan, fell to the earth—as the roaring waves of the multitude closed over him—a voice, shrill, sharp, and wild, was heard above all the clamor. At the casement of the palace (the casement of her bridal chamber) Nina stood!—through the flames that burst below and around, her face and outstretched arms alone visible! Ere yet the sound of that thrilling cry passed from the air, down with a mighty crash thundered that whole wing of the Capitol—a blackened and smoldering mass!

At that hour a solitary boat was gliding swiftly along the Tiber. Rome was at a distance; but the lurid glow of the conflagration cast its reflection upon the placid and glassy stream: fair beyond description was the landscape—soft beyond all art of painter and of poet, the sunlight quivering over the autumnal herbage, and hushing into tender calm the waves of the golden river!

Adrian's eyes were strained towards the towers of the Capitol, distinguished by the flames from the spires and domes around; senseless, and clasped to his guardian breast, Irene was happily unconscious of the horrors of the time.

"They dare not—they dare not," said the brave Colonna, "touch a hair of that sacred head! If Rienzi fall, the liberties of Rome fall forever! As those towers that surmount the flames, the pride and monument of Rome, he shall rise above the dangers of the hour. Behold, still unscathed amidst the raging element, the Capitol itself is his emblem!"

Scarce had he spoken, when a vast volume of smoke obscured the fires afar off, a dull crash (deadened by the distance) traveled to his ear, and the next moment the towers on which he gazed had vanished from the scene, and one intense and sullen glare seemed to settle over the atmosphere, — making all Rome itself the funeral pyre of THE LAST OF THE ROMAN TRIBUNES !



STORIES FROM THE "DECAMERON."

BY GIOVANNI BOCCACCIO.

[GIOVANNI BOCCACCIO, Italian novelist, poet, and scholar, was born probably at Certaldo, Italy, in 1313, the son of a Florentine merchant. At first he engaged in mercantile pursuits, but, finding a business life uncongenial, studied the classics, especially Greek, and became one of the most learned men of his time. He served the Florentine state on several occasions as ambassador, and from 1373 to 1374 filled the chair instituted at Florence for the exposition of Dante's "Divine Comedy." His death, which occurred December 21, 1375, at Certaldo, was hastened by that of his friend Petrarch. Boccaccio's name is chiefly associated with the "Decameron," probably written 1344-1350, but not published until 1553. It is a collection of one hundred stories, supposed to be narrated by a party of ladies and gentlemen, who have fled to a country villa to escape the plague which visited Florence in 1348. Other works are: "Il Filocopo," "Il Filostrato," "Fiammetta," and four Latin works on mythological and historical subjects.]

ITALIAN PRACTICAL JOKING.

THERE dwelt not long since, in our city of Florence, a place which has indeed always possessed a variety of character and manners, a painter named Calandrino, a man of simple mind, and much addicted to novelties. The most part of his time he spent in the company of two brother painters, the one called Bruno, and the other Buffalmacco, both men of humor and mirth, and somewhat satirical. These men often visited Calandrino, and found much entertainment in his original and unaffected simplicity of mind. There lived in Florence at the same time a young man of very engaging manners, witty, and agreeable, called Maso del Saggio, who, hearing of the extreme simplicity of Calandrino, resolved to derive some amusement from his love of the marvelous, and to excite his curiosity by some novel and wonderful tales. Happening, therefore, to meet him one day in the church of St. John, and observing him

attentively engaged in admiring the painting and sculpture of the tabernacle, which had been lately placed over the altar in that church, he thought he had found a fit opportunity of putting his scheme in execution, and acquainting one of his friends with his intentions, they walked together to the spot where Calandrino was seated by himself, and seeming not to be aware of his presence, began to converse between themselves of the qualities of various kinds of precious stones, of which Maso spoke with all the confidence of an experienced and skillful lapidary. Calandrino lent a ready ear to their conference, and rising from his seat, and perceiving from their loud speaking that their conversation was not of a private nature, he accosted them.

Maso was not a little delighted at this, and pursuing his discourse, Calandrino at length asked him where these stones were to be found. Maso replied: "They mostly abound in Berlinzone, near a city of the Baschi, in a country called Bengodi, in which the vines are tied with sausages, a goose is sold for a penny, and the goslings given into the bargain; where there is also a high mountain made of Parmesan grated cheese, whereon dwell people whose sole employ is to make macaroni and other dainties, boiling them with capon broth, and afterwards throwing them out to all who choose to catch them; and near to the mountain runs a river of white wine, the best that was ever drunk, and without one drop of water in it."

"Oh!" exclaimed Calandrino, "what a delightful country to live in! but pray, sir, tell me, what do they with the capons after they have boiled them?"

"The Baschi," said Maso, "eat them all!"

"Have you," said Calandrino, "ever been in that country?"

"How," answered Maso, "do you ask me, if I were ever there? a thousand times at the least!"

"And how far, I pray you, is this happy land from our city?" quoth Calandrino.

"In truth," replied Maso, "the miles are scarcely to be numbered; but for the most part we travel when we are in our beds at night, and if a man dream aright, he may be there in a few minutes."

"Surely, sir," said Calandrino, "it is further hence than to Abruzzo?"

"Undoubtedly," replied Maso, "but to a willing mind no travel is tedious."

Calandrino, observing that Maso delivered all these speeches with a steadfast and grave countenance, and without any gesture that he could construe into distrust, gave as much credit to them as to any matter of manifest truth, and said with much simplicity: "Believe me, sir, the journey is too far for me to undertake; but if it were somewhat nearer I should like to accompany you thither to see them make this macaroni, and take my fill of it. But now we are conversing, allow me, sir, to ask you whether or not any of the precious stones you just now spoke of are to be found in that country?"

"Yes, indeed," replied Maso, "there are two kinds of them to be found in those territories, and both possessing eminent virtues. The one kind are the sandstones of Settignano, and of Montisci, which are of such excellent quality that when millstones or grindstones are to be made, they knead the sand as they do meal, and make them in what form they please, in which respect they have a saying there, That grace is from God, and millstones from Montisci! Such plenty are there of these millstones, so lightly here esteemed among us as emeralds are with them, that there are whole mountains of them far greater than our Montemorello, which shine with a prodigious brightness at midnight, if you will believe me. They moreover cut and polish these millstones, and enchase them in rings, which are sent to the great Soldan, who gives whatever price they ask for them. The other is a stone which most of our lapidaries call heliotropium, and is of admirable virtue, for whoever carries it about his person is thereby rendered invisible as long as he pleases."

Calandrino then said, "This is wonderful indeed; but where else are these latter kind to be found?"

To which Maso replied, "They are not unfrequently to be found on our Mugnone."

"Of what size and color is this stone?" said Calandrino.

"It is of various sizes," replied Maso, "some larger than others, but uniformly black."

Calandrino, treasuring up all these things in his mind, and pretending to have some urgent business on hand, took leave of Maso, secretly proposing to himself to go in quest of these stones; but resolved to do nothing until he had first seen his friends Bruno and Buffalmacco, to whom he was much attached. He went therefore immediately in pursuit of them, in order that they three might have the honor of first discovering these

stones, and consumed the whole morning in looking for them. At last recollecting that they were painting in the convent of the sisters of Faenza, neglecting all other affairs, and though the cold was extreme, he ran to them in all haste, and thus addressed them:—

“My good friends, if you will follow my advice, we three may shortly become the richest men in Florence, for I have just now learnt from a man of undeniable veracity, that in Mugnone there is to be found a stone which renders any person that carries it about him invisible at his pleasure; and if you will be persuaded by me, we will all three go there before any one else to look for it, and we shall find it to a certainty, because I know its description; and when we have found it, we have nothing to do but to put it in our pockets, and go to the tables of the bankers and money changers, which we see daily loaded with gold and silver, and help ourselves to as much as we please. Nobody can detect us, for we shall be invisible, and we shall thus speedily become rich without toiling all day on these church walls like slimy snails, as we poor artists are forced to do.”

Bruno and Buffalmacco, hearing this, began to smile, and, looking archly at each other, seemed to express their surprise, and greatly commended the advice of Calandrino. Buffalmacco then asked Calandrino what the stone was called. Calandrino, who had but a stupid memory, had utterly forgotten the name of the stone, and therefore said, “What need have we of the name, since we are so well assured of its virtues? Let us not delay any longer, but go off in search of it.”

“But of what shape is it?” said Bruno.

Calandrino replied: “They are to be found of all shapes, but uniformly black: therefore it seems to me that we had better collect all the stones that we find black, and we shall then be certain to find it among them: but let us depart without further loss of time.”

Bruno signified his assent; but turning to Buffalmacco said: “I fully agree with Calandrino, but I do not think that this is the proper time for our search, as the sun is now high, and is so hot that we shall find all the stones on Mugnone dried and parched, and the very blackest will now seem whitest. But in the morning when the dew is on the ground, and before the sun has dried the earth, every stone will have its true color. Besides, there are many laborers now working in the plain, who, seeing us occupied in so serious a search, may guess what we

are seeking for, and may chance to find the stones before us, and we may then have our labor for our pains. Therefore, in my opinion, this is an enterprise that should be taken in hand early in the morning, when the black stones will be easily distinguished from the white, and the festival day were the best of all others, as there will be nobody abroad to discover us."

Buffalmacco applauded the advice of Bruno, and Calandrino assenting to it, they agreed that Sunday morning next ensuing should be the time when they would all go in pursuit of the stone, but Calandrino entreated them above all things not to reveal it to any person living, as it was confided to him in strict secrecy. Falling therefore on other subjects, Calandrino told them the wonders he had heard of the land of Bengodi, maintaining with solemn oaths and protestations that they were all true. Calandrino then took his departure, and the other two agreed upon the course they should pursue with him for their own amusement.

Calandrino waited impatiently for the Sunday morning, when he called upon his companions before break of day. They all three went out of the city at the gate of San Gallo, and did not halt until they came to the plain of Mugnone, where they immediately commenced their search for the marvelous stone. Calandrino went stealing on before the other two, persuading himself that he was born to find the heliotropium; and looking on every side of him, he rejected all other stones but the black, with which he first filled his breast, and afterwards both his pockets. He then took off his large painting apron, which he fastened with his girdle in the manner of a sack, and filled it also; and still not satisfied, he spread abroad his cloak, which being also loaded with stones, he bound up carefully for fear of losing the very least of them. Buffalmacco and Bruno during this time attentively eyed Calandrino, and observing that he had now completely loaded himself, and that their dinner hour was drawing nigh, Bruno, according to their scheme of merriment, said to Buffalmacco, pretending not to see Calandrino, although he was not far from them, "Buffalmacco, what is become of Calandrino?"

Buffalmacco, who saw him close at hand, gazing all around as if desirous to find him, replied, "I saw him even now before us hard by."

"Undoubtedly," said Bruno, "he has given us the slip, and gone secretly home to dinner, and making fools of us,

has left us to pick up black stones on these scorching plains of Mugnone."

"Indeed he has served us right," said Buffalmacco, "for allowing ourselves to be gulled by such stories, nor could any but we two have been so credulous as to believe in the virtues of this heliotropium."

Calandrino, hearing them make use of these words while he stood so near to them, imagined that he had possessed himself of the genuine stone, and that by virtue of its qualities he was become invisible to his companions. His joy was now unbounded, and without saying a word he resolved to return home with all speed, leaving his friends to provide for themselves.

Buffalmacco, perceiving his intent, said to Bruno, "Why should we remain here any longer? let us return to the city."

To which Bruno replied: "Yes! let us go; but I vow to God, Calandrino shall no more make a fool of me, and were I now as near him as I was not long since, I would give him such a remembrance on the heel with this flint stone, as should stick by him for a month, and teach him a lasting lesson for abusing his friends;" and ere he had well finished his words, he struck Calandrino a violent blow on the heel with the stone. Though the blow was evidently very painful, Calandrino still preserved his silence, and only mended his pace. Buffalmacco, then selecting another large flint stone, said to Bruno, "Thou seest this pebble! If Calandrino were but here, he should have a brave knock on the loins;" and taking aim, he threw it, and struck Calandrino a violent blow on the back; and then all the way along the plain of Mugnone they did nothing but pelt him with stones, jesting and laughing until they came to the gates of San Gallo. They then threw down the remainder of the stones they had gathered, and stepping before Calandrino into the gateway, acquainted the guards with the whole matter; who, in order to support the jest, would not seem to see Calandrino as he passed by them, and were exceedingly amused to observe him sweat and groan under his burthensome load.

Without resting himself in any place, he proceeded straight to his own house, which was situated near to the mills: fortune favoring him so far in the course of his adventures that as he passed along the river side, and afterwards through part of the city, he was neither met nor seen by any one, as every-

body was then at dinner. Calandrino, ready to sink under his burthen, at length entered his own house. His wife, a handsome and discreet woman of the name of Monna Tessa, happened to be standing at the head of the stairs on his arrival, and being disconcerted and impatient at his long absence, somewhat angrily exclaimed, "I thought that the devil would never let thee come home! All the city have dined, and yet we must remain without our dinner."

When Calandrino heard these words, and found that he was not invisible to his wife, he fell into a fit of rage, and exclaimed, "Wretch as thou art, thou hast utterly undone me; but I will reward thee for it:" and ascending into a small room, and there ridding himself of his burthen of stones, he ran down again to his wife, and seizing her by the hair of the head, and throwing her on the ground, beat and kicked her in the most unmerciful manner, giving her so many blows, in spite of all her tears and submission, that she was not able to move.

Buffalmacco and Bruno, after they had spent some time in laughter with the guards at the gate, followed Calandrino at their leisure, and arriving at the door of his house, and hearing the disturbance upstairs between Calandrino and his wife, they called out to him. Calandrino, still in a furious rage, came to the window, and entreated they would come up to him. They, counterfeiting great surprise, ascended the stairs, and found the chamber floor covered with stones, and Calandrino's wife seated in a corner, her limbs severely bruised, her hair disheveled, and her face bleeding, and on the other side Calandrino himself wearied and exhausted, flung on a chair. After regarding him for some time, they said:—

"How now, Calandrino, art thou about building a house, that thou hast provided thyself with so many loads of stones?" and then added, "And, Monna Tessa! what has happened to her? You surely have been beating her. What is the meaning of this?"

Calandrino, exhausted with carrying the stones, and with his furious gust of passion, and moreover with the misfortune which he considered had befallen him, could not collect sufficient spirits to speak a single word in reply. Whereupon Buffalmacco said further, "Calandrino, if you have cause for anger in any other quarter, yet you should not have made such mockery of your friends as you have done to-day, carrying us out to the plains of Mugnone, like a couple of fools, and leaving us there

without taking leave of us, or so much as bidding us good day. But be assured this is the last time thou wilt ever serve us in this manner."

Calandrino, somewhat recovered, replied, "Alas ! my friends, be not offended; the case is very different to what you imagine. Unfortunate man that I am ! the rare and precious stone that you speak of I found, and will relate the whole truth to you. You must know then, that when you asked each other the first time, what was become of me, I was hard by you, not more than two yards' distance ; and perceiving that you saw me not, I went before you, smiling to myself to hear you vent your rage upon me ;" and proceeding in his discourse, he recounted all that had happened on his way home ; and to convince them showed them where he was struck on the back and on the heel ; and further added : "As I passed through the gates, I saw you standing with the guards, but by virtue of the stone I carried in my bosom, was undiscovered of you all, and in going through the streets I met many friends and acquaintances, who are in the daily habit of stopping and conversing with me, and yet none of them addressed me, as I passed invisible to them all. But at length arriving at my own house, this fiend of a woman waiting on the stairs' head, by ill luck happened to see me, as you well know that women cause all things to lose their virtue ; so that I, who might have called myself the only happy man in Florence, am now the most miserable of all. Therefore did I justly beat her as long as my strength would allow me, and I know no reason why I should not yet tear her in a thousand pieces, for I may well curse the day of our marriage, and the hour she entered my house."

Buffalmacco and Bruno, when they heard this, feigned the greatest astonishment, though they were ready to burst with laughter, hearing Calandrino so confidently assert that he had found the wonderful stone, and lost it again by his wife's speaking to him. But when they saw him rise in a rage, with intent to beat her again, they stepped between them, protesting that his wife was in no wise to blame, but rather he himself, who knowing beforehand that women cause all things to lose their virtue, had not expressly commanded her not to be seen in his presence all that day, until he had satisfied himself of the real qualities of the stone ; and that doubtless Providence had deprived him of this good fortune, because though his friends had accompanied him and assisted him in the search, he had

deceived them, and had not allowed them to participate in the benefit of the discovery. After much more conversation they with difficulty reconciled him to his wife, and, leaving him overwhelmed with grief for the loss of the heliotropium, took their departure.

CONVERSION BY THE LAW OF CONTRARIES.

Some parts of Pamfilo's story made them laugh heartily, and the whole was much commended by the ladies, who had been very attentive ; and, as it was now ended, the queen ordered Neiphile, in the next seat to her, to go on in the manner prescribed. That lady, being as affable in behavior as her person was beautiful, very cheerfully complied, and began in this manner : —

Pamfilo has showed us in his novel the great goodness of God in not regarding any errors of ours, which proceed from the blindness and imperfection of our nature. I intend to set forth in mine how the same goodness of God displays itself in the most plain and evident manner, by bearing with the vices of those persons, who, though bound to give testimony concerning it, both in their words and actions, yet do the reverse — a truth by which we may be taught more steadily to persevere in what we believe.

At Paris there lived, as I have been told, a great merchant, and worthy man called Jeannot de Chivigni, a dealer in silk, and an intimate friend to a certain rich Jew, whose name was Abraham, a merchant also, and a very honest man. Jeannot, being no stranger to Abraham's good and upright intentions, was greatly troubled that the soul of so wise and well-meaning a person should perish through his unbelief. He began, therefore, in the most friendly manner, to entreat him to renounce the errors of Judaism, and embrace the truth of Christianity, which he might plainly see flourishing more and more, and, as being the most wise and holy institution, gaining ground, whereas the religion of the Jews was dwindling to nothing. Abraham answered, that he esteemed no religion like his own ; he was born in it, and in it he intended to live and die ; nor could anything make him alter his resolution. All this did not hinder Jeannot from beginning the same arguments over again in a few days, and setting forth, in as awkward a manner as a merchant must be supposed to do, for what reasons our religion ought to be preferred : and though the Jew was well

read in their law, yet, whether it was his regard to the man, or that Jeannot had the spirit of God upon his tongue, he began to be greatly pleased with his arguments ; but continued obstinate, nevertheless, in his own creed, and would not suffer himself to be converted. Jeannot, on the other hand, was no less persevering in his earnest solicitations, insomuch that the Jew was overcome by them at last, and said : “ Look you, Jeannot, you are very desirous I should become a Christian, and I am so much disposed to do as you would have me, that I intend in the first place to go to Rome, to see him whom you call God’s vicar on earth, and to consider his ways a little, and those of his brother cardinals. If they appear to me in such a light that I may be able to comprehend by them, and by what you have said, that your religion is better than mine, as you would persuade me, I will then become a Christian ; otherwise I will continue a Jew as I am.”

When Jeannot heard this he was much troubled, and said to himself : “ I have lost all my labor, which I thought well bestowed, expecting to have converted this man ; for should he go to Rome, and see the wickedness of the clergy there, so far from turning Christian, were he one already, he would certainly again become a Jew.” Then addressing Abraham, he said : “ Nay, my friend, why should you be at the great trouble and expense of such a journey ? Not to mention the dangers, both by sea and land, to which so rich a person as yourself must be exposed, do you think to find nobody here that can baptize you ? Or if you have any doubts and scruples, where will you meet with abler men than are here to clear them up for you, and to answer such questions as you shall put to them ? You may take it for granted that the prelates yonder are like those you see in France, only so much the better as they are nearer to the principal pastor. Then let me advise you to spare yourself the trouble of this journey, until such time as you may want some pardon or indulgence, and then I may probably bear you company.”

“ I believe it is as you say,” replied the Jew ; “ but the long and the short of the matter is, that I am fully resolved, if you would have me do what you have so much solicited, to go thither ; else I will in no wise comply.”

Jeannot, seeing him determined, said, “ God be with you ! ” and, supposing that he would never be a Christian after he had seen Rome, gave him over for lost. The Jew took horse, and

made the best of his way to Rome, where he was most honorably received by his brethren, the Jews ; and, without saying a word of what he was come about, he began to look narrowly into the manner of living of the pope, the cardinals, and other prelates, and of the whole court ; and, from what he himself perceived, being a person of keen observation, and from what he gathered from others, he found that, from the highest to the lowest, they were given to all sorts of lewdness, without the least shame or remorse ; so that the only way to obtain anything considerable was, by applying to prostitutes of every description. He observed, also, that they were generally drunkards and gluttons, and, like brutes, more solicitous about their bellies than anything else. Inquiring farther, he found them all such lovers of money that they would not only buy and sell men's blood in general, but even the blood of Christians, and sacred things, of what kind soever, whether benefices or pertaining to the altar ; that they drove as great a trade in this way as there is in selling cloth and other commodities in Paris ; that to palpable simony they had given the plausible name of procuration, and debaucheries they called supporting the body ; as if God had been totally unacquainted with their wicked intentions, and, like men, was to be imposed upon by the names of things. These, and other things which I shall pass over, gave great offense to the Jew, who was a sober and modest person ; and now thinking he had seen enough, he returned home.

As soon as Jeannot heard of his arrival he went to see him, thinking of nothing so little as of his conversion. They received one another with a great deal of pleasure ; and in a day or two, after the traveler had recovered from his fatigue, Jeannot began to inquire of him what he thought of the holy father, the cardinals, and the rest of the court. The Jew immediately answered : "To me it seems as if God was much kinder to them than they deserve ; for, if I may be allowed to judge, I must be bold to tell you that I have neither seen devotion, sanctity, or anything good in the clergy of Rome ; but, on the contrary, luxury, avarice, gluttony, and worse than these, if worse things can be, are so much in fashion with all sorts of people that I should rather esteem the court of Rome to be a forge, if you allow the expression, for diabolical operations than things divine ; and, for what I can perceive, your pastor, and consequently the rest, strive with their whole might and skill to

overthrow the Christian religion, and to drive it from off the face of the earth, even where they ought to be its chief succor and support. But as I do not see this come to pass, which they so earnestly aim at ; on the contrary, that your religion gains strength, and becomes every day more glorious ; I plainly perceive that it is upheld by the spirit of God, as the most true and holy of all. For which reason, though I continued obstinate to your exhortations, nor would suffer myself to be converted by them, now I declare to you that I will no longer defer being made a Christian. Let us go then to the church, and do you take care that I be baptized according to the manner of your holy faith."

Jeannot, who expected a quite different conclusion, was the most overjoyed man that could be ; and taking his friend to our Lady's church at Paris, he requested the priests there to baptize him, which was done forthwith. Jeannot, being his sponsor, gave him the name of John, and afterwards took care to have him well instructed in our faith, in which he made a speedy proficiency, and became, in time, a good and holy man.

THE THREE RINGS.

This novel having been universally applauded, Filomena thus began: Neiphile's story put me in mind of a ticklish case that befell a certain Jew ; for as enough has been said concerning God and the truth of our religion, it will not be amiss if we descend to the actions of men. I proceed, therefore, to the relation of a thing which may make you more cautious for the time to come, in answering questions that shall be put to you. For you must know that as a man's folly often brings him down from the most exalted state of life to the greatest misery, so shall his good sense secure him in the midst of the utmost danger, and procure him a safe and honorable repose. There are many instances of people being brought to misery by their own folly, but these I choose to omit, as they happen daily. What I purpose to exemplify, in the following short novel, is the great cause for comfort to be found in the possession of a good understanding.

Saladin was so brave and great a man that he had raised himself from an inconsiderable station to be Sultan of Babylon, and had gained many victories over both Turkish and Christian princes. This monarch, having in divers wars, and by many

extraordinary expenses, run through all his treasure, some urgent occasion fell out that he wanted a large sum of money. Not knowing which way he might raise enough to answer his necessities, he at last called to mind a rich Jew of Alexandria, named Melchizedeck, who let out money at interest. Him he believed to have wherewithal to serve him; but then he was so covetous that he would never do it willingly, and Saladin was loath to force him. But as necessity has no law, after much thinking which way the matter might best be effected, he at last resolved to use force under some color of reason. He therefore sent for the Jew, received him in a most gracious manner, and making him sit down, thus addressed him: "Worthy man, I hear from divers persons that thou art very wise and knowing in religious matters; wherefore I would gladly know from thee which religion thou judgest to be the true one, viz.: the Jewish, the Mahometan, or the Christian?" The Jew (truly a wise man) found that Saladin had a mind to trap him, and must gain his point should he exalt any one of the three religions above the others; after considering, therefore, for a little how best to avoid the snare, his ingenuity at last supplied him with the following answer:—

"The question which your Highness has proposed is very curious; and, that I may give you my sentiments, I must beg leave to tell a short story. I remember often to have heard of a great and rich man, who, among his most rare and precious jewels, had a ring of exceeding beauty and value. Being proud of possessing a thing of such worth, and desirous that it should continue forever in his family, he declared, by will, that to whichever of his sons he should give this ring, him he designed for his heir, and that he should be respected as the head of the family. That son to whom the ring was given made the same law with respect to his descendants, and the ring passed from one to another in long succession, till it came to a person who had three sons, all virtuous and dutiful to their father, and all equally beloved by him. Now the young men, knowing what depended upon the ring, and ambitious of superiority, began to entreat their father, who was now grown old, every one for himself, that he would give the ring to him. The good man, equally fond of all, was at a loss which to prefer; and, as he had promised all, and wished to satisfy all, he privately got an artist to make two other rings, which were so like the first that he himself scarcely knew the true one. When he found his end

approaching, he secretly gave one ring to each of his sons ; and they, after his death, all claimed the honor and estate, each disputing with his brothers, and producing his ring ; and the rings were found so much alike that the true one could not be distinguished. To law then they went, as to which should succeed, nor is that question yet decided. And thus it has happened, my Lord, with regard to the three laws given by God the Father, concerning which you proposed your question : every one believes he is the true heir of God, has his law, and obeys his commandments ; but which is in the right is uncertain, in like manner as with the rings."

Saladin perceived that the Jew had very cleverly escaped the net which was spread for him : he therefore resolved to discover his necessity to him, and see if he would lend him money, telling him at the same time what he had designed to do, had not that discreet answer prevented him. The Jew freely supplied the monarch with what he wanted ; and Saladin afterwards paid him back in full, made him large presents, besides maintaining him nobly at his court, and was his friend as long as he lived.

THE POT OF BASIL.

Eliza having concluded her novel, which was commended by the king, Filomena was then ordered to begin. Full of pity for the two unhappy lovers last mentioned, she heaved a deep sigh, and said : My novel will not be concerning people of such high rank as those of whom Eliza has spoken, but perhaps it may be equally moving ; and I am led to it from her mentioning Messina, where the thing happened.

There lived at Messina three young merchants, who were brothers, and left very rich by their father : they had an only sister, named Isabella, a lady of worth and beauty, who, whatever was the reason, was yet unmarried. Now they had in their employ a young man of Pisa, called Lorenzo, who managed all their affairs. He was a young man of very agreeable person and manners, and being often in Isabella's company, she loved him, and he forsook all others for her sake ; nor was it long before their mutual desires were consummated. This affair was carried on between them for a considerable time, without the least suspicion ; till one night it happened, as Isabella was going to Lorenzo's chamber, that the eldest brother saw her,

without her knowing it. This afflicted him greatly ; yet, being a prudent man, he made no discovery, but lay considering with himself till morning what course was best to take. He then related to his brothers what he had seen with regard to their sister and Lorenzo, and, after a long debate, it was resolved to seem to take no notice of it for the present, but to make away with him privately, the first opportunity, that they might remove all cause of reproach both to their sister and themselves. Continuing in this resolution, they behaved with the same freedom and civility to Lorenzo as ever, till at length, under a pretense of going out of the city, upon a party of pleasure, they carried him along with them, and arriving at a lonely place, fit for their purpose, they slew him, unprepared as he was to make any defense, and buried him on the spot. Then, returning to Messina, they gave it out that they had sent him on a journey of business, which was easily believed, because they frequently did so.

After some time Isabella, thinking that Lorenzo made a long stay, began to inquire earnestly of her brothers concerning him, and this she did so often that at last one of them said to her, "What have you to do with Lorenzo that you are continually teasing us about him? If you inquire any more, you shall receive such an answer as you will by no means like." This grieved her exceedingly, and, fearing she knew not what, she remained without asking any more questions ; yet all the night would she lament and complain of his long stay ; and thus she spent her life in a tedious and anxious waiting for his return ; till one night it happened that, having wept herself to sleep, he appeared to her in a dream, all pale and ghastly, with his clothes rent in pieces, and she thought that he spoke to her thus : "My dearest Isabel, thou grieveest incessantly for my absence, and art continually calling upon me ; but know that I can return no more to thee, for the last day that thou sawest me thy brothers put me to death." And, describing the place where they had buried him, he bade her call no more upon him, nor ever expect to see him again, and disappeared.

Isabella woke up, implicitly believing the vision, and wept bitterly. In the morning, not daring to say anything to her brothers, she resolved to go to the place mentioned in the dream, to be convinced of the reality. Accordingly, having leave to go a little way into the country, along with a companion of hers, who was acquainted with all her affairs, she went

thither, and clearing the ground of the dried leaves with which it was covered, she observed where the earth seemed to be lightest, and dug there. She had not searched far before she came to her lover's body, which she found in no degree wasted ; this informed her of the truth of her vision, and she was in the utmost concern on that account ; but, as that was not a fit place for lamentation, she would willingly have taken the corpse away with her, to give it a more decent interment ; but finding herself unable to do that, she cut off the head, which she put into a handkerchief, and covering the trunk again with mold, she gave the head to her maid to carry, and returned home without being perceived. She then shut herself up in her chamber, and lamented over her lover's head till she had washed it with her tears, and then she put it into a flowerpot, having folded it in a fine napkin, and covering it with earth, she planted sweet herbs therein, which she watered with nothing but rose or orange water, or else with her tears, accustoming herself to sit always before it, and devoting her whole heart unto it, as containing her dear Lorenzo.

The sweet herbs, what with her continual bathing, and the moisture arising from the putrefied head, flourished exceedingly, and sent forth a most agreeable odor. Continuing this manner of life, she was observed by some of the neighbors, and they related her conduct to her brothers, who had before remarked with surprise the decay of her beauty. Accordingly, they both reprimanded her for it, and, finding that ineffectual, stole the pot from her. She, perceiving that it was taken away, begged earnestly of them to restore it, which they refusing, she fell sick. The young men wondered much why she should have so great a fancy for it, and were resolved to see what it contained : turning out the earth, therefore, they saw the napkin, and in it the head, not so much consumed but that, by the curled locks, they knew it to be Lorenzo's, which threw them into the utmost astonishment, and fearing lest it should be known, they buried it privately, and withdrew themselves thence to Naples. The young lady never ceased weeping, and calling for her pot of flowers, till she died : and thus terminated her unfortunate love. But, in some time afterwards, the thing became public, which gave rise to this song : —

Most cruel and unkind was he,
That of my flowers deprived me, — etc.

THE FALCON.

The queen, now observing that only she and Dioneo were left to speak, said pleasantly to this effect: As it is now come to my turn, I shall give you, ladies, a novel something like the preceding one, that you may not only know what influence the power of your charms has over a generous heart, but that you may learn likewise to bestow your favors of your own accord, and where you think most proper, without suffering Fortune to be your directress, who disposes blindly, and without the least judgment whatsoever.

You must understand then, that Coppo di Borghese (who was a person of great respect and authority among us, and whose amiable qualities, joined to his noble birth, had rendered him worthy of immortal fame) in the decline of life used to divert himself among his neighbors and acquaintances, by relating things that had happened in his day, and this he knew how to do with more exactness and elegance of expression than any other person: he, I say, amongst other pleasant stories, used to tell us that at Florence dwelt a young gentleman named Federigo, son of Filippo Alberighi, who, in feats of arms and gentility, surpassed all the youth in Tuscany. This gentleman was in love with a lady called Monna Giovanna, one of the most agreeable women in Florence, and to gain her affection, he was continually making tilts, balls, and such diversions; lavishing away his money in rich presents, and everything that was extravagant. But she, as pure in conduct as she was fair, made no account either of what he did for her sake, or of himself.

As Federigo continued to live in this manner, spending profusely, and acquiring nothing, his wealth soon began to waste, till at last he had nothing left but a very small farm, the income of which was a most slender maintenance, and a single hawk, one of the best in the world. Yet loving still more than ever, and finding he could subsist no longer in the city in the manner he would choose to live, he retired to his farm, where he went out fowling as often as the weather would permit, and bore his distress patiently, without ever making his necessity known to anybody. Now it happened, after he was thus brought low, the lady's husband fell sick, and, being very rich, he made a will by which he left all his substance to an only son, who was almost

grown up, and if he should die without issue, he then ordered that it should revert to his lady, whom he was extremely fond of; and when he had disposed thus of his fortune, he died. Monna Giovanna now being left a widow, retired, as our ladies usually do during the summer season, to a house of hers in the country, near to that of Federigo; whence it happened that her son soon became acquainted with him, and they used to divert themselves together with dogs and hawks; and the boy, having often seen Federigo's hawk fly, and being strangely taken with it, was desirous of having it, though the other valued it to that degree that he knew not how to ask for it.

This being so, the boy soon fell sick, which gave his mother great concern, as he was her only child, and she ceased not to attend on and comfort him; often requesting, if there was any particular thing which he fancied, to let her know it, and promising to procure it for him if it was possible. The young gentleman, after many offers of this kind, at last said: "Madam, if you could contrive for me to have Federigo's hawk, I should soon be well." She was in some perplexity at this, and began to consider how best to act. She knew that Federigo had long entertained a liking for her, without the least encouragement on her part; therefore she said to herself, "How can I send or go to ask for this hawk, which I hear is the very best of the kind, and which is all he has in the world to maintain him? Or how can I offer to take away from a gentleman all the pleasure that he has in life?" Being in this perplexity, though she was very sure of having it for a word, she stood without making any reply; till at last the love of her son so far prevailed, that she resolved, at all events, to make him easy, and not send, but go herself. She then replied, "Set your heart at rest, my boy, and think only of your recovery; for I promise you that I will go to-morrow for it the first thing I do." This afforded him such joy that he immediately showed signs of amendment.

The next morning she went, by way of a walk, with another lady in company, to Federigo's little cottage to inquire for him. At that time, as it was too early to go out upon his diversion, he was at work in his garden. Hearing, therefore, that his mistress inquired for him at the door, he ran thither, surprised and full of joy; whilst she, with a great deal of complaisance, went to meet him; and after the usual compliments, she said: "Good morning to you, sir; I am come to make you some amends for the losses you have sustained on my account; what

I mean is that I have brought a companion to take a neighborly dinner with you to-day." He replied, with a great deal of humility, "Madam, I do not remember ever to have suffered any loss by your means, but rather so much good, that if I was worth anything at any time it was due to your singular merit, and the love I had for you : and most assuredly this courteous visit is more welcome to me than if I had all that I have wasted returned to me to spend over again ; but you are come to a very poor host." With these words he showed her into his house, seeming much out of countenance, and thence they went into the garden, when, having no company for her, he said : "Madam, as I have nobody else, please to admit this honest woman, a laborer's wife, to be with you, whilst I set forth the table."

Although his poverty was extreme, never till now had he been so sensible of his past extravagance ; but finding nothing to entertain the lady with, for whose sake he had treated thousands, he was in the utmost perplexity, cursing his evil fortune, and running up and down like one out of his wits. At length, having neither money nor anything he could pawn, and longing to give her something, at the same time that he would not make his case known, even so much as to his own laborer, he espied his hawk upon the perch, seized it, and finding it very fat, judged it might make a dish not unworthy of such a lady. Without farther thought, then, he wrung its head off, and gave it to a girl to dress and roast carefully, whilst he laid the cloth, having a small quantity of linen yet left ; and then he returned, with a smile on his countenance, into the garden, to tell Monna Giovanna that what little dinner he was able to provide was now ready. She and her friend, therefore, entered and sat down with him, he serving them all the time with great respect, when they ate the good hawk, not knowing what it was.

After dinner was over, and they had sat chatting a little while together, the lady thought it a fit time to tell her errand, and addressed him courteously in this manner : "Sir, if you call to mind your past life, and my resolution, which perhaps you may call cruelty, I doubt not but you will wonder at my presumption, when you know what I am come for : but if you had children of your own, to know how strong our natural affection is towards them, I am very sure you would excuse me. Now, my having a son forces me, against my own inclination and all reason whatsoever, to request a thing of you which I know you value extremely, as you have no other comfort or

diversion left you in your small circumstances ; I mean your hawk, which he has taken such a fancy to, that unless I bring it back with me, I very much fear that he will die of his disorder. Therefore I entreat you, not for any regard you have for me (for in that respect you are no way obliged to me), but for that generosity with which you have always distinguished yourself, that you would please to let me have it, so that I may be able to say that my child's life has been restored to me through your gift, and that he and I are under perpetual obligations to you."

Federigo, hearing the lady's request, and knowing it was out of his power to fulfill it, began to weep before he was able to make a word of reply. This she at first attributed to his reluctance to part with his favorite bird, and expected that he was going to give her a flat denial ; but after she had waited a little for his answer, he said : "Madam, ever since I have fixed my affections upon you, fortune has still been contrary to me in many things, and sorely I have felt them ; but all the rest is nothing to what has now come to pass. You are here to visit me in this my poor dwelling, to which in my prosperity you would never deign to come : you also entreat a small present from me, which it is wholly out of my power to give, as I am going briefly to tell you. As soon as I was acquainted with the great favor you designed me, I thought it proper, considering your superior merit and excellency, to treat you, according to my ability, with something choicer than is usually given to other persons, when, calling to mind my hawk, which you now request, and his goodness, I judged him a fit repast for you, and you have had him roasted. Nor could I have thought him better bestowed, had you not now desired him in a different manner, which is such a grief to me that I shall never be at peace as long as I live : " and saying this, he produced the hawk's feathers, feet, and talons. The lady began now to blame him for killing such a bird to entertain any woman with, in her heart all the while extolling the greatness of his soul, which poverty had no power to abase.

Having now no farther hopes of obtaining the hawk, she took leave of Federigo, and returned sadly to her son ; who, either out of grief for the disappointment or through the violence of his disorder, died in a few days. She continued sorrowful for some time ; but being left rich and young, her brothers were very pressing with her to marry again. This

went against her inclination, but finding them still importunate, and remembering Federigo's great worth, and the late instance of his generosity in killing such a bird for her entertainment, she said: "I should rather choose to continue as I am; but since it is your desire that I take a husband, I will have none but Federigo de gli Alberighi." They smiled contemptuously at this, and said: "You simple woman! what are you talking of? He is not worth one farthing in the world." She replied, "I believe it, brothers, to be as you say; but know, *that I would sooner have a man that stands in need of riches, than riches without a man.*" They, hearing her resolution, and well knowing his generous temper, gave her to him with all her wealth; and he, seeing himself possessed of a lady whom he had so dearly loved, and of such a vast fortune, lived in all true happiness with her, and was a better manager of his affairs than he had been before.



SONNETS OF BOCCACCIO.

TRANSLATED BY DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

To one who had censured his public Exposition of Dante.

If Dante mourns, there wheresoe'er he be,
 That such high fancies of a soul so proud
 Should be laid open to the vulgar crowd.
 (As, touching my Discourse, I'm told by thee,) F
 This were my grievous pain; and certainly
 My proper blame should not be disavowed;
 Though hereof somewhat, I declare aloud,
 Were due to others, not alone to me.
 False hopes, true poverty, and therewithal
 The blinded judgment of a host of friends,
 And their entreaties, made that I did thus.
 But of all this there is no gain at all
 Unto the thankless souls with whose base ends
 Nothing agrees that's great or generous.

Inscription for a Portrait of Dante.

Dante Alighieri, a dark oracle
 Of wisdom and of art I am; whose mind
 Has to my country such great gifts assigned
 That men account my powers a miracle.

My lofty fancy passed as low as Hell,
 As high as Heaven, secure and unconfined;
 And in my noble book doth every kind
 Of earthly lore and heavenly doctrine dwell.
 Renownèd Florence was my mother, — nay,
 Stepmother unto me her piteous son,
 Through sin of cursed slander's tongue and tooth.
 Ravenna sheltered me so cast away;
 My body is with her, — my soul with One
 For whom no envy can make dim the truth.

Of his last sight of Fiammetta.

Round her red garland and her golden hair
 I saw a fire about Fiammetta's head;
 Thence to a little cloud I watched it fade,
 Than silver or than gold more brightly fair;
 And like a pearl that a gold ring doth bear,
 Even so an angel sat therein, who sped
 Alone and glorious throughout heaven, arrayed
 In sapphires and in gold that lit the air.
 Then I rejoiced as hoping happy things,
 Who rather should have then discerned how God
 Had haste to make my lady all his own,
 Even as it came to pass. And with these stings
 Of sorrow, and with life's most weary load
 I dwell, who fain would be where she is gone.

Of three Girls and of their Talk.

By a clear well, within a little field
 Full of green grass and flowers of every hue,
 Sat three young girls, relating (as I knew)
 Their loves. And each had twined a bough to shield
 Her lovely face; and the green leaves did yield
 The golden hair their shadow; while the two
 Sweet colors mingled, both blown lightly through
 With a soft wind forever stirred and stilled.
 After a little while one of them said,
 (I heard her,) "Think! If ere the next hour struck,
 Each of our lovers should come here to-day,
 Think you that we should fly or feel afraid?"
 To whom the others answered, "From such luck
 A girl would be a fool to run away."

A GROUP OF ITALIAN POETS.

TRANSLATED BY DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

[For biographical sketch of Rossetti, see page 282.]

FRANCO SACCHETTI.

ON A WET DAY.

As I walked thinking through a little grove,
 Some girls that gathered flowers came passing me,
 Saying — "Look here! look there!" delightedly.
 "O here it is!" "What's that?" "A lily? love!"
 "And there are violets!"
 "Farther for roses! O the lovely pets!
 The darling beauties! O the nasty thorn!
 Look here, my hand's all torn!"
 "What's that that jumps?" "O don't! it's a grasshopper!"
 "Come, run! come, run!
 Here's bluebells!" "O what fun!"
 "Not that way! stop her!"
 "Yes! this way!" "Pluck them then!"
 "O, I've found mushrooms! O look here!" "O, I'm
 Quite sure that farther on we'll get wild thyme."
 "O, we shall stay too long; it's going to rain;
 There's lightning; O! there's thunder!"
 "O shan't we hear the vesper bell? I wonder."
 "Why, it's not none, you silly little thing!
 And don't you hear the nightingales that sing —
 Fly away, O die away?"
 "O, I hear something; hush!"
 "Why, where? what is it then?" "Ah! in that bush."
 So every girl here knocks it, shakes and shocks it:
 Till with the stir they make
 Out scurries a great snake.
 "O Lord! O me! Alack! Ah me! Alack!"
 They scream, and then all run and scream again,
 And then in heavy drops comes down the rain.

Each running at the other in a fright,
 Each trying to get before the other, and crying,
 And flying, and stumbling, tumbling, wrong or right;—

One sets her knee
 There where her foot should be;
 One has her hands and dress
 All smothered up with mud in a fine mess;
 And one gets trampled on by two or three.
 What's gathered is let fall
 About the wood, and not picked up at all.
 The wreaths of flowers are scattered on the ground,
 And still as, screaming, hustling, without rest,
 They run this way and that and round and round,
 She thinks herself in luck who runs the best.

I stood quite still to have a perfect view,
 And never noticed till I got wet through.

CIULLO D'ALCAMO.

DIALOGUE: LOVER AND LADY.

He.

THOU sweetly smelling fresh red rose
 That near thy summer art,
 Of whom each damsel and each dame
 Would fain be counterpart;
 Oh! from this fire to draw me forth
 Be it in thy good heart:
 For night or day there is no rest with me,
 Thinking of none, my lady, but of thee.

She.

If thou hast set thy thoughts on me,
 Thou hast done a foolish thing.
 Yea, all the pine wood of this world
 Together might'st thou bring,
 And make thee ships, and plow the sea
 Therewith for corn-sowing,
 Ere any way to win me could be found:
 For I am going to shear my locks all round.

He.

Lady, before thou shear thy locks
 I hope I may be dead:

For I should lose such joy thereby
 And gain such grief instead.
 Merely to pass and look at thee,
 Rose of the garden-bed,
 Has comforted me much, once and again.
 Oh! if thou wouldst but love, what were it then!

She.

Nay, though my heart were prone to love,
 I would not grant it leave.
 Hark! should my father or his kin
 But find thee here this eve,
 Thy loving body and lost breath
 Our moat may well receive.
 Whatever path to come here thou dost know,
 By the same path I counsel thee to go.

He.

And if thy kinsfolk find me here,
 Shall I be drowned then? Marry,
 I'll set, for price against my head,
 Two thousand agostari.
 I think thy father would not do't
 For all his lands in Bari.
 Long life to the Emperor! Be God's the praise!
 Thou hear'st, my beauty, what thy servant says.

She.

And am I then to have no peace
 Morning or evening?
 I have strong coffers of my own
 And much good gold therein;
 So that if thou couldst offer me
 The wealth of Saladin,
 And add to that the Soldan's money-hoard,
 Thy suit would not be anything toward.

He.

I have known many women, love,
 Whose thoughts were high and proud,
 And yet have been made gentle by
 Man's speech not overloud.

If we but press ye long enough,
 At length ye will be bowed;
 For still a woman's weaker than a man.
 When the end comes, recall how this began.

She.

God grant that I may die before
 Any such end do come, —
 Before the sight of a chaste maid
 Seem to me troublesome!
 I marked thee here all yestereve
 Lurking about my home,
 And now I say, "Leave climbing, lest thou fall,
 For these thy words delight me not at all."

He.

How many are the cunning chains
 Thou hast wound round my heart!
 Only to think upon thy voice
 Sometimes I groan apart.
 For I did never love a maid
 Of this world, as thou art,
 So much as I love thee, thou crimson rose.
 Thou wilt be mine at last: this my soul knows.

She.

If I could think it would be so,
 Small pride it were of mine
 That all my beauty should be meant
 But to make thee to shine.
 Sooner than stoop to that, I'd shear
 These golden tresses fine,
 And make one of some holy sisterhood;
 Escaping so thy love, which is not good.

He.

If thou unto the cloister fly,
 Thou cruel lady and cold,
 Unto the cloister I will come
 And by the cloister hold;

For such a conquest liketh me
 Much better than much gold;
 At matins and at vespers I shall be
 Still where thou art. Have I not conquered thee?

She.

Out and alack! wherefore am I
 Tormented in such wise?
 Lord Jesus Christ the Saviour,
 In whom my best hope lies,
 O give me strength that I may hush
 This vain man's blasphemies!
 Let him seek through the earth; 'tis long and broad:
 He will find fairer damsels, O my God!

He.

I have sought through Calabria,
 Lombardy, and Tuscany,
 Rome, Pisa, Lucca, Genoa,
 All between sea and sea:
 Yea, even to Babylon I went
 And distant Barbary:
 But not a woman found I anywhere
 Equal to thee, who art indeed most fair.

She.

If thou have all this love for me,
 Thou canst no better do
 Than ask me of my father dear
 And my dear mother too:
 They willing, to the abbey-church
 We will together go,
 And, before Advent, thou and I will wed;
 After the which, I'll do as thou hast said.

He.

These thy conditions, lady mine,
 Are altogether naught;
 Despite of them, I'll make a net
 Wherein thou shalt be caught.
 What, wilt thou put on wings to fly?
 Nay, but of wax they're wrought, —

They'll let thee fall to earth, not rise with thee :
So, if thou canst, then keep thyself from me.

She.

Think not to fright me with thy nets
And suchlike childish gear ;
I am safe pent within the walls
Of this strong castle here ;
A boy before he is a man
Could give me as much fear.
If suddenly thou get not hence again,
It is my prayer thou mayst be found and slain.

He.

Wouldst thou in very truth that I
Were slain, and for thy sake ?
Then let them hew me to such mince
As a man's limbs may make !
But meanwhile I shall not stir hence
Till of that fruit I take
Which thou hast in thy garden, ripe enough :
All day and night I thirst to think thereof.

She.

None have partaken of that fruit,
Not counts nor cavaliers :
Though many have reached up for it,
Barons and great seigneurs,
They all went hence in wrath because
They could not make it theirs.
Then how canst *thou* think to succeed alone
Who has not a thousand ounces of thine own ?

He.

How many nosegays I have sent
Unto thy house, sweet soul !
At least till I am put to proof,
This scorn of thine control.
For if the wind, so fair for thee,
Turn ever and wax foul,
Be sure that thou shalt say when all is done,
"Now is my heart heavy for him that's gone."

She.

If by my grief thou couldst be grieved,
God send me a grief soon!
I tell thee that though all my friends
Prayed me as for a boon,
Saying, "Even for the love of us,
Love thou this worthless loon," —
Thou shouldst not have the thing that thou dost hope.
No, verily; not for the realm o' the Pope.

He.

Now could I wish that I in truth
Were dead here in thy house:
My soul would get its vengeance then;
Once known, the thing would rouse
A rabble, and they'd point and say, —
"Lo! she that breaks her vows,
And, in her dainty chamber, stabs!" Love, see:
One strikes just thus: it is soon done, pardie!

She.

If now thou do not hasten hence,
(My curse companioning,) —
That my stout friends will find thee here
Is a most certain thing:
After the which, my gallant sir,
Thy points of reasoning
May chance, I think, to stand thee in small stead.
Thou hast no friend, sweet friend, to bring thee aid.

He.

Thou sayest truly, saying that
I have not any friend:
A landless stranger, lady mine,
None but his sword defend.
One year ago, my love began,
And now, is this the end?
Oh! the rich dress thou worest on that day
Since when thou art walking at my side alway!

She.

So 'twas my dress enamored thee!
What marvel? I did wear

A cloth of samite silver-flowered,
 And gems within my hair.
 But one more word; if on Christ's Book
 To wed me thou didst swear,
There's nothing now could win me to be thine:
I had rather make my bed in the sea-brine.

He.

And if thou make thy bed therein,
 Most courteous lady and bland,
 I'll follow all among the waves,
 Paddling with foot and hand;
 Then when the sea hath done with thee,
 I'll seek thee on the sand.
For I will not be conquered in this strife:
I'll wait, but win; or losing, lose my life.

She.

For Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Three times I cross myself.
 Thou art no godless heretic,
 Nor Jew, whose God's his pelf:
 Even as I know it then, meseems,
 Thou needs must know thyself
That woman, when the breath in her doth cease,
Lcseth all savor and all loveliness.

He.

Woe's me! Perforce it must be said
 No craft could then avail:
 So that if thou be thus resolved,
 I know my suit must fail.
 Then have some pity, of thy grace!
 Thou mayst, love, very well;
For though thou love not me, my love is such
That 'tis enough for both — yea, overmuch.

She.

Is it even so? Learn, then, that I
 Do love thee from my heart.
 To-morrow, early in the day,
 Come here, but now depart.
 By thine obedience in this thing
 I shall know what thou art,

And if thy love be real or nothing worth ;
Do but go now, and I am thine henceforth.

He.

Nay, for such promise, my own life,
I will not stir a foot.
I've said, if thou wouldst tear away
My love even from its root,
I have a dagger at my side
Which thou mayst take to do't :
But as for my going hence, it will not be.
O hate me not ! my heart is burning me.

She.

Think'st thou I know not that thy heart
Is hot and burns to death ?
Of all that thou or I can say,
But one word succoreth.
Till thou upon the Holy Book
Give me thy bounden faith,
God is my witness that I will not yield :
For with thy sword 'twere better to be killed.

He.

Then on Christ's Book, borne with me still
To read from and to pray,
(I took it, fairest, in a church,
The priest being gone away,)
I swear that my whole self shall be
Thine always from this day.
And now at once give joy for all my grief,
Lest my soul fly, that's thinner than a leaf.

She.

Now that this oath is sworn, sweet lord,
There is no need to speak :
My heart that was so strong before,
Now feels itself grow weak.
If any of my words were harsh,
Thy pardon : I am meek
Now, and will give thee entrance presently.
It is best so, sith so it was to be.

GUIDO CAVALCANTI.

CANZONE: A DISPUTE WITH DEATH.

"O SLUGGISH, hard, ingrate, what doest thou?
 Poor sinner, folded round with heavy sin,
 Whose life to find out joy alone is bent.
 I call thee, and thou fall'st to deafness now;
 And, deeming that my path whereby to win
 Thy seat is lost, there sitt'st thee down content,
 And hold'st me to thy will subservient.
 But I into thy heart have crept disguised:
 Among thy senses and thy sins I went,
 By roads thou didst not guess, unrecognized.
 Tears will not now suffice to bid me go,
 Nor countenance abased, nor words of woe."

Now when I heard the sudden dreadful voice
 Wake thus within to cruel utterance,
 Whereby the very heart of hearts did fail,
 My spirit might not any more rejoice,
 But fell from its courageous pride at once,
 And turned to fly, where flight may not avail.
 Then slowly 'gan some strength to reinhale
 The trembling life which heard that whisper speak,
 And had conceived the sense with sore travail;
 Till in the mouth it murmured, very weak,
 Saying: "Youth, wealth, and beauty, these have I:
 O Death! remit thy claim,—I would not die."

Small sign of pity in that aspect dwells
 Which then had scattered all my life abroad
 Till there was comfort with no single sense.
 And yet almost in piteous syllables,
 When I had ceased to speak, this answer flowed:
 "Behold what path is spread before thee hence;
 Thy life has all but a day's permanence.
 And is it for the sake of youth there seems
 In loss of human years such sore offense?
 Nay, look unto the end of youthful dreams.
 What present glory does thy hope possess,
 That shall not yield ashes and bitterness?"

But, when I looked on Death made visible,
 From my heart's sojourn brought before mine eyes,
 And holding in her hand my grievous sin,

I seemed to see my countenance, that fell,
 Shake like a shadow : my heart uttered cries,
 And my soul wept the curse that lay therein.
 Then Death : " Thus much thine urgent prayer shall win : --
 I grant thee the brief interval of youth
 At natural pity's strong soliciting."
 And I (because I knew that moment's ruth
 But left my life to groan for a frail space)
 Fell in the dust upon my weeping face.

So, when she saw me thus abashed and dumb,
 In loftier words she weighed her argument,
 That new and strange it was to hear her speak ;
 Saying : " The path thy fears withhold thee from
 Is thy best path. To folly be not shent,
 Nor shrink from me because thy flesh is weak.
 Thou seest how man is sore confused, and eke
 How ruinous Chance makes havoc of his life,
 And grief is in the joys that he doth seek ;
 Nor ever pauses the perpetual strife
 'Twixt fear and rage ; until beneath the sun
 His perfect anguish be fulfilled and done."

" O Death ! thou art so dark and difficult,
 That never human creature might attain
 By his own will to pierce thy secret sense ;
 Because, foreshadowing thy dread result,
 He may not put his trust in heart or brain,
 Nor power avails him, nor intelligence.
 Behold how cruelly thou takest hence
 These forms so beautiful and dignified,
 And chain'st them in thy shadow chill and dense,
 And forest them in narrow graves to hide ;
 With pitiless hate subduing still to thee
 The strength of man and woman's delicacy."

" Not for thy fear the less I come at last,
 For this thy tremor, for thy painful sweat.
 Take therefore thought to leave (for lo ! I call :)
 Kinfolk and comrades, all thou didst hold fast, —
 Thy father and thy mother, — to forget
 All these thy brethren, sisters, children, all.
 Cast sight and hearing from thee ; let hope fall ;
 Leave every sense and thy whole intellect,
 These things wherein thy life made festival :
 For I have wrought thee to such strange effect

That thou hast no more power to dwell with these
As living man. Let pass thy soul in peace."

Yea, Lord. O Thou, the Builder of the spheres,
Who, making me, didst shape me, of Thy grace,
In Thine own image and high counterpart;
Do Thou subdue my spirit, long perverse,
To weep within Thy will a certain space,
Ere yet Thy thunder come to rive my heart.
Set in my hand some sign of what Thou art,
Lord God, and suffer me to seek out Christ, —
Weeping, to seek Him in Thy ways apart;
Until my sorrow have at length sufficed
In some accepted instant to atone
For sins of thought, for stubborn evil done.

Disheveled and in tears, go, song of mine,
To break the hardness of the heart of man :
Say how his life began
From dust, and in that dust doth sink supine :
Yet, say, the unerring spirit of grief shall guide
His soul, being purified,
To seek its Maker at the heavenly shrine.

FAZIO DEGLI UBERTI.

CANZONE: HIS PORTRAIT OF HIS LADY, ANGIOLA OF VERONA.

I LOOK at the crisp golden-threaded hair
Whereof, to thrall my heart, Love twists a net :
Using at times a string of pearls for bait,
And sometimes with a single rose therein.
I look into her eyes which unaware
Through mine own eyes to my heart penetrate ;
Their splendor, that is excellently great,
To the sun's radiance seeming near akin,
Yet from herself a sweeter light to win.
So that I, gazing on that lovely one,
Discourse in this wise with my secret thought : —
" Woe's me ! why am I not,
Even as my wish, alone with her alone, —
That hair of hers, so heavily uplaid,
To shed down braid by braid,
And make myself two mirrors of her eyes
Within whose light all other glory dies ? "

I look at the amorous, beautiful mouth,
 The spacious forehead which her locks inclose,
 The small white teeth, the straight and shapely nose,
 And the clear brows of a sweet penciling.
 And then the thought within me gains full growth,
 Saying, "Be careful that thy glance now goes
 Between her lips, red as an open rose,
 Quite full of every dear and precious thing;
 And listen to her gracious answering,
 Born of the gentle mind that in her dwells,
 Which from all things can glean the nobler half.
 Look thou when she doth laugh
 How much her laugh is sweeter than aught else."
 Thus evermore my spirit makes avow
 Touching her mouth; till now
 I would give anything that I possess,
 Only to hear her mouth say frankly, "Yes."

I look at her white, easy neck, so well
 From shoulders and from bosom lifted out;
 And at her round cleft chin, which beyond doubt
 No fancy in the world could have designed.
 And then, with longing grown more voluble,
 "Were it not pleasant now," pursues my thought,
 "To have that neck within thy two arms caught,
 And kiss it till the mark were left behind?"
 Then, urgently: "The eyelids of thy mind
 Open thou: if such loveliness be given
 To sight here, — what of that which she doth hide?
 Only the wondrous ride
 Of sun and planets through the visible heaven
 Tells us that there beyond is Paradise.
 Thus, if thou fix thine eyes,
 Of a truth certainly thou must infer
 That every earthly joy abides in her."

I look at the large arms, so lithe and round, —
 At the hands, which are white and rosy too, —
 At the long fingers, clasped and woven through,
 Bright with the ring which one of them doth wear.
 Then my thought whispers: "Were thy body wound
 Within those arms, as loving women's do,
 In all thy veins were born a life made new
 Which thou couldst find no language to declare.
 Behold, if any picture can compare

With her just limbs, each fit in shape and size,
 Or match her angel's color like a pearl.
 She is a gentle girl
 To see; yet when it needs, her scorn can rise.
 Meek, bashful, and in all things temperate,
 Her virtue holds its state;
 In whose least act there is that gift expressed
 Which of all reverence makes her worthiest."

Soft as a peacock steps she, or as a stork
 Straight on herself, taller and statelier:
 'Tis a good sight how every limb doth stir
 Forever in a womanly sweet way.
 "Open thy soul to see God's perfect work,"
 (My thought begins afresh,) "and look at her
 When with some lady-friend exceeding fair
 She bends and mingles arms and locks in play.
 Even as all lesser lights vanish away,
 When the sun moves, before his dazzling face,
 So is this lady brighter than all these.
 How should she fail to please, —
 Love's self being no more than her loveliness?
 In all her ways some beauty springs to view;
 All that she loves to do
 Tends alway to do her honor's single scope:
 And only from good deeds she draws her hope."

Song, thou canst surely say, without pretense,
 That since the first fair woman ever made,
 Not one can have displayed
 More power upon all hearts than this one doth,
 Because in her are both
 Loveliness and the soul's true excellence: —
 And yet (woe's me!) is pity absent thence?

THE DAMSEL OF THE LAUREL.

BY PETRARCH.

(Translated by Charles Bagot Cayley.)

[PETRARCH (Francesco Petrarca), the famous Italian lyric poet and scholar, was the son of a Florentine notary named Petracco, who was exiled at the same time with Dante and settled in Arezzo. Here Petrarch was born, July 20, 1304, and when eight years old removed to the papal city of Avignon, where he began his education. Later he spent seven years in the study of law at Montpellier and Bologna, but his own inclinations led him to devote attention to the Latin classics. It was at Avignon that he first met Laura, who exercised such a great influence on his life. She is now generally identified with Laure de Noves, who married Hugo de Sade in 1325, two years before her meeting with the poet. In 1353 Petrarch left Avignon; resided in various cities in northern Italy, being chiefly employed on various diplomatic missions; and died at the village of Arquà, near Padua, July 18, 1374. Petrarch himself based his hopes of immortality upon his Latin works, particularly upon "Africa," an epic poem, for which he received a laurel crown at Rome. But he is now remembered solely for the "Rime" or "Canzonière," comprising sonnets and odes in honor of Laura. They are among the earliest Italian lyrics.]

YOUNG was the damsel under the green laurel,
Whom I beheld more white and cold than snow
By sun unsmitten, many, many years.
I found her speech and lovely face and hair
So pleasing that I still before my eyes
Have and shall have them, both on wave and shore.

My thoughts will only then have come to shore
When one green leaf shall not be found on laurel;
Nor still can be my heart, nor dried my eyes,
Till freezing fire appear and burning snow.
So many single hairs make not my hair
As for one day like this I would wait years.

But seeing how Time flits, and fly the years,
And suddenly Death bringeth us ashore,
Perhaps with brown, perhaps with hoary hair,
I will pursue the shade of that sweet laurel
Through the sun's fiercest heat and o'er the snow
Until the latest day shall close my eyes.

There never have been seen such glorious eyes,
Either in our age or in eldest years;

And they consume me as the sun does snow:
Wherefore Love leads my tears, like streams ashore,
Under the foot of that obdurate laurel,
Which boughs of adamant hath and golden hair.

Sooner will change, I dread, my face and hair
Than truly will turn on me pitying eyes
Mine Idol, which is carved in living laurel:
For now, if I miscount not, full seven years
A sighing have I gone from shore to shore,
By night and day, through drought and through the snow.

All fire within and all outside pale snow,
Alone with these my thoughts, with altered hair,
I shall go weeping over every shore, —
Belike to draw compassion to men's eyes,
Not to be born for the next thousand years,
If so long can abide well-nurtured laurel.

But gold and sunlit topazes on snow
Are passed by her pale hair, above those eyes
By which my years are brought so fast ashore.



SONNETS OF PETRARCH.

TRANSLATED BY RICHARD GARNETT.

(Written during Laura's life.)

YE who attend the desultory flow
Of sighing strains whereon my heart I fed,
Young on youth's path of devious error sped,
And other man in part than I am now:
On song mid words and tears swayed to and fro,
By idle hope and idle grief bested,
He, whom Life's hand on ways of Love hath led,
Pardon, I hope, yea, pity will bestow.
But well I mark how byword I became
Long in the people's mouth, and often hence
I droop dejected in mine own esteem:

And for the fruit of folly gather shame,
Self-condemnation, and intelligence
That all brief joy of earth is but a dream.

The southern window where one Sun is shown
When such its will, one only at noontide;
The window of the north, where cold airs chide,
In briefest days by breath of Boreas blown;
The rock whereon in open day alone
My Lady sits and lets her fancies glide;
And every spot that e'er, beatified,
Her veiling shadow or light foot hath known;
And pass where I by Love was overta'en;
And novel Spring awakening ancient smart
As other Aprils come with other years;
And words and looks that in the midmost heart
Imprinted ineffaceably remain;
Persuade mine eyes to render up their tears.

Blessed for aye the day, the month, the year,
Season and time, and hour, and moment's space,
And lovely land and favorable place,
Where on my neck was laid the yoke I bear!
And blest the tender trouble and sweet care
Begot when Love and I did first embrace:
And blest the bow and shaft whose ruddy trace
The heart in its deep core shall ever wear!
And words unsummed wherewith my Lady's name,
So oft invoked, upon the air I sped;
And sighing and lament, and passion's flame;
And blest all songs and music that have spread
Her laud afar; and thought that comes and came
For her alone, unto all other dead.

Now that so many times, so many ways,
We proof have made of man's uncertain lot,
Urto the Good Supreme, that faileth not,
Our errant hearts reverting let us raise.
Man's life is as a mead, where winds and strays
The serpent in green herb and flowery plot,
And, be some charm from goodly prospect got,
'Tis but the more the drowsy soul to daze.

Be the few wise your guides, ye who would reach
 Untroubled life, and calm of closing day;
 And clamor of the rabble disavow.
 But of myself what hear I? Thou dost teach,
 Friend, the right road whence thou thyself didst stray
 So oft, and never yet so far as now.

River, this husk of me well mayest thou
 Bear on thy fleet and potent flood away,
 But the free soul these veils of flesh array
 Not to thy might or other might doth bow.
 Scorning all shifts of sail or helm or prow,
 Direct on favoring breeze she takes her way;
 Wind, wave, and sheet and oar her nothing stay,
 Bound upon beating wing to golden bough.
 Po, king of rivers, first in pride and might,
 Encountering the sun when day he leads,
 And fairer light forsaking in the West;
 'Tis but my earthly part thy torrent speeds:
 The other, in soft plumes of Love bedight,
 Wings back her way to her beloved nest.

Oblivion for her freight, my bark divides
 Wild seas, 'twixt Scylla and Charybdis borne
 At wintry midnight, o'er her course forlorn
 My Lord — say rather enemy — presides.
 At every oar a fierce dark thought derides
 Death and the hurricane it holds in scorn;
 And sails by drenching blasts are split and torn
 Of sighs, hopes, passions, storming on all sides.
 Tears fall in torrents, angers rise in mist
 To soak and slack the tackling's fretted cord
 Of ignorance and error jointly wound.
 The two sweet stars which guided me are missed;
 Reason and Skill have perished overboard;
 Methinks the haven hardly shall be found.

Stand we here, Love, our glory to survey;
 Things Nature overpassing, wondrous, new;
 Behold what sweet of her doth Earth imbue;
 Behold what light in her doth Heaven display.
 See Art impearl, impurple, gild the array
 Of mortal charms none other may indue;
 See her feet traverse and her eyes review
 The cloistered vales of her enshadowed way.

Herbage and troops of many-tinted flowers
 Sprinkled beneath yon old dark ilex-stem
 Pray for her tender foot's imprinted trace :
 And starry sparks, alit as evening lowers,
 Throb mid transparent skies that joy with them
 To image the sereneness of her face.

Boons but to few by liberal Heaven allowed,
 Higher that mere humanity can find ;
 Gray wisdom 'neath a golden brow confined ;
 Beauty divine in lowly woman bowed :
 Secrets of fascinations unavowed ;
 Melody making echo in the mind ;
 Carriage angelic ; spirit none can bind,
 Breaking the stubborn, tamer of the proud :
 And eyes at whose command the heart stands still,
 Potent the soul to ravish and replace,
 And light bestow on darkness and abyss :
 Converse high, eloquent, and affable
 Of silvery speech with sighing interspace —
 These spells have wrought my metamorphosis.

(Written after Laura's death.)

The lofty Column and the Laurel green,
 Whose shade was shelter for my weary thought,
 Are broken ; mine no longer that which sought
 North, south, and east and west shall not be seen.
 Ravished by Death the treasures twain have been
 Whereby I wended with glad courage fraught,
 By land or lordship ne'er to be rebought,
 Or golden heap or gem of Orient sheen.
 If this the high arbitrament of Fate,
 What else remains for me than visage bent,
 And eye embathed and spirit desolate ?
 O life of man, in prospect excellent !
 What scarce slow striving years accumulate
 So lightly in a morning to be spent !

If plaintive note of birds, or rustle lent
 To swaying bough by breeze of summertide,
 Or muffled murmur of clear streams that glide
 On channelled path 'twixt flowers and grasses pent,

Comes where I sit and write on Love intent;
 Then her whom Heaven revealed, and Earth doth hide,
 I see and feel and know, how, from my side
 Sundered so far, she answers my lament.
 Why thus before the time wear life away?
 She pitying saith, wherefore incessant run
 Thine eyes with bitter waters? weep, I pray,
 No more for me, who endless life have won
 By death, and opened to eternal day
 The eyes I seemed to shut unto the Sun.

The eyes whose praise I penned with glowing thought,
 And countenance and limbs and all fair worth
 That sundered me from men of mortal birth,
 From them dissevered, in myself distraught:
 The clustering locks, with golden glory fraught;
 The sudden-shining smile, as angels' mirth,
 Wonted to make a paradise on earth;
 Are now a little dust, that feels not aught.
 Still have I life, who rail and rage at it,
 Lorn of Love's light that solely Life endears;
 Mastless before the hurricane I flit;
 Be this my last of lays to mortal ears;
 Dried is the ancient fountain of my wit,
 And all my music melted into tears.

Recalling the sweet look and golden head
 So lowly bent, whereof now Heaven is proud,
 Visage angelic, tones not ever loud,
 Whose music joy, whose memory woe hath bred;
 Certes, I now were numbered with the dead,
 Had not that One, of whom 'tis not avowed
 If chaster or more beauteous, earthward bowed,
 At dawn's approach unto my succor sped.
 How pure in pious tenderness our greeting!
 With what attention doth she note and weigh
 The long sad tale I ever am repeating!
 Till smitten by the morning's vanward ray,
 With dewy cheek and eye she fades, retreating
 To Heaven, as one familiar with the way.

MEDIÆVAL PERSIAN POETS.

SADI, RÚMI, JAMI.

By EDWARD B. COWELL.

[EDWARD B. COWELL, the famous Orientalist, and friend of Edward Fitzgerald, whom he turned to the Oriental studies which immortalized him, was born 1826 ; educated at Magdalen College, Oxford ; in 1856 became Professor of History in the Presidency College, Calcutta, and in 1858 principal of the Government Sanskrit College as well. Returning to England in 1864, in 1867 he was made Professor of Sanskrit in Cambridge University. His life work, besides the college lectures, has been the editing and translation of Sanskrit and other Hindu works, and the preparation of text-books. Died in 1903.]

PERSIAN poetry, as we see it in its highest efforts, possesses a peculiar charm, not more from the novelty of its images, than the warm atmosphere of poetic feeling, which bathes them as with a tropic glow. The poet projects himself everywhere : nature and life present themselves to his view, deeply colored by his present emotions, while he sings. Hence the higher Persian poetry is rarely descriptive : it rarely bursts out into that enthusiastic admiration of Nature in herself, which forms so marked a feature in all the poetry of the Hindus. Persian poets may describe the aspects of Nature, under the varying succession of the seasons, but they paint them from the head rather than the heart ; their pictures are vague and indefinite ; and instead of opening their bosoms to the impulse and inspiration of the hour, they too often weary us with extravagant metaphors, or bewilder us with inexplicable conceits.

The peculiar feature of Persian poetry — its distinguishing charm — is the mystical tone which universally pervades it. This mystical tone is not confined to mere isolated passages ; with but few exceptions it extends its influence everywhere. By this we do not mean that it is everywhere obtruding itself ; for this perpetual intrusion would annihilate the charm, one main element of which consists in the vague and undefined feeling of its presence. The outer form of the poem may appear a romance or a song ; it may tell of the loves of Yusuf and Zulaikha, or of Majnun and Laili ; or it may plant us by the bowers of Mosella, amid the light-hearted revelry of the wine-worshipers of Shiraz, and to the idle listener the words may have conveyed nothing more. But just as in Caldron's comedy of "The Open Secret" (*El Secreto à Voces*), the very words, which to common persons of the drama only conveyed

a common meaning, bore to the two partners of the secret the whole history of their sorrows and joys, so to the ear, which is rightly attuned, in these utterances of the Persian Muse, echoes of a deeper harmony untwine themselves from the confusion of sounds. This mystical meaning never obtrudes itself; we may, if we will, pass it by, confining ourselves exclusively to those passages which sing of a mortal love, or an earthly summer and wine. But the vague and undefined shadow remains; the feeling of a greater presence will still hang over us; and

“Memories of his music shall descend
With the pure spirits of the sunless hours,
Sink through our hearts, like dew into the flowers,
And haunt us without end.”

The following ode of Hafiz will serve as an interesting specimen of a large class of these poems: it appears to be addressed to an earthly object, who is apparently dissatisfied with the poet's mystic idolatry; and the ode seems intended to justify his abstracted passion, while it shows (like Spenser's odes to heavenly and earthly love) how —

“Beauty is not, as fond men misdeem,
An outward show of things, that only seem.”

When thou hearest the words of the wise, say not, there is an error;
Oh, heart-stealer, thou knowest not their meaning, — the error is here.

My thoughts stoop not to the present or futurity;
Allah be blessed for the passion which rages in my heart!
Wounded as I am, there is something, I know not what, within my soul,

Which, while I keep silence, bursts forth in loud and tumultuous cries.

My heart rushes forth from the veil; where art thou, oh minstrel?
Or raise that lament again; at its note my hopes revive.
Never have I paid regard to the things of the world;
For it was thy cheek, which in my eyes adorned it so fair.
I cannot sleep for the image, which I carry with me at night;
The languor of an hundred sleepless nights is mine, — where is the wine-tavern?

For this in the Magian's wine-tavern they hold me in honor,
For in my heart is burning the perpetual fire.

What melody was that which the minstrel played?
Life hath passed, yet the echo still fills my soul.

Last night they raised within me the proclamation of thy love,
And the chambers of Hafiz's breast still ring to the sound!

There is a similar passage in the poet Jami : —

In this wine-tavern of pleasant stories,
I hear no echo of the heavenly strain.
My friends have drunk wine and are gone,
They have emptied the tavern and are gone!
And I see no wise man among the idle revelers,
In whose hand is a cup of the mystic wine.

Another of Hafiz's wilder odes, which we subjoin, will help to give the English reader a very different idea of his poetry to that usually entertained. We have been too much accustomed to consider his works, as indeed those of most of the Persian poets, as the careless effusions of the Eastern reveler, absorbed in the pleasures of the hour,—effusions bright, indeed, with all the rich hues of Eastern coloring, like the skies over his head, or the gardens around him, but yet transient as the summer's roses, or the nightingale's notes which welcomed them. This may be true of much of Eastern poetry as regards its form; but under all this outer imagery lies an inner meaning of far other and more permanent interest, where feelings and desires of the soul find an utterance, which we should in vain seek in the pagan literature of Greece or Rome.

My heart's phoenix is on the wing,—the highest heaven is its nest;
Sick of the body's cage, and weary of the world,
When once it takes its flight from off this heap of ashes,
Once more will it fix its roost at the gate of that rose-garden.
When once it flies from the world, the Sidrah tree shall be its home,
For know that our loved one's resting-place is on heaven's highest
pinnacle.

In the two worlds it hath no home save high above the highest
heaven;

Of knowledge is its essence, and in all space is not found its place.
On the head of the world shall many a shadow of good fortune fall,
If once our phoenix pass over it with its wings outspread.
Oh Hafiz, forlorn as thou art, while thou proclaimest the unity of
God,
Write with the pen of his grace on the pages of Spirits and Man-
kind!

Our space will not allow us to enter into any detailed account of the peculiar doctrines of the Sufis; but there is the

less need for such details, as the various sects among them are by no means agreed on the several points of their system. Sir John Malcolm has well said that "the essence of Sufeyism is poetry," as, indeed, the Persian temperament might easily lead us to anticipate. The value or interest of its philosophy does not consist in its logical accuracy, or the pitiless rigor of its deductive method, such as we cannot help admiring in the Pantheistic subtleties of the Hindu; for those qualities are totally foreign to the Persian mind. Sufeyism, in fact, has risen from the bosom of Mohammedanism, as a vague protest of the human soul in its instinctive longings after a purer creed. Music, Poetry, and the Arts are the unconscious aspirations of the soul, as it hurries along in its restless impulses through the world, stung by the echo of *Alast!* yet ringing in its ear, but with no visible object to claim the passionate adoration which it burns to pour forth. The odes of Sufeyism, as we find them in the *diváns* of Hafiz and Jelaleddin, are supposed to be the natural expression of these vague and mysterious longings; in these its dumb and struggling aspirations find a voice, while it passes from stage to stage in the journey of Sufi development, learning to recognize the divine origin with continually clearer intuition, as it gradually escapes from matter and its selfish tendencies.

Human speech, however, is weak and imperfect; and, since ordinary language is only framed to convey the daily wants and impressions of mankind, these higher experiences of the soul can only be represented by symbols and metaphors. Hence the Sufi poets adopt a form of expression which to the uninitiated ear can convey no such depth of meaning. Under the veil of an earthly passion, and the woes of a temporal separation, they disguise the dark riddle of human life, and the celestial banishment, which lies beyond the threshold of existence; and under the joys of revelry and intoxication they figure mystical transports and divine ecstasies. In the words of their great *Manlá*, "they profess eager desire, but with no carnal affection, and circulate the cup, but no material goblet; since all things are spiritual in their sect, all is mystery within mystery." To similar purport speaks the poet Jami, —

Sometimes the wine, sometimes the cup I call thee;

Sometimes the lure, sometimes the net I call thee.

Except thy name, there is no letter on the tablet of the universe;

Say by what appellation shall I call thee?

Persian poetry may be lyrical, as in the odes of Hafiz, or romantic, as in the Yusuf of Jami, or it may string together moral apologues, as in the Rose-garden of Sadi; but nearly all the Persian poets were Sufis, and Sufeyism formed the burden of their song. Thus, amidst all the moving pictures of Jami's celebrated romance, which float before the reader's eye like some gorgeous panorama of Eastern scenery,—amidst all the various scenes of Zulaikha's hopes, disappointments, and despair, there comes ever and anon the mystic voice of the poet, as the hierophant's to the awestruck ἐπόπτης in some pageant of the ancient mysteries,—reminding us in a few pregnant couplets that it is no mere common love story which he is singing, but something of older date,—a sorrow, whose birth-time stretches far back

“Into the deep immortal ancient time.”

* * * * *

We pass on to Sadi of Shiraz, who flourished in the thirteenth century, and whose Gulistán or Rose-garden has long enjoyed something of a European celebrity, having been published at Amsterdam in 1651, by Gentius, with an uncouth Latin translation. Sadi's writings are a very favorable specimen of those collections of moral apologues which are so popular in the East. His two best works are the Gulistán and Bostán; the former in prose, interspersed with distichs and quatrains, and sometimes with longer poems; the latter entirely in verse. The Gulistán has been translated by Professor Eastwick, who has also edited the original text, and from his translation we give the following very graceful fable:—

I saw some handfuls of the rose in bloom,
With bands of grass suspended from a dome.
I said, “What means this worthless grass, that it
Should in the rose's fairy circle sit?”
Then wept the grass, and said, “Be still! and know
The kind their old associates ne'er forego.
Mine is no beauty, hue, or fragrance, true!
But in the garden of my Lord I grew.”

The Bostán has never been translated into English, although much of it well deserves it. Sadi, unlike many Eastern authors, is never wearisome; his stories are always short, and his remarks pithy and to the point. His vein of poetry is not of the highest order; but his thoughts are graceful, and his

language exquisitely polished; and there is a genial fund of strong good sense and humor, which never fails to refresh the reader. The following apologue will not be new to some readers, for Jeremy Taylor has given it from a Jewish source in his "Liberty of Prophesying," yet it may still come with a certain novelty and freshness in the form of a genuine Oriental apologue of Sadi.

I have heard, that for one whole week no wayfarer
 Came to the open tent of the "friend of God."
 With no happy heart would he take his morning meal,
 Unless some forlorn wanderer came in from the desert.
 Forth he fared from his tent, and looked on every side,
 To the skirts of the valley did he direct his gaze.
 There saw he an old man, like a willow, alone in the desert,
 His head and hair white with the snows of age.
 With affectionate kindness he bade him welcome;
 After the manner of the munificent he made his salutation:
 "Oh, thou," he said, "who art dear as the apple of mine eye,
 Deign to honor me by partaking of my bread and salt!"
 With a glad assent the old man leaped up and set forth,
 For well knew he the saint's character, — on whom be peace.
 The servants in charge of Abraham's tent
 Placed in the seat of honor that poor old man;
 And the master bade them make ready to eat,
 And they all sate in order round the table.
 But when they commenced their solemn grace in the name of God,
 They heard no response from the old man's lips.
 Abraham said to him, "Oh, old man of ancient days,
 I see not in thee the religion and devotion of age;
 Is it not thy custom, when thou eatest bread,
 To name the name of the Lord, who giveth that daily meed?"
 He answered, "I never practice customs,
 Which I have not learned from the old priest of the Fire-worshippers!"
 Then knew the prophet of blessed omen
 That the old man was a lost unbeliever;
 And he drove him ignominiously from his tent,
 When he saw the stranger in his foulness in the presence of the pure.
 Then came there an angel from the glorious Creator,
 And with awful majesty rebuked the prophet;
 "For a hundred years, oh Abraham, have I given him daily food
 and life;
 And canst not thou bear his presence for a single hour?"

The following apologue from the Gulistân may remind us of the well-known story of the Greek philosopher, who, when

asked to explain the nature of God, demanded a day to consider his answer, and on the morrow demanded a second respite, and so on for each succeeding day ; until at last he confessed his inability to grapple with the problem, each day only serving to bring out more of its vastness, as he thought over it.

A holy man bowed his head on the bosom of contemplation, and was immersed in the ocean of mystic reverie. When he recovered from his vision, one of his friends said to him, "From that garden, where you have been, what gift have you brought for us?" He answered, "I purposed in my heart, that, when I reached the rose-bush, I would fill my lap with the flowers, and bring them as a present to my friends ; but when I came there, the scent of the rose so intoxicated me that my garment slipped from my hands !"

Our next author is Jelaleddin Rúmi, who was born at Balkh, in Khorassan, about the beginning of the thirteenth century, and died in 1260, having passed the whole of his life as a Sufi.

His great work is the *Mesnavi*, a long poem in six *defters*, or cantos, in many respects one of the most remarkable productions of the Eastern mind. It is written in the form of apologues. Amidst these stories are interspersed, with no sparing hand, long digressions of Sufi doctrine, which are continually leading us away from the apologue to the obscurest depths of mysticism. The stories themselves are generally easy, and told in a delightful style ; but the disquisitions which interrupt them are often "darker than the darkest oracles," and unintelligible even to the Persians themselves without a copious commentary. When he is clear, no Persian poet can surpass his depth of thought or beauty of imagery ; the flow of fine things runs on unceasing as from a river-god's urn. The apologue which we have selected is only a specimen among many such which might tempt insertion ; we have omitted all the mystical digressions, which here, as elsewhere, mar the clear flow of the story ; and we give the fable in its own simplicity, leaving it to speak for itself of the mystical moral which it is intended to convey.

There was once a merchant, who had a parrot,
A parrot fair to view, confined in a cage ;
And when the merchant prepared for a journey,
He resolved to bend his way towards Hindustan.
Every servant and maid in his generosity

He asked what present he should bring them home,
 And each one named what he severally wished,
 And to each one the good master promised his desire.
 Then he said to the parrot, "And what gift wishest thou,
 That I should bring to thee from Hindustan?"
 The parrot replied, "When thou seest the parrots there,
 Oh, bid them know of my condition.
 Tell them, that 'a parrot, who longs for their company,
 Through heaven's decree is confined in my cage.
 He sends you his salutation, and demands his right,
 And seeks from you help and counsel.
 He says, "Is it right I in my longings
 Should pine and die in this prison through separation?
 Is it right that I should be here fast in this cage,
 While you dance at will on the grass and the trees?
 Is this the fidelity of friends,
 I here in a prison, and you in a grove?
 Oh remember, I pray you, that bower of ours,
 And our morning draughts in the olden time;
 Oh remember all our ancient friendships,
 And all the festive days of our intercourse!"'"
 The merchant received its message,
 The salutation which he was to bear to its fellows;
 And when he came to the borders of Hindustan,
 He beheld a number of parrots in the desert.
 He stayed his horse, and he lifted his voice,
 And he repeated his message, and deposited his trust;
 And one of those parrots suddenly fluttered,
 And fell to the ground, and presently died.
 Bitterly did the merchant repent his words;
 "I have slain," he cried, "a living creature.
 Perchance this parrot and my little bird were close of kin,
 The bodies perchance were two and their souls one.
 Why did I this? why gave I the message?
 I have consumed a helpless victim by my foolish words!
 My tongue is as flint, and my lips as steel;
 And the words that burst from them are sparks of fire.
 Strike not together in thy folly the flint and steel,
 Whether for the sake of kind words or vain boasting;
 The world around is as a cotton-field by night;
 In the midst of cotton, how shall the sparks do no harm?"
 The merchant at length completed his traffic,
 And he returned right glad to his home once more.
 To every servant he brought a present,
 To every maid he gave a token;

And the parrot said, "Where is my present?
 Tell all that thou hast said and seen!"
 He answered, "I repeated thy complaints
 To that company of parrots, thy old companions,
 And one of those birds, when it inhaled the breath of thy sorrow
 Broke its heart, and fluttered, and died."
 And when the parrot heard what its fellow had done,
 It too fluttered, and fell down, and died.
 When the merchant beheld it thus fall,
 Up he sprang, and dashed his cap to the ground,
 "Oh, alas!" he cried, "my sweet and pleasant parrot,
 Companion of my bosom and sharer of my secrets!
 Oh alas! alas! and again alas!
 That so bright a moon is hidden under a cloud!"
 After this, he threw its body out of the cage;
 And lo! the little bird flew to a lofty bough.
 The merchant stood amazed at what it had done,
 Utterly bewildered he pondered its mystery.
 It answered, "Yon parrot taught me by its action:
 'Escape,' it told me, 'from speech and articulate voice,
 Since it was thy voice that brought thee into prison;'
 And to prove its own words itself did die."
 It then gave the merchant some words of wise counsel,
 And at last bade him a long farewell.
 "Farewell, my master, thou hast done me a kindness,
 Thou hast freed me from the bond of this tyranny.
 Farewell, my master, I fly towards home;
 Thou shalt one day be free like me!"

Besides the Mesnavi, Jelaleddin also wrote a collection (or Diwán) of mystical odes, which are full of very remarkable passages. The following has been rendered into English verse by the late Professor Falconer, in the *Asiatic Journal* of 1842: his translation, which we subjoin, is not less admirable for fidelity to the spirit of the original than for elegance of diction as a composition:—

Seeks thy spirit to be gifted
 With a deathless life?
 Let it seek to be uplifted
 O'er earth's storm and strife.
 Spurn its joys—its ties dis sever;
 Hopes and fears divest;
 Thus aspire to live forever—
 Be forever blest!

Faith and doubt leave far behind thee;
 Cease to love or hate;
 Let no Time's illusions blind thee;
 Thou shalt Time outdate.

Merge thine individual being
 In the Eternal's love;
 All this sensuous nature fleeing
 For pure bliss above.

Earth receives the seed and guards it;
 Trustfully it dies;
 Then with teeming life rewards it
 For self-sacrifice!

With green leaf and clustering blossom
 Clad, and golden fruit,
 See it from earth's cheerless bosom
 Ever sunward shoot!

Thus, when self-abased, Man's spirit
 From each earthly tie
 Rises disenthralled t' inherit
 Immortality!

The following extract from the same work will show how Jelaeddin, and indeed the Sufis generally, endeavor to sublime the letters of Mohammedanism, in order to express their own more elevated views,—how they adopt the various formulæ of the creed, while they expand them indefinitely by their own system of interpretation. To enable our readers to understand its allusions, we add the following extract from Sir John Malcolm: "Mohammed's doctrine is termed Islâm, faith is termed Inâm, *i.e.* a belief of the creed; and religion in its practical sense Deen. The duties of religion or practice are prayer according to the prescribed forms, alms, fasting, and the pilgrimage to Mecca."

Oh! thou who layest a claim to Islâm,
 Without the inner meaning thy claim hath no stability.
 Learn what are the pillars of the Mussulman's creed,—
 Fasting, pilgrimage, prayer and alms.
 Know that fasting is abstinence from the fashions of mankind,
 For in the eye of the soul this is the true mortification.
 Pilgrimage to the place of the wise

Is to find escape from the flame of separation.
 Alms are the flinging at His feet
 All else beside Him in the whole range of possibilities.
 Depart from self that thou may'st be joined to him,
 Wash thy hands of self that thou may'st obtain thy prayer.
 If thou fulfillest these four "pillars of Islām,"
 In the path of religion (deen) a thousand souls of mine are thy
 ransom!

The odes of Hafiz, which Western readers have been taught to regard as the careless effusions of an epicurean votary of pleasure, are regarded in a far different light in the East, where, supported by traditional interpretation and the precedent of so many avowed mystical writings, the Sufis have unanimously claimed him as their own. That in Hafiz's poems the tone of mysticism is far less open and unequivocal than in those of Jelaeddin, we readily admit, and in many of his odes a European reader would hardly recognize its existence; but in others it stands out in such a marked prominence that it at once arrests the attention, and it is, we believe, by the light of these that the former are to be truly understood. We have already given two odes, which no system of interpretation can narrow down to earth and time; and we now add two others, which although on the surface they do not wear such a Sufi form, are yet, we believe, to be understood in the same symbolical sense:—

The red rose is in bloom, and the nightingale is intoxicated, —
 'Tis the proclamation of gladness, ye mystical worshipers of wine.
 The foundations of our penitence, whose solidity seemed as of stone, —
 See this cup of glass, how easily hath it shattered them!
 Bring wine, for in the audience-hall of the Spirit's Independence
 What is sentinel or sultan, what the wise man or the intoxicated?
 Since from this caravanserai with its two gates departure is inevitable,
 What matter whether the arch of life's lodging be high or low?
 Only by toil and pain can the post of joy be won;
 Yea, they have affixed the condition of evil to the compact of Alast.
 For existence or non-existence vex not thy soul, — be glad of heart;
 For non-existence is the end of every perfection that is.
 The pomp of Asaf, and his steed of the wind, and his flying circle
 of birds, —

All have passed to the wind and their lord derived no profit!
 Rise not on the wing to quit the path, for the winged arrow
 Takes the air for a little space, but it sinks to the earth at last!
 The tongue of thy pen, oh Hafiz, what thanks shall it utter,
 That men carry the gift of thy words from hand to hand!

The following ode has more of passion than we usually find in Hafiz ; several of the couplets are admirable examples of that extreme condensation of thought, which so strongly characterizes his poetry, in contradistinction to other Persian writers : —

Should a thousand enemies purpose my destruction,
 If thou art my friend, I care not for enemies.
 'Tis the hope of thy presence which keeps me alive ;
 Else in a hundred ways from thy absence am I threatened by death.
 Unless every moment I inhale thy odor from the breeze,
 Every minute for sorrow shall I rend my collar, like the rose.
 Whither shall I go ? what shall I do ? what help shall I devise ?
 For I am slain by the tortures of Fortune's tyranny.
 Can my eyes, for thy image, fall into sleep ? Away with the thought !
 Can my heart be patient under thy absence ? God forbid !
 If thou smitest the blow, it is well, for thou art the plaster,
 If thou givest the poison, it is well, for thou art the antidote.
 Death from the stroke of thy sword is to me life immortal ;
 The only value of life is to offer it a sacrifice to thee.
 I will not turn my reins, if thou smitest me with thy scimiter ;
 I will make my head my shield, nor raise my hand from the saddle-
 bow.

How should every eye see thee as thou art ?
 Every one comprehends according to his power of seeing,
 Hafiz will then be honored in the eyes of men,
 When he lays the head of poverty in the dust at thy door.

We can only add a brief account of Jami, a poet of the fifteenth century, whose seven poems (called in Persia "The Seven Thrones") abound with beautiful passages, and are likewise deeply imbued with Persian mysticism. We have already alluded to his poem on the loves of Yusuf and Zulaikha ; we therefore confine our extracts to two of his other works.

The first of these, the *Tuhfat-ul-Ahrâr*, or the Gift of the Noble, is a collection of mystical apologies, interspersed with short digressions on various points of Sufi doctrine. . . .

The other poem, the *Salâmân* and *Absâl*, is an allegory, which describes the connection of the soul and the body under the form of a love story, and relates the gradual disentanglement of the soul from material ties, as it rises nearer and nearer to the contemplation of heavenly beauty. From it we select the opening invocation, one of the most remarkable passages in the whole range of Persian poetry. The reader of Sufi

writings is continually reminded how near at times the more passionate language of St. Augustine or St. Bernard approaches that of the great Sufi poets, if we only modify the Pantheism, which is so native to the East.

Oh! Thou whose memory refreshes the lover's soul,
 The water of whose kindness moistens the lover's tongue,
 From Thee hath fallen a shadow of the world,
 And earth's fair ones have traded on this as their whole capital.
 Earth's lovers fall in homage before that shadow,
 At the sight of that capital they are filled with frenzy.
 Ere from Laili rose the secrets of Thy beauty,
 Her love excited no flame in Majnun.
 Ere thou hadst made Shérin's lips like sugar,
 Her two lovers' hearts were not filled with blood.
 Ere thou hadst given Azrá her silver cheeks,
 No quicksilver tears filled Wámik's eyes.
 From Thee, and Thee alone, comes mention of beauty and love;
 Lover and loved, there is none save Thee.
 The beauty of earth's fair ones is a veil before Thee,
 Thou hast hidden Thy face behind the veil.
 It is Thou that with Thine own beauty deckest the veil;
 'Tis for this that the heart is fixed thereon as on a veiled bride.
 Long enough hath Thy divine face been concealed by the veil;
 We cannot distinguish Thy face from the curtain.
 How long wilt Thou shoot Thy glances from behind its folds,
 With a whole world enraptured at the picture of the veil?
 It is time for Thee to remove the veil from before Thee,
 And to display Thy face unclouded by its screen;
 That I may be lost in the revelation of Thyself,
 And freed from all power to distinguish good or ill;
 That I may be Thy lover, enlightened by Thee,
 With my eyes sealed to all other objects.
 Thy goings are concealed under the various forms of truth;
 Under all the creatures we see only Thee.
 Though I look forth from every place of seeing,
 In all the world I behold none other but Thee.
 Thou adornest Thyself under the image of the world,
 Thou art the keen-eyed censor in the guise of man.
 There is no admission for separate personality within Thy sacred
 chamber;
 There is no mention there of great or small.
 From separate consciousness, oh, make me united to Thyself,
 Oh! grant me a place in Thy assembly,
 That like the Kurd in the story, escaped from personality,

I may say, "Is it I, O God, or is it Thou?
 If it be I, then whence this knowledge and power?
 And if it be Thou, whence this weakness and frailty?"



A GHAZAL OF HAFIZ.

(Literal translation by Lieutenant-Colonel H. Wilberforce Clarke.)

[HAFIZ (Shems-ed-Din Muhammad), the greatest Persian lyrical poet, was born at Shiraz early in the fourteenth century; lived there, and died there about 1388. See previous article for the character of his work.]

IF that bold one of Shīrāz gain our heart,
 For his dark mole I will give Samarkand and Bukhāra.

Saki! give the wine remaining, for in Paradise thou wilt not have
 The bank of the water of Ruknābād nor the rose of the garden of
 Musallā.

Alas! These saucy dainty ones, sweet of work, the torment of the
 city,
 Take patience from the heart even as the men of Tūrķīstān take the
 tray of plunder.

The beauty of the Beloved is in no need of our imperfect love;
 Of luster and color and mole and tricked line (of eyebrow) what
 need hath the lovely face?

By reason of that beauty daily increasing that Yūsuf had, I knew
 that love for him would bring
 Zulaikhā forth from the screen of chastity.

The tale of minstrel and of love utter; little seek the mystery of
 time;
 For this mystery, none solved by skill and shall not solve.

O Soul! hear the counsel of the Murshid (or pious wise man);
 For dearer than the soul hold happy youths the counsel of the wise
 old man.

O Murshid! thou spakest ill of me; and now I am happy.
 God Most High forgive thee, thou spakest well:
 The bitter reply suiteth the ruddy lip, sugar-eating.

Thou utterest a ghazal, and threadest pearls (of verse). HAFIZ, come
and sweetly sing,
That on thy verse the sky may scatter the cluster of the Pleiades.

(The same : translated by Sir William Jones.)

Sweet maid, if thou would charm my sight,
And bid these arms thy neck enfold,
That rosy cheek, that lily hand
Would give thy poet more delight
Than all Bocara's vaunted gold,
Than all the gems of Samarkand.

Boy, let yon liquid ruby flow,
And bid thy pensive heart be glad,
Whate'er the frowning zealots say :
Tell them their Eden cannot show,
A stream so clear as Ruknābād,
A bower so sweet as Mosellay.

Oh! when these fair, perfidious maids,
Whose eyes our dearest haunts infest,
Their dear, destructive charms display;
Each glance my tender heart invades
And robs my wounded soul of rest
As Tartars seize their destined prey.

In vain with love our bosoms glow;
Can all our tears, can all our sighs,
New luster to those charms impart?
Can cheeks, where living roses blow,
Where Nature spreads her richest dyes,
Require the borrowed gloss of Art?

Speak not of Fate! Ah! change the theme,
And talk of odors, talk of wine,
Talk of the flowers that round us bloom:
'Tis all a cloud, 'tis all a dream;
To love and joy thy thoughts confine,
Nor hope to pierce the sacred gloom.

Beauty hath such resistless power,
That even the chaste Egyptian dame
Sighed for the blooming Hebrew boy;
For her how fatal was the hour
When to the banks of Nilus came
A youth so lovely and so coy!

But, ah! sweet maid! my counsel hear
 (Youth should attend when those advise,
 Whom long experience renders sage):
 While music charms the ravished ear,
 While sparkling cups delight our eyes,
 Be gay, and scorn the frowns of age.

What cruel answer have I heard!
 And yet, by heaven, I love thee still:
 Can aught be cruel from thy lip?
 Yet say, how fell that bitter word
 From lips which streams of sweetness fill,
 Which naught but drops of honey sip?

Go boldly forth, my simple lay;
 Whose accents flow with artless ease,
 Like orient pearls at random strung:
 Thy notes are sweet the damsels say;
 But, oh! far sweeter, if they please
 The nymph for whom these notes are sung.



MEDITATIONS.

By HAFIZ.

(Translated by E. H. Palmer.)

O CUPBEARER! fill up the goblet, and hand it around to us all!
 For to Love that seemed easy at first these unforeseen troubles befall.

In the hope that the breeze of the South will blow yon dark tresses
 apart
 And diffuse their sweet perfume around, O what anguish is caused
 to the heart!

Ay! sully your prayer mat with wine, if the elder encourage such sin!
 For the traveler surely should know all the manners and ways of
 the inn.

What rest or what comfort for me can there be in the Loved One's
 abode,
 When the bell is incessantly tolling to bid us each pack up his load?
 The darkness of night and the fear of the waves and the waters that
 roar:—
 How should they be aware of our state, who are roaming in safety
 ashore?

I yielded me up to delight, and it brought me ill fame at the last.
Shall a secret be hidden which into a general topic has passed?

Wouldst thou dwell in His presence? then never thyself unto absence
betake!

Till thou meetest the One whom thou lovest, the world and its pleasures forsake!



ZULAIKHA.

By JAMI. 1414-1492.

(Translated by R. T. H. Griffith.)

. . . THERE was a King in the West. His name
Taimûs, was spread wide by the drum of Fame.
Of royal power and wealth possessed,
No wish unanswered remained in his breast.
His brow gave luster to Glory's crown,
And his foot gave the thrones of the Mighty renown.
With Orion from heaven his host to aid,
Conquest was his when he bared his blade.
His child Zulaikha was passing fair:
None in his heart might with her compare, —
Of his royal house the most brilliant star,
A gem from the chest where the treasures are.
Praise cannot equal her beauty; no!
But its faint, faint shadow my pen may show.
Like her own bright hair falling loosely down,
I will touch each charm to her feet from her crown.
May the soft reflection of that bright cheek
Lend light to my spirit and bid me speak!
And that flashing ruby, her mouth, bestow
The power to tell of the things I know!

Her stature was like to a palm tree grown
In the Garden of Grace, where no sin is known;
Bedewed by the love of her father the King,
She mocked the cypress that rose by the spring.
Sweet with the odor of musk, a snare
For the heart of the Wise, was the maiden's hair;
Tangled at night, in the morning through
Her long thick tresses a comb she drew,
And cleft the heart of the musk deer in twain
As for that rare odor he sighed in vain.

A dark shade fell from her loose hair sweet
As jasmine over the rose of her feet.
A broad silver tablet her forehead displayed
For the heaven-set lessons of beauty made;
Under its edge two inverted Núns
Showed black as musk their splendid half-moons,
And beneath them lively and bright were placed
Two Sás by the pen of her Maker traced.
From Nún to the ring of the Mim there rose
Pure as silver, like Alif, her nose.
To the cipher, her mouth, add Alif: then
She had ten strong spells for the conquest of men.
That laughing ruby to view exposed
A Sín when the knot of her lips unclosed
At the touch of her pure white teeth, and between
The lines of crimson their flash was seen.
Her face was the garden of Iram, where
Roses of every hue are fair.
The dusky moles that enhanced the red
Were like Moorish boys playing in each rose bed.
Of silver that paid no tithe, her chin
Had a well with the Water of Life therein.
If a sage in his thirst came near to drink,
He would feel the spray ere he reached the brink;
But lost were his soul if he nearer drew,
For it was a well and a whirlpool too.
Her neck was of ivory. Thither drawn,
Came with her tribute to beauty the fawn;
And the rose hung her head at the gleam of the skin
Of the shoulders fairer than jessamine.
Her breasts were orbs of a light most pure,
Twin bubbles new risen from Fount Kafúr;
Two young pomegranates grown on one spray,
Where bold hope never a finger might lay.
The touchstone itself was proved false when it tried
Her arms' fine silver thrice purified;
But the pearl-pure amulets fastened there
Were the hearts of the holy absorbed in prayer.
The loveliest gave her their souls for rue;
And round the charm their own heartstrings drew.
Her arms filled her sleeves with silver from them
Whose brows are bound with a diadem.
To labor and care her soft hand lent aid,
And to wounded hearts healing unction laid.
Like reeds were those taper fingers of hers

To write on each heart love's characters.
 Each nail on those fingers so long and slim
 Showed a new moon laid on a full moon's rim;
 And her small closed hand made the moon confess
 That she never might rival its loveliness.
 Two columns fashioned of silver upheld
 That beauty which never was paralleled;
 And, to make the tale of her charms complete,
 They were matched by the shape of her exquisite feet,—
 Feet so light and elastic no maid might show,
 So perfectly fashioned from heel to toe,—
 If on the eye of a lover she stepped,
 Her foot would float on the tear he wept.



SALÁMÁN AND ABSÁL.

By JÁMÍ.

(Version of Edward Fitzgerald.)

ALAS for those who having tasted once
 Of that forbidden vintage of the lips
 That, pressed and pressing, from each other draw
 The draught that so intoxicates them both,
 That, while upon the wings of Day and Night
 Time rustles on, and moons do wax and wane,
 As from the very Well of Life they drink,
 And, drinking, fancy they shall never drain.
 But rolling Heaven from his ambush whispers,
 "So in my license is it not set down:
 Ah for the sweet societies I make
 At morning, and before the Nightfall break,
 Ah for the bliss that coming Night fills up,
 And Morn looks in to find an empty Cup!"

*Once in Baghdad a poor Arab,
 After weary days of fasting,
 Into the Khalifah's banquet-
 Chamber, where, aloft in State
 Harún the Great at supper sate,
 Pushed and pushing, with the throng,
 Got before a perfume-breathing
 Pasty like the lip of Shirín
 Luscious, or the Poet's song.*

*Soon as seen, the famisht clown
 Seizes up and swallows down.
 Then his mouth undaunted wiping —
 "Oh, Khalifah, hear me swear,
 While I breathe the dust of Baghdad,
 Ne'er at any other Table
 Than at Thine to sup or dine."
 Grimly laughed Harín, and answered:
 "Fool! who think'st to arbitrate
 What is in the hands of Fate —
 Take and thrust him from the Gate!"*

While a full Year was counted by the Moon,
 Salámán and Absál rejoiced together,
 And neither Sháh nor Sage his face beheld.
 They questioned those about him, and from them
 Heard something: then himself to presence summoned,
 And all the truth was told. Then Sage and Sháh
 Struck out with hand and foot in his redress.
 And first with REASON, which is also best;
 REASON that rights the wanderer; that completes
 The imperfect; REASON that resolves the knot
 Of either world, and sees beyond the Veil.
 For REASON is the fountain from of old
 From which the Prophets drew, and none beside:
 Who boasts of other inspiration, lies —
 There are no other Prophets than THE WISE.

And first THE SHAH:— "Salámán, Oh my Soul,
 Light of the eyes of my Prosperity,
 And making bloom the court of Hope with rose;
 Year after year, Salámán, like a bud
 That cannot blow, my own blood I devoured,
 Till, by the seasonable breath of God,
 At last I blossomed into thee, my Son;
 Oh, do not wound me with a dagger thorn;
 Let not the full-blown rose of Royalty
 Be left to wither in a hand unclean.
 For what thy proper pastime? Bat in hand
 To mount and manage RAKHSH along the Field;
 Not, with no weapon but a wanton curl
 Idly reposing on a silver breast.
 Go, fly thine arrow at the antelope
 And lion — let me not My lion see
 Slain by the arrow eyes of a Ghazál.
 Go, challenge ZÁL or RUSTAM to the Field,
 And smite the warriors' neck; not, flying them,

Beneath a woman's foot submit thine own,
 O wipe the woman's henna from thy hand,
 Withdraw thee from the minion who from thee
 Dominion draws, and draws me with thee down;
 Years have I held my head aloft, and all
 For Thee — Oh, shame if thou prepare my Fall!"

*When before SHIRÚYEH's dagger
 KAI KHUSRAU, his Father fell,
 He declared this Parable —
 "Wretch! — There was a branch that wazing
 Wanton o'er the root he drank from,
 At a draught the living water
 Drained wherewith himself to crown;
 Died the root — and with him died
 The branch — and barren was brought down!"*

The SHÁH ceased counsel, and The Sage began.
 "O last new vintage of the Vine of Life
 Planted in Paradise; Oh, Master-stroke,
 And all-concluding flourish of the Pen
 KUN FA YAKUN; Thyself prime Archetype,
 And ultimate Accomplishment of MAN!
 The Almighty hand, that out of common earth
 Thy mortal outward to the perfect form
 Of Beauty molded, in the fleeting dust
 Inscribed HIMSELF, and in thy bosom set
 A mirror to reflect HIMSELF in Thee.
 Let not that dust by rebel passion blown
 Obliterate that character: nor let
 That Mirror, sullied by the breath impure,
 Or form of carnal beauty fore-possess,
 Be made incapable of the Divine.
 Supreme is thine Original degree,
 Thy Star upon the top of Heaven; but Lust
 Will bring it down, down even to the Dust!"

*Quoth a Muezzin to the crested
 Cock — "Oh, Prophet of the Morning,
 Never Prophet like to you
 Prophesied of Dawn, nor Muezzin
 With so shrill a voice of warning
 Woke the sleeper to confession,
 Crying, 'LA ALLAH ILLA 'LLAH,
 MUHAMMAD RASULUHU.'
 One, methinks, so rarely gifted
 Should have prophesied and sung
 In Heav'n, the Birds of Heav'n among,*

*Not with these poor hens about him,
 Raking in a heap of dung."
 "And," replied the Cock, "in Heaven
 Once I was; but by my foolish
 Lust to this uncleanly living
 With my sorry mates about me
 Thus am fallen. Otherwise,
 I were prophesying Dawn
 Before the gates of Paradise."*

Of all the Lover's sorrows, next to that
 Of Love by Love forbidden, is the voice
 Of friendship turning harsh in Love's reproof,
 And overmuch of Counsel — whereby Love
 Grows stubborn, and recoiling unsupprest
 Within, devours the heart within the breast.
 Salámán heard; his Soul came to his lips;
 Reproaches struck not Absál out of him,
 But drove Confusion in; bitter became
 The drinking of the sweet draught of Delight
 And warned the splendor of his Moon of Beauty.
 His breath was Indignation, and his heart
 Bled from the arrow, and his anguish grew.
 How bear it? — By the hand of Hatred dealt,
 Easy to meet — and deal with, blow for blow;
 But from Love's hand which one must not requite,
 And cannot yield to — what resource but Flight?
 Resolved on which, he victualed and equipped
 A Camel, and one night he led it forth,
 And mounted — he with Absál at his side,
 Like sweet twin almonds in a single shell.
 And Love least murmurs at the narrow space
 That draws him close and closer in embrace.

*When the Moon of Canaan YUSUF
 In the prison of Egypt darkened,
 Nightly from her spacious Palace-
 Chamber, and its rich array,
 Stole ZULAIKHA like a phantom
 To the dark and narrow dungeon
 Where her buried Treasure lay.
 Then to those about her wond'ring
 "Were my Palace," she replied,
 "Wider than Horizon-wide,
 It were narrower than an Ant's eye,
 Were my Treasure not inside:
 And an Ant's eye, if but there
 My Lover, Heaven's horizon were."*

* * * * *

When they had sailed their vessel for a Moon,
 And marred their beauty with the wind o' the Sea,
 Suddenly in mid sea revealed itself
 An Isle, beyond imagination fair;
 An Isle that all was Garden; not a Flower,
 Nor Bird of plumage like the flower, but there;
 Some like the Flower, and others like the Leaf;
 Some, as the Pheasant and the Dove adorned
 With crown and collar, over whom, alone,
 The jeweled Peacock like a Sultan shone;
 While the Musicians, and among them Chief
 The Nightingale, sang hidden in the trees
 Which, arm in arm, from fingers quivering
 With any breath of air, fruit of all kind
 Down scattered in profusion to their feet,
 Where fountains of sweet water ran between,
 And Sun and shadow chequer-chased the green.
 Here Iram-garden seemed in secrecy
 Blowing the rosebud of its Revelation;
 Or Paradise, forgetful of the dawn
 Of Audit, lifted from her face the veil.

Salámán saw the Isle, and thought no more
 Of Further — there with Absál he sate down,
 Absál and He together side by side
 Together like the Lily and the Rose,
 Together like the Soul and Body, one.
 Under its trees in one another's arms
 They slept — they drank its fountains hand in hand —
 Paraded with the Peacock — raced the Partridge —
 Chased the green Parrot for his stolen fruit,
 Or sang divisions with the Nightingale.
 There was the Rose without a thorn, and there
 The Treasure and no Serpent to beware —
 Oh, think of such a Mistress at your side
 In such a Solitude, and none to chide!

*Said to WAMIK one who never
 Knew the Lover's passion — "Why
 Solitary thus and silent
 Solitary places haunting,
 Like a Dreamer, like a Specter,
 Like a thing about to die?"*
*Wamik answered — "Meditating
 Flight with Azra to the Desert:
 There by so remote a Fountain
 That, whichever way one traveled,*

*League on league, one yet should never
 See the face of Man; forever
 There to gaze on my Beloved;
 Gaze, till Gazing out of Gazing
 Grew to Being Her I gaze on,
 She and I no more, but in One
 Undivided Being blended.
 All that is by Nature twain
 Fears or suffers by, the pain
 Of Separation: Love is only
 Perfect when itself transcends
 Itself and, one with that it loves,
 In undivided Being blends."*

When by and by the SHĀH was made aware
 Of that heart-breaking Flight, his royal robe
 He changed for ashes, and his Throne for dust,
 And wept awhile in darkness and alone.
 Then rose; and, taking counsel from the SAGE,
 Pursuit set everywhere afoot: but none
 Could trace the footsteps of the flying Deer.
 Then from his secret Art the Sage-Vizyr
 A Magic Mirror made; a Mirror like
 The bosom of All-wise Intelligence
 Reflecting in its mystic compass all
 Within the sev'nfold volume of the World
 Involved; and, looking in that Mirror's face
 The SHĀH beheld the face of his Desire.
 Beheld those Lovers, like that earliest pair
 Of Lovers, in this other Paradise
 So far from human eyes in the mid sea,
 And yet within the magic glass so near
 As with a finger one might touch them, isled.
 The SHĀH beheld them; and compassion touched
 His eyes and anger died upon his lips;
 And armed with Righteous Judgment as he was,
 Yet, seeing those two Lovers with one lip
 Drinking that cup of Happiness and Tears
 In which Farewell had never yet been flung,
 He paused for their Repentance to recall
 The lifted arm that was to shatter all.

The Lords of Wrath have perished by the blow
 Themselves had aimed at others long ago.
 Draw not in haste the sword, which Fate, may be,
 Will sheathe, hereafter to be drawn on Thee.

FARHÁD, *who the shapeless mountain*
Into human likeness molded,
Under SHIRIN's eyes as slavish
Potters' earth himself became.
Then the secret fire of jealous
Frenzy, catching and devouring
 KAI KHUSRAU, *broke into flame.*
With that ancient Hag of Darkness
Plotting, at the midnight Banquet
 FARHÁD's *golden cup he poisoned,*
And in SHIRIN's eyes alone
Reigned — But Fate that Fate revenges,
 Arms SHIRÚYEH *with the dagger*
That at once from SHIRIN tore,
And hurled him lifeless from his throne.

But as the days went on, and still THE SHAH
 Beheld his Son how in the Woman lost,
 And still the Crown that should adorn his head,
 And still the Throne that waited for his foot,
 Both trampled under by a base desire,
 Of which the Soul was still unsatisfied —
 Then from the sorrow of THE SHAH fell Fire;
 To Gracelessness ungracious he became,
 And, quite to shatter that rebellious lust,
 Upon SALÁMÁN all his WILL, with all
 His SAGE-VIZYR's Might-magic armed, discharged.
 And Lo! SALÁMÁN to his Mistress turned,
 But could not reach her — looked and looked again,
 And palpitated tow'rd her — but in vain!
 Oh Misery! As to the Bankrupt's eyes
 The Gold he may not finger! or the Well
 To him who sees a-thirst, and cannot reach,
 Or Heav'n above revealed to those in Hell!
 Yet when Salámán's anguish was extreme,
 The door of Mercy opened, and he saw
 That Arm he knew to be his Father's reacht
 To lift him from the pit in which he lay:
 Timidly tow'rd his Father's eyes his own
 He lifted, pardon-pleading, crime-confest,
 And drew once more to that forsaken Throne,
 As the stray bird one day will find her nest.

One was asking of a Teacher,
"How a Father his reputed
Son for his should recognize?"
Said the Master, "By the stripling,

*As he grows to manhood, growing
Like to his reputed Father,
Good or Evil, Fool or Wise.*

*"Lo the disregarded Darnel
With itself adorns the Wheat-field,
And for all the vernal season
Satisfies the farmer's eye;
But the hour of harvest coming,
And the thrasher by and by,
Then a barren ear shall answer,
'Darnel, and no Wheat, am I.'"*

Yet Ah, for that poor Lover! "Next the curse
Of Love by Love forbidden, nothing worse
Than Friendship turned in Love's reproof unkind,
And Love from Love divorcing" — Thus I said:
Alas, a worse, and worse, is yet behind —
Love's back-blow of Revenge for having fled!

SALÁMÁN bowed his forehead to the dust
Before his Father; to his Father's hand
Fast — but yet fast, and faster, to his own
Clung one, who by no tempest of reproof
Or wrath might be dissevered from the stem
She grew to: till, between Remorse and Love,
He came to loathe his Life and long for Death.
And, as from him SHE would not be divorced,
With Her he fled again: he fled — but now
To no such Island centered in the sea
As lulled them into Paradise before;
But to the Solitude of Desolation,
The Wilderness of Death. And as before
Of sundry scented woods along the shore
A shallop he devised to carry them
Over the waters whither foot nor eye
Should ever follow them, he thought — so now
Of sere wood strewn about the plain of Death,
A raft to bear them through the wave of Fire
Into Annihilation, he devised,
Gathered and built; and, firing with a Torch,
Into the central flame ABSÁL and He
Sprung hand in hand exulting. But the SAGE
In secret all had ordered; and the Flame,
Directed by his self-fulfilling WILL
Devouring Her to ashes, left untouched
SALÁMÁN — all the baser metal burned,
And to itself the authentic Gold returned.

PIERS PLOWMAN'S DREAM.

BY WILLIAM LANGLEY OR LANGLAND.

(From "The Vision of Piers Plowman," probably written in 1362. Modernized in spelling, but not otherwise changed.)

[The author is not known with any certainty. His name is usually written Langland, but Professor Skeat gives strong reasons for the other form.]

IN A summer season
 When soft was the sun,
 I shoop me into shrouds¹
 As I a sheep² were,
 In habit as an eremite
 Unholy of works,
 Went wide into this world
 Wonders to hear;
 Ac [and] on a May morning
 On Malvern hills
 Me befell a ferley,³
 Of fairy⁴ methought.
 I was weary for-wandered⁵
 And went me to rest
 Under a broad bank
 By a burn's side;
 And as I lay and leaned,
 And looked on the waters,
 I slumbered into a sleeping,
 It sweyed⁶ so merry.
 Then gan I meten⁷
 A marvelous sweven,⁸
 That I was in a wilderness,
 Wist I never where,
 And as I beheld⁹ into the East
 On high to the sun,
 I saw a tower on a toft¹⁰
 Triely y-maked,¹¹
 A deep dale beneath,
 A dungeon therein,

¹ Put on clothes. ² Shepherd. ³ Marvel. ⁴ The supernatural. ⁵ With wandering. ⁶ Sounded. ⁷ Dream. ⁸ Dream. ⁹ Looked. ¹⁰ Hill.
¹¹ Finely built.

With deep ditches and dark
 And dreadful of sight.
 A fair field full of folk
 Found I there between,
 Of all manner of men,
 The mean and the rich,
 Working and wandering,
 As the world asketh.

Some putten them to the plow
 Pleiden¹ full selde,²
 In setting and sowing
 Swonken³ full hard,
 And wonnen that⁴ wasters
 With gluttony destroyeth.

And some putten them to pride,
 Appareled them thereafter,
 In contenance⁵ of clothing
 Coming disguised.

In prayers and penances
 Putten them many,
 All for the love of our Lord
 Liveden full strayte,⁶
 In hope to have after
 Heaven-rich bliss;
 As ancre⁷ and eremites
 That holden them in their cells,
 And covet naught in country
 To carryen about,
 For no lickerish living
 Their likame⁸ to please.

And some chosen chaffer,⁹
 They cheveden¹⁰ the better
 As it seemeth to our sight
 That such men thrive.

And some mirths to make,
 As minstrels konne,¹¹
 And getten gold with their glee,
 Guiltless I leeve.¹²

Ac japers and janglers¹³
 Judas' children,
 Feignen them fantasies,
 And fools them maketh,

¹ Played. ² Seldom. ³ Labored. ⁴ Won what. ⁵ Appearance.
⁶ Strict. ⁷ Anchorites. ⁸ Body. ⁹ Trade. ¹⁰ Achieved. ¹¹ Know.
¹² Believe. ¹³ Jesters and "fakirs."

And have their wit, at will
 To work, if they would.
 That [what] Paul preacheth of them
 I will not prove it here;
 But "Qui loquitur turpiloquium"¹
 Is Lucifer's hine.²

Bidders³ and beggars
 Fast about yede,⁴
 With their bellies and their bags
 Of bread fully crammed;
 Faiteden⁵ for their food,
 Fought at the ale.
 In gluttony, God wot,
 Go they to bed,
 And risen with ribaldry,
 Those Roberdes knaves;⁶
 Sleep and sorry sloth
 Sueth⁷ them ever.

Pilgrims and palmers
 Plighten⁸ them together
 For to seek Saint James
 And saints at Rome.
 They went forth in their way,
 With many wise tales,
 And had leave to lie
 All their lives after.

I saw some that saiden
 They had y-sought saints;
 To each-a tale that they told
 Their tongue was tempered to lie
 More than to say sooth,
 It seemed by their speech.

Eremites on a heap⁹
 With hooked staves
 Went to Walsingham,
 And their wenches after,
 Great lobies¹⁰ and long
 That loth were to swink;¹¹
 Clothed them in capes,
 To be known from othere;
 And shapen them¹² eremites,
 Their ease to have.

¹ Who speaks vile talk.² Hind, servant.³ Petitioners.⁴ Go.⁵ Cozened.⁶ Footpads.⁷ Follow.⁸ Pledged.⁹ In a crowd.¹⁰ Clowns.¹¹ Work.¹² Made themselves.

I found there friars,
 All the four orders,¹
 Preaching the people
 For profit of themselves;
 Glossed the gospel
 As them good liked;
 For covetise of copies,²
 Construed it as they would.

Many of these master friars
 Now clothen them at liking,
 For their money and their merchandise
 Marchen together.
 For sith charity hath been chapman,³
 And chief to shrive lords,⁴
 Many ferlies⁵ have fallen
 In a few years;
 But⁶ holy church and they
 Hold better together,
 The most mischief on mold⁷
 Is mounting well fast.

There preached a pardoner,⁸
 As he a priest were;
 Brought forth a bull
 With many bishops' seals,
 And said that himself might
 Assoilen them all
 Of falsehood of fasting,⁹
 Of avows y-broken.
 Lewd¹⁰ men loved it well,
 And liked his words;
 Comen up kneeling
 To kissen his bulls.
 He bouched¹¹ them with his brevet¹²
 And bleared their eyen,¹³
 And raughte¹⁴ with his rageman¹⁵
 Rings and brooches.

Thus they give their gold
 Gluttons to keep,
 And leveth¹⁶ in such losels¹⁷
 As lechery haunten.

¹ Franciscans, Augustines, Dominicans, and Carmelites. ² Desire of being churchmen. ³ Turned merchant. ⁴ Lords purchase pardon by gifts.

⁵ Marvels. ⁶ Except. ⁷ Earth. ⁸ Peddler of "indulgences." ⁹ Breaking fast days. ¹⁰ Lay or ignorant. ¹¹ Closed their mouths. ¹² Letter of commission.

¹³ Dimmed their eyes, imposed on them. ¹⁴ Reached, obtained. ¹⁵ Catalogue — of sins to be pardoned, ¹⁶ Believe. ¹⁷ Rogues.

Were the bishop y-blessed,
 And worth¹ both his eares,
 His seal should not be sent
 To deceive the people.
 Ac [but] it is not by the bishop²
 That the boy³ preacheth;
 For the parish priest and the pardoner
 Parten⁴ the silver,
 That the poraille⁵ of the parish
 Should have, if they ne were.⁶

Parsons and parish priests
 Plained them to the bishop
 That their parishes were povere⁷
 Since the pestilence time, —
 To have a license and leave
 At London to dwell,
 And singen there for simony;
 For silver is sweet.

Bishops and bachelors,
 Both masters and doctors,
 That have cure⁸ under Christ,
 And crowning in token
 And sign that they sholden
 Shriven their parishions,
 Preach and pray for them,
 And the povere⁷ feed,
 Liggen⁹ at London,
 In Lenten and else.¹⁰

Some serven the king,
 And his silver tellen
 In chequer and chancelry,
 Challenge¹¹ his debts
 Of wards and of wardmotes,¹²
 Weyves and streyves.¹³

And some serve as servants
 Lords and ladies,
 And instead of stewards
 Sitten and demen;¹⁴
 Their mass and their matins
 And many of their hours¹⁵
 Are done undevoutly;

¹ Possessed of.² For the bishop's account.³ Underling.⁴ Divide.⁵ Poor.⁶ But for them.⁷ Poor.⁸ Care — of souls.⁹ Lie, remain.¹⁰ Other times.¹¹ Claim.¹² Guardianships and city courts.¹³ Waifs

and strays.

¹⁴ Judge.—decide on household questions.¹⁵ Of devotion.

Dread is at the last,
Lest Christ in consistory
A-curse full many.

I perceived of the power
That Peter had to keep
To binden and unbinden,
As the book telleth;
How he it left¹ with love,
As our Lord highte;²
Amongst four virtues,
That cardinals are called,
And closing gates.
There is Christ in his Kingdom
To close and to shut,³
And to open it to me,
And heaven bliss show.

Ac of the cardinals at court
That caught of⁴ that name,
And power presumed in them
A pope to make,
To have that power that Peter had,
Impugn I nelle,⁵
For in love and lettruse
The election belongeth,⁶
Forthi⁷ can and can naught
Of court speak more.

Then came there a king,
Knighthood him led,
Might of the commons⁸
Made him to reign.

And then came kind wit,⁹
And clerks he made,
For to counsel the king,
And the common⁸ save.

The king and the knighthood
And clergy both,
Casten that the commune
Should themselves find.¹⁰

The common contrived
Of kind wit⁹ crafts,
And for profit of all the people
Plowmen ordained,

¹ Dwelt there.² Ordered.³ Fasten.⁴ Utilized.⁵ Will not.⁶ All goes by favor in love and learning.⁷ Therefore.⁸ Community.⁹ Mother-wit.¹⁰ Support them.

To till and to travail,
As true life asketh.

The king and the commune
And kind wit the third,
Shapen¹ law and leauté,²
Each man to know his own.

Then looked up a lunatic,
A lean thing withal,
And, kneeling to the king,
Clergially he said:—

“Christ keep thee, Sir King!

And thy kingrie,
And ene³ thee lead thy land,
So loyalty thee lovyē [love],
And for thy rightful ruling
Be rewarded in heaven.” . . .

With that ran there a rout
Of ratons⁴ at once,
And small mice with them
More than a thousand,
And comen to a council
For the common profit;
For a cat of the country
Came when him liked,
And overleapt them lightly
And laughed them at his will,
And played with them perilously,
And pushed about.

“For doubt of diverse dreads (?)
We dare not well look;
And if we grudge of his gamen,⁵
He will grieven us all,
Scratchen us, or clawen us,
And in his clutches hold,
That us loatheth the life
Ere he let us pass.
Might we with any wit
His will withstand,
We might be lords aloft
And liven at our ease.”

A raton of renown,
Most re[aso]nable of tongue,
Said for a sovereign
Help to himself:—

¹ Formed.

² Loyalty.

³ Give.

⁴ Rats.

⁵ Play.

"I have y-seen segges,¹" quoth he,
 "In the cité of London,
 Bearen beighes² full bright
 Abouten their necks,
 And some collars of crafty work;
 Uncoupled³ they went
 Both in warren and in waste
 Where themselves liked;
 And otherwhile they are elsewhere,
 As I here tell;
 Were there a bell on their beigh,
 By Jesu, as methinketh,
 Men might witten where they went,
 And away run!

"And right so," quoth that raton,
 "Reason me showeth,
 To bugge⁴ a bell of brass,
 Or of bright silver,
 And knitten it on a collar,
 For our common profit,
 Whe[the]r he ride or rest,
 Or runneth to play:
 And if him list for to laike,⁵
 Then look we mowen,⁶
 And peeren in⁷ his presence
 The while him play liketh;
 And if him wratheth, beware,
 And his way shonye."⁸

All this rout of ratons
 To this reason they assented.
 Ac though the bell was y-brought,
 And on the beigh hanged,
 There ne was raton in all the rout,
 For all the realm of France,
 That durst have bounden the bell,
 About the cattes neck,
 Ne hangen it about the cattes hals,⁹
 All Engeland to win.
 All helden them unhardy,
 And their counsel feeble;
 And letten their labor lost
 And all their long study.

A mouse that much good
 Couthe,¹⁰ as methought,

¹ Men. ² Neckbands. ³ Unfettered. ⁴ Buy. ⁵ Sport. ⁶ May.
⁷ Appear. ⁸ Shun. ⁹ Neck. ¹⁰ Knew.

Strook¹ forth sternly,
 And stood before them all,
 And to the rout of ratons
 Rehearsed these words:—

“Though we killen the cat,
 Yet should there come another
 To catchen us and all our kind,
 Though we copen under benches.
 Forthi I counsel all the common
 To let the cat worth,²
 And be we never bold
 The bell him to show;
 For I heard my sire say,
 Is seven year y-passed,
 There³ the cat is a kitten,
 The court is full elenge;⁴
 That witnesseth holy writ,
 Who so will it read:
 ‘Woe to the land where a boy is king!’ etc.
 For may no rank their rest have
 For ratons by night;
 The while he catcheth conings⁵
 He coveteth not your caroyne,⁶
 But feedeth him all with venison;
 Defame we him never.
 For better is a little loss
 Than a long sorrow,
 The maze⁷ among us all,
 Though we miss a shrew;
 For many men’s malt
 We mice would destroy,
 And also ye rout of ratons
 Rend men’s clothes,
 Nere⁸ the cat of that court
 That can you overleap;
 For had ye rats your will,
 Ye couthe not rule yourselves.

“I say for me,” quoth the mouse,
 “I see so muchel after,
 Shall never the cat ne the kitten
 By my counsel be prievd,
 Through carping⁹ of this collar
 That costed me never.

¹ Advanced. ² Be. ³ Since. ⁴ Mournful. ⁵ Conies. ⁶ Carrion
 —base flesh. ⁷ Confusion. ⁸ Were there not. ⁹ Prating.

And though it had costened me catal,¹
 Beknownen² it I nolde,³
 But suffer, as himself would,
 To do as him liketh
 Coupled and uncoupled,
 To catch what he movē.⁴
 Forthi each-a wise wight I warn,
 Wit well his own."

What this metels⁵ bemeaneth,
 Ye men that be merry
 Divine ye, for I ne dare,
 By dear God in heaven.

Yet hoved⁶ there an hundred
 In howves⁷ of silk,
 Sergeants it beseemed,
 That serveden at the bar,
 Pleteden⁸ for pennies
 And pounds the law;
 And naught for love of our Lord
 Unclose their lips once.
 Thou mightest better meet mist
 On Malvern Hills,
 Than get a mom⁹ of their mouth,
 Till money he showed.

Barons and burgesses,
 And bondmen all,
 I saw in this assembly,
 As ye shall hereafter,
 Bakesters and brewsters,
 And butchers many;
 Woolen websters,
 And weavers of linen,
 Tailors and tinkers,
 And tollers in markets,
 Masons and miners,
 And many other crafts,
 Of all kin living laborers
 Lopen¹⁰ forth some. . . .

All this I saw sleeping,
 And seven sithes¹¹ more.

¹ Capital, property.

² Acknowledge.

³ Would not.

⁴ May.

⁵ Dream.

⁶ Dwelt.

⁷ Hoods.

⁸ Pleading.

⁹ Sound.

¹⁰ Leapt.

¹¹ Times.

ON CHURCH TEMPORALITIES.

By JOHN WYCLIF.

[JOHN WYCLIF, or WICKLIFFE, the greatest of English church reformers, was born in Yorkshire, about 1320; studied at Oxford, became master of Balliol before 1360, and shortly after took orders. Made chaplain to Edward III., from 1366 he was the nation's ablest literary champion against the claims of the papacy (then under French control at Avignon) to the tribute begun by King John in acknowledgment of holding the Crown from the Holy See. He thus grew into, and put into polemic writings of immense force and influence, convictions which were the basis of the English Reformation: chiefly, that a church was a purely spiritual body; that in its civil embodiment it was subject to civil jurisdiction; that it could hold no property except as delegated by and at the sufferance of the State; that excommunication was void except for spiritual offenses and so far as justified by the sin of the subject; and, most important of all, that the soul needed no priesthood to mediate for it with God, and sacraments were not indispensable. In 1374 he was second on a royal commission to confer with the papal delegate at Bruges on abuses complained of by Parliament. He became a powerful preacher in London, excited great alarm, and was prosecuted for his opinions in 1377; but protected by John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, and the trial broke up in a riot against the duke's retainers. Later, Gregory XI. condemned eighteen tenets drawn from Wyclif's writings, and ordered his imprisonment and trial; but no attention was paid to the order, except a summons by the bishops to a hearing. He appeared before them, but another mob and a royal message directing his acquittal rescued him again. He continued to write against obedience to the papacy's political claims; and the schism of 1378 from the election of two rival popes thoroughly disgusting him with the institution, he sent priests through the country to preach to the people in their own tongue, and translated the Bible, to give all men the power of private judgment and overthrow what he regarded as the spiritual despotism based on services in a dead language. In 1381 he gave forth a set of theses denying transubstantiation; the University condemned them, and John of Gaunt ordered him to keep silence on the subject. The next year the archbishop of Canterbury held a long council which condemned twenty-four propositions from his writings and imprisoned some of his adherents; but the University stood by him, and he lived the short remnant of his life to December 31, 1384, in peace, even his itinerant preachers being unmolested. In 1428, during the reaction in the boyhood of Henry VI., his remains were dug up and burned.]

OPEN teaching and God's law, old and new, open ensample of Christ's life and his glorious apostles, and love of God, dread of pains and God's curse, and hope of great reward in the bliss of heaven, should stir all priests and religious to live in great meekness and willful povert[y] of the gospel, and discreet penance, and travail to stop pride, covetise, and fleshly lusts and idleness of worldly men, and run fast to heaven by right way of God's commandments, and to forsake trust in wealth of this false world, and all manner falseness hereof;

for the end of this false worldly life is bitter death, and strong pains of hell in body and soul withouten end.

Three things should move lords to compel clerks to this holy life of Christ and his apostles. The first is dread of God's curse and pains in this world, in purgatory and hell; and desiring of God's blessing, and peace, and prosperity of realms. The second is winning of holy life, both of clerks, lords, and commons. The third is strengthening of realms, and destroying of sins in each estate, and the Church.

First, kings and lords should wit that they be ministers and vicars of God, to venge sin and punish misdoers, and praise good doers, as Peter and Paul teach. And herefore teaches Saint Isidore in the law of the Church, that this is office of kings and lords, by dread and bodily rigor to constrain men to hold God's law, when they will not by preaching of priests; and God shall ask reckoning of worldly lords, where holy church increases by their government. Then, sith priests leave meekness, and take worldly pride and boast, and forsake willful povert of the gospel, and take worldly lordships by hypocrisy of vain prayers, with burning covetise, wrongs, extortions, and selling of sacraments, and leave discreet penance and ghostly [spiritual] travail, and live in gluttony, wasting poor men's goods, and in idleness and vanity of this world, lords be in debt [under obligation] to amend these sins: for else they love not God, for they do not execution of God's hests, and venge not wrong despite of God; but they venge wrongs done to themselves, and look that their own commandments be kept up, [with] great pain. Also Paul saith, that not only men doing sin be worthy of death, but also they that consent to them. Then, sith lords may amend these great sins of pride, covetise, and extortions, and simony of clerks, they be damnable with the sinners, but [except] if they do; and then they be cursed of God for breaking of his hests, and for they love not Jesus Christ. And great vengeance cometh for maintaining of sin, and breaking of God's hests, as God's law shoveth in many places. And sith adversities and worries come for sin's reigning that be not amended, lords should have neither prosperity nor peace till these sins be amended. For no man withstanding thus God's laws shall have peace. For lords have here lordships by God to destroy sin, and maintain righteousness and holy life; then, if they pay not to God his rent, wit they well God must punish them, as he teacheth in his law.

And certes, if lords do well this office, they shall surely come to the bliss of heaven.

The second profit is winning of holy life on each side. For now prelates and great religious possessions be so occupied about worldly lordships and plea and business in heart, that they may not be in devotion of praying, and thought of heavenly things, and of their own sins and other men's, and study and preaching of the gospel, and visiting and comforting of poor men in their dioceses and lordships. And the goods that be over their own sustenance and necessities, that should be departed among poor men most needy, be now wasted in feasts of lords and rich men, in feasts and robes and gifts of men of law, in all countries where their lordships be, and in rich clerks of the Chancery, of the Common Bench and King's Bench, and in the Checker [Exchequer] and of justices and sheriffs and stewards and bailiffs, that little or naught cometh to them, or their churches and convents, but name of the world, and thought and business and care and sorrow. And for dread of loss of these temporalities, they dare not reprove sin of lords and mighty men, nor freely damn covetise in worldly men, nor in maintaining of false plea; they be openly smitted in [smutched with] all these sins, and many more. And thus is true teaching of God's law, and ensample of holy life, withdrawn from lords and commons for these worldly lordships of clerks, and simony, pride, extortions, and all manner sin and maintaining of sin is brought in.

And yet they have parish churches appropried to worldly rich bishops and abbots that have many thousand marks more than enough. And this appropriing is gotten by false suggestion made to Antichrist, by leasings made to lords, and covetise and simony and wasting of poor men's goods. And yet they do not the office of curates, neither in teaching, nor preaching, nor giving of sacraments, nor receiving of poor men in the parish; but set there an idiot for vicar or parish priest, that cannot and may not do the office of a good curate, and yet the poor parish findeth [supports] him. And no tongue may tell in this world what sin and wrong cometh hereby. For as Robert Grosset [Grosseteste] saith, when appropriation of parish churches is made to such religious, of all evils that cometh by wayward curates is made a perpetuation. And thus they have worldly lordships, and rule not the people nor maintain the land as lords. And when [something gone] care of sould and dimes [tithes] and offerings, and govern not the people in teaching and preach-

ing and sacraments, as curates, and have riches, and treasure more than any worldly man, and travail not therefore as merchants and laborers. And, as Bernard saith, they take the winning and gifts of each degree in the Church, and travail not therefore. And therefore they should go where is none but everlasting error and pain. This covetise, simony, and more sins, should go away from clerks if they had no secular lordship ; and holy life and povert should turn to them, and new teaching and good ensample to all manner men.

The third profit is stabling of realms and destroying of sins. For parish churches appropriated thus should freely be given to clerks able of cunning [knowledge] and life, and true teaching in word and deed. And then should the clergy be stronger, and people of better life. And secular lordships, that clerks have full falsely against God's law, and spend them so wickedly, should be given wisely by the king and witty [sagacious] lords to poor gentlemen, that would justly govern the people, and maintain the land against enemies ; and then might our land be stronger by many thousand men-at-arms than it is now, withouten any new cost of lords or talliage of the poor commons, be discharged of great heavy rent, and wicked customs brought up by covetous clerks, and of many talliaiges and extortions, by which they be now cruelly pilled [pillaged] and robbed. And thus the restoring of lordships to secular men, as they due [should be] by Holy Writ, and by bringing of clerks to meekness and willful povert and busy ghostly travail, as lived Christ and his apostles, should sin be destroyed in each degree of the Church, and holy life brought in, and secular lords much strengthened, and the poor commons relieved, and good government, both ghostly and worldly, come again, and righteousness and truth and rest and peace and charity. And hereto should each Christian man help, by all his will, heart, cunning, and power.

And if worldly clerks of the Chancery or Chequer see that the king and lords may not thus amend the clergy, turn their temporalities into secular men's hands, for dread of cause ; see that they babble much of Antichrist's curse and his clerks, and magnify that for their own pride and covetise, but they speak not of curse of God that our lords run in, for they maintain not Christ's ordinance in the clergy. And to Lucifer's clerks, that it is all one to babble that our lords may not take again the temporalities from Antichrist's clerks, and to babble that our lords may not hold and maintain God's hests and Christ's

own ordinance : be these worldly clerks ware, that they counsel not our lords to run into God's curse, to maintain high prelates and religious, against state of apostles and their own profession, for gold, robes, and fees that they take of Antichrist's clerks. But wit lords well though all clerks in earth curse them, foras-much as they travail with clean conscience to bring clerks to this holy life, ensampled and commanded of Christ, and to restore secular lordships to secular men as they should by God's law, that God and all angels and saints bless them for this righteousness ; and then man's curse harmeth nothing, nor interdicting, nor any censures that Satan may fain.

Almight[y] God, stir our clerks, our lords and our commons, to maintain thy rightful ordinance that Jesus Christ made for clerks, and to dread curse of God and not curse of Antichrist, and to desire speedily the honor of God and bliss of heaven, more than their own honor and worldly joy.



A CHAPTER FROM WYCLIF'S VERSION OF THE BIBLE.

MATTHEW VII.

NILE *ye* deme, that *ye* be not demed ; for in what doom *ye* demen, *ye* schulen be demed, and in what measure *ye* meten, it schal be meten *ayen* to *you*. But what seest thou a litil mote in the *eye* of thi brother, and seest not a beam in thin owne *eye* ? Or hou seist thou to thi brothir, Brothir, suffre I schal do out a mote fro thin *eye*, and lo ! a beam is in thin owne *eye* ? Ipo-crite, do thou out first the beam of thin *eye*, and thanne thou schalt se to do out the mote of the *eye* of thi brothir. Nile *ye* *yyue* [give] hooli thing to houndis, nethir caste *ye* *youre* margarithis bfore swyne, lest perauenture thei defoulen hem with her feet, and *the* houndis be turned, and al to-tere *you*. Axe *ye*, and it schal be *youun* to *you* ; seke *ye*, and *ye* schulen fynde ; knocke *ye*, and it schal be openyed to *you*. For ech that axith, takith ; and he that sekith, fyndith ; and it schal be openyed to hym, that knocketh. What man of *you* is, that if his sone axe hym breed, whethir he wole take hym a stoon ? Or if he axe fische, whethir he wole take hym an edder ? Therfor if *ye*,

whanne *ye* ben yuele [evil] men, kunnen *yyue* *yiftis* to *youre* sones, hou myche more *youre* fadir that is in heuenes schal *yyue* good thingis to men that axen hym? Therfor alle thingis, what euere thingis *ye* wolen that men do to *you*, do *ye* to hem, for this is the lawe and the prophetis. Entre *ye* bi the streyt *yate*; for the *yate* that ledith to perdition is large, and the weie *is* broode, and there ben many that entren bi it. Hou streit is the *yate*, and narwy the weye, that ledith to lijf, and ther ben fewe that fynden it. Be *ye* war of fals prophetis, that comen to *you* in clothingis of scheep, but withynne forth thei ben as wolues of raueyn; of her fruytis *ye* schulen knowe hem. Whether men gaderen grapis of thornes, or figus of breris? So euery good tre makith good fruytis; but an yuel tre makith yuel fruytis. A good tre may not make yuel fruytis, nethir an yuel tre make good fruytis. Euery tre that makith not good fruyt, schal be kyt down, and schal be cast in to the fier. Therfor of her fruytis *ye* schulen knowe hem. Not ech man that seith to me, Lord, Lord, schal entre in to the kyngdom of heuenes; but he that doith the wille of my fadir that is in heuenes, he schal entre in to the kyngdom of heuenes. Many schulen seie to me in that dai, Lord, Lord, whether we han not prophesied in thi name, and han caste out feendis in thi name, and han doon many vertues in thi name? And thanne *Y* schal knoueleche to hem, That *Y* knewe *you* neuere; departe awei fro me, *ye* that worchen wickidnesse. Therfor ech man that herith these my wordis, and doith hem, schal be maad lijck to a wise man, that bildid his hous on a stoon. And reyn felde doun, and flodis camen, and wyndis blewen, and russchiden in to that hous; and it felde not doun, for it was foundun on a stoon. And euery man that herith these my wordis, and doith hem not, is lijck to a fool, that hath bildid his hous on grauel. And reyn cam doun, and floodis camen, and wyndis blewen, and thei hurliden agen that hous; and it felde doun, and the fallyng doun therof was greet. And it was doon, whanne *Jhesus* hadde endid these wordis, the puple wondride on his techyng; for he tauyte hem, as he that hadde power, and not as the scribis of hem, and the Farisees.

LACONICS.

By GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

I

WHAT shall these clothes, thus many-fold,
 Lo, this hotè summer's day ?
 After great heat cometh cold ;
 No man cast his pilch¹ away.

II

Of all this world the large compáss
 It will not in mine armès twine :
 Whoso muckel will embrace,
 Little thereof he shall distrayn.



THE CANTERBURY TALES.

By CHAUCER.

[GEOFFREY CHAUCER, the first great English poet, was born about 1340, son of a London vintner. He was sent abroad on many embassies, and later became a prosperous London customs official and a knight of the shire ; but from 1386 till the end of Richard II.'s reign (1399) he was out of favor, and very poor. Henry IV. granted him a comfortable pension shortly after winning the throne ; but Chaucer died the next year, October 25, 1400, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. His one great work is "The Canterbury Tales."]

THE PROLOGUE.

WHAN that Aprillè with his shourès sotè²
 The drought of March hath percèd to the rotè,
 And bathèd every veine in swich³ licour,
 Of which vertue engendred is the flour ;
 Whan Zephirus eek with his swetè brethè
 Enspirèd hath in every holte⁴ and hethè
 The tendrè croppès and the yongè sonnè
 Hath in the Ram his halfè cours y-ronnè,
 And smalè fowlès maken melodie,
 That slepen al the night with open eye,

¹ Fur coat.² Sweet.³ Such.⁴ Grove.

So priketh hem nature in hir coragës;
 Than longen folk to gon on pilgrimagës,
 And palmers for to seken strangë strondes,
 To ferne halwes¹ kouthes² in sondry londes;
 And specially, from every shirës endë
 Of Engelond, to Canterbury they wendë,
 The holy blisful martyr for to sekë,
 That hem hath holpen, whan that they wer sekë.

Befel, that, in that seson on a day,
 In Southwerk at the Tabard as I lay,
 Redy to wenden on my pilgrimagë
 To Canterbury with ful devout coragë,
 At night was come into that hostelrie
 Wel nine and twenty in a compaignie
 Of sondry folk, by aventure y-fallë³
 In felawship, and pilgrims wer they allë,
 That toward Canterbury wolden ride.
 The chambres and the stables weren wide,
 And wel we weren esëd⁴ atte beste.⁵

And shortly, whan the sonnë was to reste,
 So hadde I spoken with hem everichon,⁶
 That I was of hir⁷ felawship anon,
 And madë forward erly for to rise,
 To take our way ther as I you devise.

But nathëles, while I have time and spacë,
 Or that I forther in this talë pacë,
 Me thinketh it accordant to reson,
 To tell you alle the condition
 Of eche of hem, so as it semëd to me,
 And which they weren, and of what degre;
 And eek in what array that they were innë:
 And at a knight, than wol I first beginnë.

THE KNIGHT.

A KNIGHT ther was, and that a worthy man,
 That from the timë that he first began
 To riden out, he lovëd chevalrie,
 Trouthe and honour, fredom and curtesie.
 Ful worthy was he in his lordës werre,⁸
 And therto had he ridden, no man ferre,⁹
 As wel in Cristendom as in Hethenessë,
 And ever honoured for his worthinessë.

¹ Distant Saints. ² Known. ³ Fallen. ⁴ Accommodated. ⁵ In
 the best manner. ⁶ Every one of them. ⁷ Their. ⁸ War. ⁹ Farther.

At Alisandre he was whan it was wonnē.¹
 Ful often time he had the bord begonne²
 Aboven allē nations in Pruce.³
 In Lettowe hadde he reysed⁴ and in Ruce,
 No cristen man so oft of his degre.
 In Gernade⁵ at the siege eek had he be
 Of Algesir, and rid in Belmarie.⁶
 At Leyes⁷ was he, and at Satalie,⁸
 Whan they were wonne; and in the Gretē see⁹
 At many a noble arive¹⁰ hadde he be.
 At mortal batails hadde he ben fiftene,
 And foughten for our faith at Tramassene
 In listes thries, and ay slain his fo.

This ilke¹¹ worthy knight had ben also
 Somtimē with the lord of Palatie,¹²
 Agen another hethen in Turkie:
 And evermore he hadde a sovereyn prys.¹³
 And though that he was worthy he was wys,
 And of his port as meke as is a mayde.
 He never yet no vilanie ne sayde
 In all his lif, unto no maner¹⁴ wight.
 He was a veray parfit gentil knight.

But for to tellen you of his aray,
 His hors was good, but he ne was not gay.
 Of fustian he wered a gipon,¹⁵
 Allē besmotred¹⁶ with his habergeon,
 For he was late y-com from his viage,¹⁷
 And he wentē for to don¹⁸ his pilgrimage.

THE YOUNG SQUIRE.

With him ther was his sone a yong SQUIER,
 A lover, and a lusty bachelor,
 With lockēs crull¹⁹ as they were leyd in presse.
 Of twenty yeer of age he was I gesse.

¹ Alexandria was captured A.D. 1365, by Pierre de Lusignan, King of Cyprus, who, however, immediately abandoned it.

² *I.e.* he had been placed at the head of the table; or, possibly, won chief place in tourneys.

³ *Pruce*, Prussia; *Lettowe*, Lithuania; *Ruce*, Russia. ⁴ Journeyed.

⁵ The city of Algezir was taken from the Moorish King of Granada in 1344.

⁶ Palmyra. ⁷ Layas, in Armenia. ⁸ Attalia. ⁹ The Mediterranean.

¹⁰ *Arive*, disembarkation. ¹¹ Same. ¹² Palathia, in Anatolia. ¹³ Great re-

noun. ¹⁴ No kind of person. ¹⁵ A short cassock. ¹⁶ Smutted. ¹⁷ Jour-
 ney. ¹⁸ Perform. ¹⁹ Curled.

Of his stature he was of even lengthe,
 And wonderly delivre,¹ and grete of strengthe.
 And he had ben somtime in chevachie,²
 In Flaundes, in Artois, and Picardie,
 And born him wel, as of so litel space,
 In hope to stonden in his ladies grace.

Embrouded³ was he, as it were a mede
 Al ful of freshë flourës, white and rede.
 Singing he was, or floyting⁴ al the day,
 He was as fresh, as is the month of May.
 Short was his gown, with slevës long and wyde.
 Wel coude he sitte on hors, and fayrë ryde.
 He coude songës make, and wel endite,
 Juste and eek dance, and wel pourtraie and write.
 So hote he lovëd, that by nightertale⁵
 He slep no more than doth a nightingale.
 Curteis he was, lowly, and servisable,
 And carf before his fader at the table.

HIS GROOM.

A YEMAN⁶ hadde he, and servánts no mo
 At that time, for him lustë ride so;⁷
 And he was clad in cote and hood of grene.
 A shefe of peacock arwës⁸ bright and kene
 Under his belt he bare ful thriftily.
 Wel coude he dress his takel⁹ yemanly:
 His arwës droupëd not with fethers lowe.
 And in his hond he bare a mighty bowe.

A not-hed¹⁰ had he, with a broun visage.
 Of woodcraft coude¹¹ he wel al the usage.
 Upon his arm he bare a gay bracér,¹²
 And by his side a swerd and bokelér,
 And on that other side a gaie daggere,
 Harneisëd¹³ wel, and sharpe as point of spere:
 A Cristofre¹⁴ on his brest of silver shene.
 An horne he bar, the baudrik was of grene.
 A forster was he sothly as I gesse.

¹ Agile, nimble. ² Military expedition. ³ Embroidered. ⁴ Playing on the flute. ⁵ Nighttime. ⁶ *Yeman*, or *yeoman*, is an abbreviation of *yeongeman*, as *youth* is of *yeongthe*. ⁷ He preferred to ride so. ⁸ Arrows with peacock feathers. ⁹ Bows and arrows. ¹⁰ *I.e.* round, like a nut, probably from being cropped. ¹¹ Knew. ¹² Armor for the arm. ¹³ Equipped. ¹⁴ A figure of St. Christopher.

THE PRIORESS.

There was also a Nonne, a PRIORESSE,
 That of hir smiling was ful simple and coy;
 Hir gretest oth n'as but by Seint Eloy;¹
 And she was clepēd madame Eglentine.
 Ful wel she sang the servicē divine,
 Entunēd in hir nose ful semely;
 And French she spak ful fayre and fetisly,²
 After the scole of Stratford-atte-Bowe,
 For French of Paris was to hir unknowe.
 At metē wely-taught was she withalle;
 She let no morsel from hir lippēs falle,
 Ne wet hir fingrēs in hir saucē depe.
 Wel coud she carie a morsel, and wel kepe,
 That no dropē ne fell upon hir brest.
 In curtesie was set ful moch hir lest.³
 Hir over lippē wipēd she so clene,
 That in hir cuppē was no ferthing⁴ sene
 Of gresē, whan she dronken had hir draught
 Ful semely after hir mete she raught.⁵
 And sikerly⁶ she was of greet disport,
 And ful plesant, and amiable of port,
 And peinēd hir to contrefeten⁷ chere
 Of court, and ben estatlich of manere,
 And to ben holden digne of reverence.
 But for to speken of hir conscience,
 She was so charitable and so pitoús,
 She wolde wepe if that she saw a mous
 Caught in a trappe, if it wer ded or bledde.
 Of smalē houndēs had she, that she fedde
 With rosted flesh, or milk and wastel brede.⁸
 But sorē wept she if on of hem wer dede,
 Or if men smote it with a yerdē⁹ smert:¹⁰
 And al was conscience and tendre herte.
 Ful semely hir wimple¹¹ y-pinched was;
 Hir nosē tretis;¹² hir eyen grey as glas;
 Hir mouth ful smale, and therto soft and red;
 But sikerly she had a fayr forehed.
 It was almost a spannē brod I trowe;
 For hardily she was not undergrowe.

¹ Either read Seinte Loy, St. Eligius or Seynt Eloy, St. Louis.
 cleverly.

³ Delight, pleasure.

⁴ Fourth part; hence, bit.

² Neatly,
⁵ Reached.

⁶ Surely.

⁷ She took great pains to assume.

⁸ Best flour bread.

⁹ A stick.

¹⁰ Hardly.

¹¹ A covering for the neck.

¹² Long and well proportioned.

Full fetis¹ was hir cloke, as I was ware.
 Of smal coral about hir arm she bare
 A pair of bedës, gauded² all with grene;
 And theron heng a broch of gold ful shene,
 On whiche was first y-write a crownëd A,
 And after, *Amor vincit omnia*.

Another Nonne also with hir had she,
 That was hire chapelleine, and Preestës thre.

THE MONK.

A MONK ther was, a fayr for the maistrie,³
 An outrider, that lovëd venerie;⁴
 A manly man, to ben an abbot able.
 Ful many a deintë hors had he in stable:
 And whan he rood, men might his bridel here
 Gingéling in a whistling wind as clere,
 And eek as loude, as doth the chapel belle.
 Ther as⁵ this lord was keper of the celle,
 The reule of seint Maure and of seint Beneit,
 Because that it was old and somdel streit,
 This ilke monk let oldë thingës pace,
 And held after the newe world the trace.
 He yave not of the text a pullëd hen,⁶
 That saith, that hunters ben not holy men;
 Ne that a monk, whan he is rekkëles,
 Is likned to a fish that is waterles;
 This is to say, a monk out of his cloistre.
 But thilke text held he not worth an oistre.
 And I say his opiniön was good.
 What⁷ shulde he studie, and make himselfen wood,⁸
 Upon a book in cloistre alway to pore,
 Or swinken with his hondës, and labouré,
 As Austin bit?⁹ how shal the world be served?
 Let Austin have his swink¹⁰ to him reserved.
 Therfore he was a priekasoure¹¹ aright:
 Greihounds he had as swift as foul in flight:
 Of prieking and of hunting for the hare
 Was al his lust, for no cost wolde he spare.

¹ Neat, tasteful. ² With green gawdes, or large Paternoster beads.

³ A fair one; for the maistrie, excellent above all others. MS. Bod. 761. *Secreta h. Samp de Clowburnel*, fol. 17 b. *Ciroigne bone par la maistrie a briser et a meurer apostemes*, etc. — *Tyrwhitt*. ⁴ Hunting. ⁵ Where. ⁶ Bald or scurvy; a molting. ⁷ Why. ⁸ Mad. ⁹ Biddeth. ¹⁰ Labor. ¹¹ A hard rider, from *prick*, to spur on a horse.

I saw his sleevs purfilèd at the hond
 With gris,¹ and that the finest of the lond.
 And for to fastne his hood under his chinne,
 He had of gèld y-wrought a curious pinne:
 A love knot in the greter end ther was.
 His hed was bald, and shone as any glas,
 And eek his face, as it had ben anoint.
 He was a lord ful fat and in good point.
 His eyen stepe,² and rolling in his hed,
 That stemèd as a forneis of a led.³
 His botès souple, his hors in gret estat,
 Now certainly he was a fayr prelat.
 He was not pale as a for-pinèd⁴ gost.
 A fat swan loved he best of any rost.
 His palfrey was as broune as is a bery.

THE FRIAR.

A FRERE ther was, a wanton⁵ and a mery,
 A Limitour,⁶ a ful solempnè man.
 In all the ordres foure is non that can⁷
 So moche of daliancè⁸ and fayr langage.
 He hadde y-made ful many a mariage
 Of yonge wimmen, at his ownè cost.
 Unto his ordre he was a noble post.
 Ful wel beloved, and familier was he
 With frankleins⁹ over all in his contree,
 And eek with worthy wimmen of the town:
 For he had power of confessioun,
 As said himselfe, more than a curat,
 For of his ordre he was licenciât.
 Ful swetely herd he confessioun,
 And plesant was his absolioun.
 He was an esy man to give penance,
 Ther as he wiste to han¹⁰ a good pitance¹¹:
 For unto a poure ordre for to give
 Is signè that a man is wel y-shrive.
 For if he gave, he dorste make avánt,¹²
 He wistè that a man was repentánt.
 For many a man so hard is of his herte,
 He may not wepe although him sorè smerte.

¹ Gray rabbit fur.² Sunk deep in his head.³ Copper caldron.⁴ Wasted, tormented.⁵ Lively.⁶ I.e. one licensed to beg within a certain district.⁷ Knew.⁸ Gossip.⁹ Wealthy landholders; country gentlemen of good estate.¹⁰ Have.¹¹ Mess of victuals.¹² Boast.

Therefore in stede of weping and praieres,
 Men moot give silver to the pourë freres.
 His tippet¹ was ay farsed² ful of knives,
 And pinnës, for to given fayrë wives.
 And certainly he had a mery note.
 Wel coude he singe and plaien on a rote.³
 Of yeddings⁴ he bare utterly the prys.
 His nekkë whit was as the flour-de-lys.
 Therto he strong was as a champioun,
 He knew the taverns wel in every toun,
 And every hosteler and gay tapstère,
 Bet⁵ than a lazar or a beggestere,⁶
 For unto swiche a worthy man as he
 Accordeth nought, as by his faculte,
 To han with sikë lazars⁷ acquaintance.
 It is not honest, it may not avance,
 As for to delen, with no such pouraille,⁸
 But all with riche, and sellers of vitaille.
 And o'er all, ther as profit shuld arise,
 Curteis he was, and lowly of servise.
 Ther n'as no man nowher so vertuous.
 He was the bestë begger in his hous:
 For though a widwe⁹ haddë not a shoo,
 (So plesant was his *In principio*)¹⁰
 Yet wold he have a ferthing or he went.
 His purchas¹¹ was wel better than his rent.
 And rage he coude and pleyen as a whelp,
 In lovë-days,¹² coude he mochel help.
 For ther he was not like a cloisterere,
 With thredbar cope, as is a pour scolere,
 But he was like a maister or a pope.
 Of double worsted was his semicope,
 That rounded as a belle out of the presse.
 Somwhat he lispëd for his wantonnesse,
 To make his English swete upon his tonge;
 And in his harping, whan that he had songe,
 His eyen twinkeld in his hed aright,
 As don the sterrës in a frosty night.
 This worthy limitour was clept Huberd.

¹ Cowl. ² Stuffed. ³ On a harp. ⁴ Gleeman's songs. ⁵ Better.

⁶ Beggar. ⁷ Lepers. ⁸ Commonalty, poor people. ⁹ Widow. ¹⁰ "In the beginning," Latin text either of the first verse of Genesis or of St. John's Gospel.

¹¹ Proceeds of his alms collecting. ¹² Days appointed for the amicable settlement or arbitration of differences.

THE MERCHANT.

A MERCHANT was ther with a forked berd,
 In mottelee,¹ and highe on hors he sat,
 And on his hed a Flaundrish bever hat.
 His botës clapsed fayre and fetisly.
 His resons spak he ful solempnely,
 Souning² alway th' encrese of his winning.
 He wold the see were kept for anything
 Betwixen Middleburgh and Orewell.³
 Wel coud he in eschangës sheeldes⁴ selle,
 This worthy man ful wel his wit besette;⁵
 Ther wiste no wight that he was in dette,
 So stedfastly did he his governance,
 With his bargeines, and with his chevisance.⁶
 Forsothe he was a worthy man withalle,
 But soth to sayn, I n'ot⁷ how men him calle.

THE UNIVERSITY STUDENT.

A CLERK ther was of Oxenforde also,
 That unto logik haddë long y-go.
 As lenë was his hors as is a rake,
 And he was not right fat, I undertake;
 But lokëd holwe, and therto soberly.
 Ful thredbare was his overest courtëpy,⁸
 For he had geten him yet no benefice,
 Ne was so worldly for to have office.
 For him was lever han⁹ at his beds hed
 A twenty bokës, clad in black or red,
 Of Aristotle, and his philosophie,
 Than robës riche, or fidel, or sautrie.¹⁰
 But all be that he was a philosophre,
 Yet haddë he but litel gold in cofre,
 But all that he might of his frendës hentë,¹¹
 On bokës and on lerning he it spentë,
 And besily gan for the soulës praie
 Of hem, that yave him wherwith to scolaie.¹²
 Of studie took he mostë cure and hede.

¹ Mixed, various colors, motley. ² Sounding. ³ A seaport in Essex.

⁴ French crowns, so called from their having a shield stamped on one side.

⁵ Employed his knowledge. ⁶ An arrangement for borrowing money. ⁷ Know

not. ⁸ A sort of short upper cloak. ⁹ *I.e.* he had rather, he preferred.

¹⁰ Psaltery. ¹¹ Get. ¹² To attend school.

Not a word spak he morē than was nede;
 And that he said in forme and reverence,
 And short and quik, and ful of high sentence.
 Souning in moral vertue was his speche,
 And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche.

THE SERGEANT OF LAW.

A SERGEANT OF THE LAW¹ ware and wise,
 That often had y-ben at the parvys,¹
 Ther was also, ful riche of excellence.
 Discrete he was, and of gret reverence:
 He semed such, his wordēs were so wise,
 Justice he was ful often in assise.
 By patent, and by pleyn commissioun;
 For his sciēce, and for his high renoun,
 Of fees and robēs had he many on.
 So grete a purchasour was nowher non.
 All was fee simple to him in effect,
 His purchasing might not ben in suspect.
 Nowher so besy a man as he ther n'as,
 And yet he semēd besier than he was.
 In termēs had he cas and domēs² alle,
 That from the time of king William wer falle,
 Therto he coude endite, and make a thing,
 Ther coudē no wight pineche³ at his writing.
 And every statute coude he plaine by rote.
 He rode but homely in a medlee cote,
 Girt with a seint⁴ of silk, with barrēs⁵ smale;
 Of his array tell I no lenger tale.

THE GENTLEMAN.

A FRANKĒLEIN was in this compaignie;
 White was his berd, as is the dayēsie.
 Of his complexion he was sanguin.
 Wel loved he by the morwē⁶ a sop in win.
 To liven in delit was ae his wone,⁷
 For he was Epicurēs owen sone,
 That held opinion, that plein delit
 Was veraily felicité parfīt.

¹ Church porch. ² Opinions. ³ Find fault with. ⁴ Belt. ⁵ Stripes
⁶ Morning. ⁷ Habit.

An housholder, and that a gret, was he;
 Seint Julian¹ he was in his contre,
 His breed, his ale, was alway after on;²
 A better envyned³ man was no wher non.
 Withoutē bak meet never was his hous,
 Of flesh and fish, and that so plenteous,
 It snēwēd in his hous of mete and drinke,
 Of allē deintees that men coud of thinke,
 After the sondry sesons of the yere,
 So changēd he his mete and his soupere.
 Ful many a fat partrich had he in mewe,
 And many a breme, and many a luce⁴ in stewe.
 Wo was his cook but if⁵ his saucē were
 Poinant and sharpe, and redy all his gere.
 His table dormant in his halle alway
 Stood redy covered al the longē day.
 At sessions ther was he lord and sire.
 Ful often timē he was knight of the shire.
 An anlas,⁶ and a gipcer⁷ all of silk,
 Heng at his girdel, white as morwe⁸ milk.
 A shereve had he ben, and a countour.⁹
 Was no wher such a worthy vavasour.¹⁰

THE WIFE OF BATH.

A good WIF was ther of besidē Bathe,
 But she was somdel deef, and that was skathe.
 Of cloth making she haddē swiche an haunt,¹¹
 She passēd hem¹² of Ypres, and of Gaunt.
 In all the parish wif ne was ther non,
 That to the offring¹³ beforē hir shuld gon,
 And if ther did, certain so wroth was she,
 That she was out of allē charité.
 Hire coverchiefs weren ful fine of ground;
 I dorstē swer, they weyēden a pound;
 That on the Sondag were upon hir hede.
 Hir hosen weren of fyn scarlet rede,
 Ful streit y-tayed, and shoon ful moist¹⁴ and newe.
 Bold was hir face, and fayr and reed of hew.
 She was a worthy woman all hir lyfe,
 Housbondys at chirchē door had she had fyfe,

¹ Patron of pilgrims. ² One o'clock. ³ Stocked with wine. ⁴ Pike.

⁵ Except. ⁶ Knife or dagger. ⁷ A purse. ⁸ Morning. ⁹ Accountant.

¹⁰ Landholder. ¹¹ So large a custom. ¹² Passed them off as. ¹³ Offertory.

¹⁴ Fresh.

Withouten¹ other compaignie in youthe :
 But therof nedeth not to speke as nouthe.²
 And thries had she ben at Jerusaleme.
 She haddē passēd many a strangē streme.
 At Romē she had ben, and at Boloine,
 In Galice at Seint James, and at Coloine.
 She coudē moche of wandring by the way.
 Gat-tothēd³ was she, sothly for to say.
 Upon an ambler esily she sat,
 Y-wimplēd wel, and on hir hede an hat,
 As brode as is a bokler, or a targe.
 A fote-mantel about hir hippēs large,
 And on hir fete a pair of sporrēs sharpe.
 In felawship wel coud she laughe and carpe
 Of remedies of love she knew parchance,
 For of that art she coud⁴ the oldē dance.

THE MILLER.

The MILLER was a stout carl for the nones,⁵
 Ful big he was of braun, and eek of bones ;
 That provēd wel, for overal ther he came,
 At wrastling he wold bere away the ram.
 He was short shuldrēd, brode, a thikkē gnarre.⁶
 Ther n'as no door, that he n'olde heve of harre,⁷
 Or breke it at a renning with his hede.
 His berd as any sowe or fox was rede,
 And therto brode, as though it were a spade.
 Upon the cop⁸ right of his nose he hade
 A wert, and theron stode a tufte of heres,
 Rede as the bristles of a sowēs eres.
 His nose-thirls blackē were and wide.
 A swerd and bokler bare he by his side.
 His mouth as widē was as a forneis.
 He was a jangler,⁹ and a goliardeis,¹⁰
 And that was most of sinne, and harlotries.
 Wel coude he stelen corne, and tollen thries.
 And yet he had a thomb of gold pardē.
 A whit cote and a blew hood werēd he.
 A baggēpipē coude he blowe and sounē,
 And therwithall he brought us out of toune.

¹ Besides. ² Now. ³ With teeth far apart or projecting ; hence lascivious.
⁴ Knew. ⁵ Nonce. ⁶ Tree knot. ⁷ Hinge. ⁸ Top. ⁹ A prater, babler.

¹⁰ Full of ribalding on the Church and ecclesiastics ; from an imaginary Bishop Gollas (perhaps invented by Walter Map), on whom were fathered satiric Latin rhymes in the twelfth century.

THE APPARITOR.

A SOMPNOUR was ther with us in that place,
 That hadde a fyr-red cherubinnës face,
 For sausëflem¹ he was, with eyen narwe.
 As hote he was, and likerous as a sparwe,
 With seallëd browës blak, and pillëd berd :
 Of his visagë children were aferd.
 Ther n'as quiksilver, litarge, ne brimston,
 Boras, ceruse, ne oile of tartre non,
 Ne oinëment that woldë clense or bite,
 That him might helpen of his whelkës white,
 Ne of the knobbës sitting on his chekes.
 Wel loved he garlik, oniöns, and lekes,
 And for to drinkë strong win red as blood.
 Than wold he speke, and crie as he were wood.²
 And whan that he wel dronken had the wyn,
 Than wold he speken no word but Latyn. . . .
 A gerlond had he set upon his hede,
 As gret as it were for an alëstake :³
 A bokler had he maad him of a cake.

THE PARDONER.

With him ther rode a gentil PARDONER⁴
 Of Rouncevall, his friend and his comper,⁵
 That streit was comen from the court of Rome.
 Full loude he sang, "Com hider, love, to me."
 This sompnour bar to him a stiff burdoün,
 Was never tromp of half so great a soun.
 This pardoner had here⁶ as yelwe as wax,
 But smoth it heng, as doth a strike of flax :
 By uncës⁷ heng his lökkës that he hadde,
 And therwith he his shulders overspradde.
 Ful thinne it lay, by culpons⁸ on and on,
 But hood, for jolité, ne wered he non,
 For it was trussëd up in his wallet.
 Him thought he rode al of the newe get,⁹
 Dishevel, sauf his cap, he rode all bare.
 Swich glaring eyen had he, as an hare.

¹ With red pimpled face.⁶ Hair.² Mad.⁷ Ounces.³ A signpost in front of an alehouse.⁸ Shreds.⁴ A seller of indulgences.⁹ Fashion.⁵ Companion.

A vernicle¹ had he sewed on his cappe.
 His wallet lay befor him in his lappe,
 Bret-ful of pardon come from Rome al hote.
 A vois he hadde, as smale as eny gote.
 No berdē had he, ne never non shuld have,
 As smothe it was as it were newe shave;
 I trowe he were a gelding or a mare.

But of his craft, fro Berwike unto Ware,
 Ne was ther swich another pardonere.
 For in his male² he hadde a pilwebere,³
 Which, that he saidē, was our lady veil:
 He said, he hadde a gobbet⁴ of the seyl
 That seinte Peter had, whan that he went
 Upon the see, till Jesu Crist him hent.⁵
 He had a cros of laton⁶ ful of stones,
 And in a glas he haddē piggēs bones.
 But with these reliks, whannē that he fond
 A pourē person dwelling up on lond,
 Upon a day he gat him more moneie
 Than that the persone gat in moneths tweie.
 And thus with fainēd flattering and japes,
 He made the person, and the peple, his apes.

But trewely to tellen attē last,
 He was in chirche a noble ecclesiast.
 Wel coud he rede a lesson or a storie,
 But alderbest he sang an offertorie:
 For wel he wiste, whan that song was songe,
 He mustē preche, and wel afile⁷ his tonge,
 To winnē silver, as he right wel coude:
 Therefore he sang ful merily and loude.

Now have I told you shortly in a clause,
 Thestat, tharaie, the nombre, and eke the cause
 Why that assemblēd was this compaignie
 In Southwerk at this gentil hostelrie,
 That highte the Tabard, faste by the Belle.

MINE HOST.

Gret chere made oure Host us everich on,
 And to the souper set he us anon:

¹ A miniature copy of the picture of Christ, which is said to have been miraculously imprinted upon a handkerchief, preserved in the church of St. Peter at Rome. ² Portmanteau. ³ A pillowcase. ⁴ Morsel. ⁵ Took hold of him. ⁶ A sort of mixed metal, of the color of brass. ⁷ Polish,

And servēd us with vitail attē beste.
 Strong was the wyn, and wel to drinke us leste.¹
 A senely man our hostē was withalle
 For to han ben a marshal in an halle.
 A largē man he was with eyen stepe,
 A fairer burgeis is ther non in Chepe:
 Bold of his speche, and wise and wel y-taught,
 And of manhed him lackēd rightē naught.
 Eek therto was he right a mery man,
 And after souper plaien he began.



THE PARDONER'S TALE.

BY CHAUCER.

(Slightly modernized in spelling, but not otherwise changed.)

IN FLANDERS whilom was a companie
 Of youngē folk, that haunteden follie,
 As riot, hazard, stewēs and taverns,
 Where as with harpēs, lutēs, and gittérns,
 They dance and playen at dice, both day and night,
 And eaten also, and drinken over their might,
 Through which they do the devil sacrifice
 Within that devil's temple, in cursēd wise,
 By superfluity abominable.
 Their oathēs been so great and damnable
 That it is grisly for to hear them swear.
 Our blessēd Lorde's body they do tear;
 Them thought that Jewēs rent him not enough,
 And each of them at others' sinnē laugh;
 And right anon then cometh tombesters²
 Fetis³ and small, and youngē fruitesters,
 Singers with harpēs, bawdēs, waferers,⁴
 Which been the very devil's officers,
 To kindle and blow the fire of lechery,
 That is annexēd unto gluttony.
 The Holy Writ take I to my witness
 That luxury⁵ is in wine and drunkenness. . . .
 These riotourēs three, of which I tell,
 Long erst ere primē rung of any bell,

¹ It pleased us well. ² Female acrobats. ³ Graceful. ⁴ Sweetmeat
 sellers. ⁵ What self-indulgence.

Were set them in a tavern for to drink;
 And as they sat they heard a bellë clink
 Beforn a corse [that] was carried to his grave.
 The one of them gan callen to his knave:
 "Go bet,"¹ quod he, "and axë readily
 What corse is this that passeth here forby,
 And look that thou report his namë weel."

"Sir," quod this boy, "it needeth never a deel,²
 It was me told ere ye came here two hours;
 He was, pardee, an old fellaw of yours,
 And suddenly he was y-slain to-night,
 For-drunk, as he sat on his bench upright;
 There came a privy thief men clepeth³ Death,
 That in this country all the people slaith,
 And with his spear he smote his heart atwo,
 And went his way withouten wordës mo.
 He hath a thousand slain, this pestilence,
 And, master, ere ye come in his presënce,
 Me thinketh that it werë necessarie
 For to be ware of such an adversarie;
 Be ready for to meet him evermore;
 Thus taughtë me my dame; I say na-more."

"By Saint Marië!" said this taverner,
 "The child saith sooth, for he hath slain this year
 Hence over a mile, within a great villäge,
 Both man and woman, child, and hind, and page;
 I trow his habitation be there;
 To be advisëd great wisdóm it were,
 Ere that he did a man a dishonour."

"Yea, Goddë's armës!" quoth this riotour,
 "Is it such peril with him for to meet?
 I shall him seek by way, and eke by street;
 I make avow to Goddë's dignë⁴ bones!
 Hearken, feláwës, we three be all ones:
 Let each of us hold up his hand til other,
 And each of us becomen other's brother,
 And we will slay this falsë traitor, Death;
 He shall be slain, he that so many slaith,
 By Goddë's dignity, ere it be night!"

Together have these three their truthës plight
 To live and diën each of them for other,
 As though he were his own y-bornë brother;
 And up they start, all drunken, in this rage;⁵
 And forth they go towardës that villäge

¹ Quickly.² Whit.³ Call.⁴ Reverend.⁵ Frenzy.

Of which the taverner had spoke befor;
 And many a grisly oath then have they sworn;
 And Christē's blessed body they to-rent —
 Death shall be dead, if that they may him hent.¹

When they have gone not fully half a mile,
 Right as they would have trodden over a stile,
 An old man and a poorē with them met;
 This oldē man full meenely them gret,
 And saidē thus: "Now, lordēs, God you see!"

The proudest of these riotourēs three
 Answered again, "What, carl with sorry grace,
 Why art thou all for-wrappēd, save thy face?
 Why livest thou so long in so great age?"

This oldē man gan look in his viságe,
 And saidē thus: "For² I ne cannot find
 A man, though that I walkēd into Ind,
 Neither in city, ne in no villáge,
 That wouldē change his youthē for mine age;
 And therefore must I have mine agē still,
 As longē time as it is Goddē's will.
 Ne Death, alas! ne will not have my life;
 Thus walk I, like a restēless caitiff,
 And on the ground, which is my mother's gate,
 I knockē with my staff, early and late,
 And sayē, 'Leevē³ mother, let me in!
 Lo, how I vanish, flesh and blood and skin!
 Alas! when shall my bonēs been at rest?
 Mother, with you would I changē my chest,
 That in my chamber longē time hath be,
 Yea, for an hairē-clout to wrappē me!'
 But yet to me she will not do that grace,
 For which full pale and welkēd⁴ is my face.

"But, sirs, to you it is no courtesy
 To speaken to an old man villany,
 But⁵ he trespass in word, or else in deed.
 In Holy Writ ye may yourself well read,
 Against an old man, hoar upon his head,
 Ye should n'arise; wherefore I give you rede⁶
 Ne do unto an old man no harm now,
 Na morē than ye would men did to you
 In agē, if that ye so long abide.
 And God be with you, where you go or ride;
 I must go thither as I have to go."

¹ Catch.² Because.³ Beloved.⁴ Withered.⁵ Except.⁶ Advice.

"Nay, oldē churl, by God, thou shalt not so!"
Saidē this other hazardour¹ anon :

"Thou partest not so lightly, by Saint John!
Thou spake right now of thilkē traitor, Death,
That in this country all our friendēs slaith;
Have here my truth, as thou art his espy,
Tell where he is, or thou shalt it abye,²
By God and by the holy sacrament!
For soothly, thou art one of his assent³
To slay us youngē folk, thou falsē thief!"

"Now, sirs," quoth he, "if that ye be so lief
To finde Death, turn up this crooked way,
For in that grove I left him, by my fay,
Under a tree, and there he will abide;
Naught for your boast he will him nothing hide.
See ye that oak? Right there ye shall him find.
God savē you, that bought again mankind,
And you amende!" thus said this oldē man;
And every of these riotourēs ran
Till he came to that tree, and there they found,
Of florins fine, of gold y-coynēd round,
Well nigh a seven bushels, as them thought.
No longer thennē after Death they sought,
But each of them so glad was of that sight,
For that the florins been so fair and bright,
That down they set them by this precious hoard.
The worst of them he spake the firstē word:—

"Brethren," quod he, "take keepē what I say;
My wit is great, though that I boord⁴ and play.
This treasure hath Fortune unto us given
In mirth and jollity our life to liven,
And lightly as it comth, so will we spend.
Ey, Goddē's precious dignity! who wend⁵
To-day, that we should have so fair a grace?
But might this gold be carried from this place
Home to mine house, or ellēs unto yours, —
For wel ye wot that all this gold is ours, —
Then werē we in high felicity.
But truēly, by day it may not be:
Men wouldē say that we were thievēs strong,
And for our owēn treasure do us hong.⁶
This treasure must y-carried be by night,
As wisely and as slyly as it might.

¹ Gambler.² Pay for.³ Plot.⁴ Joke.⁵ Weened (thought).⁶ Hang us.

Wherefore, I rede that cut among us all
 Be drawn, and let see where the cut will fall;
 And he that hath the cut, with heartë blithe
 Shall runnë to the town, and that ful swithe,¹
 And bring us bread and wine full privily,
 And two of us shall keepen subtilly
 This treasure well; and if he will not tarry,
 When it is night we will this treasure carry,
 By one assent, where as us thinketh best."

The one of them the cut brought in his fist,
 And bade them draw and look where it will fall;
 And it fell on the youngest of them all,
 And forth toward the town he went anon,
 And all so soonë as that he was gone,
 The one of them spake thus unto the other:—

"Thou knowest well thou art my swornë brother;
 Thy profit will I tellë thee anon:
 Thou wost well that our fellow is agone,
 And here is gold, and that full great plentee,
 That shall departed² be among us three;
 But nathëless, if I can shape it so
 That it departed were among us two,
 Had I not done a friendë's turn to thee?"

That other answered, "I noot³ how that may be:
 He wot how that the gold is with us tway:
 What shall we do, what shall we to him say?"

"Shall it be counsel?" said the firstë shrew,⁴
 "And I shall tellë thee in wordës few
 What we shall do, and bringen it well about."

"I grantë,"⁵ quod the other, "out of doubt,
 That by my truth I shall not thee bewray."

"Now," quod the first, "thou wost well we be tway
 And two of us shall stronger be than one.
 Look when that he is set, and right anon
 Arise, as though thou wouldest with him play,
 And I shall rive him through the sidës tway,
 While that thou strugglest with him as in game,
 And with thy dagger look thou do the same:
 And then shall all this gold departed be,
 My dearë friend, betwixen me and thee.
 Then may we both our lustës all fulfill,
 And play at dice right at our owen will."

And thus accorded been these shrewës tway,
 To slay the third, as ye have heard me say.

¹ Fast. ² Parted. ³ Know not. ⁴ Rascal. ⁵ Assure you.

This youngest, which that went unto the town,
 Full oft in heart he rolleth up and down
 The beauty of these florins new and bright;
 "O Lord," quoth he, "if so were that I might
 Have all this treasure to myself alone,
 There is no man that liveth under the throne
 Of God, that shouldë live so merry as I!"
 And attë last the Fiend, our enemy,
 Put in his thought that he should poison buy,
 With which he mightë slay his fellows tway;
 For-why the Fiend found him in such living
 That he had leavë him to sorrow bring,
 For this was utterly his full intent,
 To slay them both and never to repent.
 And forth he go'th, no longer would he tarry,
 Into the town, unto a pothecary,
 And praydë him, that he him wouldë sell
 Some poison, that he might his rattës quell;
 And eke there was a polecat in his haw,
 That, as he said, his capons had y-slaw,¹
 And fain he wouldë wreak him, if he might,
 On vermin that destroyëd him by night.

The pothecarie answered, "And thou shalt have
 A thing that—all so God my soulë save!—
 In all this world there nis no creäture,
 That eaten or drunken hath of this confiture²
 Naught but the montance³ of a corn of wheat,
 That he ne shall his life anon forlete,⁴
 Yea, starve⁵ he shall, and that in lessë while
 Than thou wilt go apace not but a mile,
 This poison is so strong and violent."

This cursëd man hath in his hand y-hent
 This poison in a box, and sith⁶ he ran
 Into the nextë street unto a man,
 And borrowed him largë bottellës three,
 And in the two his poison pourëd he;
 The third he kept clean for his ownë drink;
 For all the night he shoop⁷ him for to swink⁸
 In carrying of the gold out of that place.
 And when this riotour with sorry grace
 Had filled with wine his greatë bottles three,
 To his fellows again repaireth he.

¹ Slain.
⁷ Resolved,

² Confection.
⁸ Work,

³ Amount,

⁴ Forego,

⁵ Die,

⁶ Then,

What needeth it to sermon of it more ?
 For right as they had cast his death before,
 Right so they have him slain, and that anon,
 And when that this was done, thus spake that one:
 "Now let us sit and drink, and make us merry,
 And afterward we will his body bury ;"
 And with that word it happed him, *par cas*,
 To take the bottle where the poison was,
 And drank, and gave his fellow drink also,
 For which anon they storven¹ bothe two.
 But certes, I suppose that Avicen
 Wrote never in no Canón, ne in no fen,²
 More wonder signës of empoisoning
 Than had these wretches two, ere their ending.
 Thus ended been these homicidës two,
 And eke the false empoisoner also. . . .

Now, good men, God forgive you your trespass,
 And ware you from the sin of avarice.
 Mine holy pardon may you all warice,³
 So that ye offer nobles, or sterlings,
 Or ellës silver brooches, spoonës, rings,
 Boweth your head under this holy bull !
 Com'th up, ye wivës, offereth of your wool !
 Your names I enter here in my roll anon ;
 Into the bliss of heaven shall ye gone ;
 I you assoillë by mine high power —
 You that will offer — as clean and eke as clear
 As ye were born ; and lo, sirs, thus I preach,
 And Jesu Christ, that is our soule's leech,
 So grantë you his pardon to receive ;
 For that is best : I will you not deceive.

But, sires, one word forgot I in my tale :
 I have reliques and pardon in my mail⁴
 As fair as any man in Engeland,
 Which were me given by the Popë's hand.
 If any of you will of devotiön
 Offer, and have my absolutiön,
 Come forth anon, and kneeleth here adoun,
 And meekely receiveth my pardoün ;
 Or ellës taketh pardon as ye wend,
 All new and fresh at every milë's end, —
 So that ye offer, alway new and new,
 Nobles or pence, which that be good and true.

1 Died.

2 Section of Avicenna's "Canon of Medicine."

3 Heal.

4 Trunk

REYNARD THE FOX.

[The original form of this famous story was Flemish—a Latin poem called “Ysengrimus,” written by a priest, Nivardus of Ghent, about 1148. The names are Flemish: Reynard (Reginhard), the utterly hard; Isengrim, iron helm; Bruin, the brown (bear). A German version was published about 1180, a French one about 1300; in its present form it was remodeled and added to about 1380.]

ABOUT the Feast of Pentecost, which is commonly called Whitsuntide, when the woods are full of lustihood and songs of gallantry, and every tree fresh clothed in its vernal garb of glorious leaves and sweet-smelling blossoms; when the earth is covered with her fairest mantle of flowers, and all the birds entertain her with the delights of their melodious songs; even at this joyous period of the lusty spring, the lion, that royal king of beasts, the monarch of the ancient woods, thought to celebrate this holy festival, and to keep open court at his great palace of Sanden, with all triumphant ceremony and magnificence. To this end he made solemn proclamation over all his kingdom to all manner of beasts whatsoever, that upon pain of being held in contempt, every one should resort to the approaching celebration of the grand festival.

Within a few days, at the time prefixed, all beasts, both great and small, came in infinite numbers crowding to the court, with the exception of Reynard the fox, who did not appear. Conscious as he was of so many trespasses and transgressions against the lives and fortunes of other beasts, he knew that his presence might have put his life into great jeopardy, and he forbore.

Now, when the royal monarch had assembled his whole court, there were few beasts who had not some complaint to make against the fox; but especially Isengrim the wolf, who being the first and principal complainant, came with all his lineage and kindred. Standing uncovered before the king, he said: “Most dread and dearest sovereign lord the king! Humbly I beseech you, that from the height and strength of your great power, and the multitude of your mercies, you will graciously take compassion upon the insufferable trespasses and injuries which that unworthy creature, Reynard the fox, has lately committed against me and my wife and my whole family. To give your majesty some idea of these wrongs, know that this Reynard broke into my house in my absence,

against the will of me and my wife, where, finding my children laid in their quiet couch, he maltreated them in so vile a manner, especially about the eyes, that with the sharpness of the crime they fell instantly blind. Now, for this offense a day was set apart, wherein Reynard should appear to justify himself, and make solemn oath that he was guiltless of that foul injury ; but as soon as the holy book was tendered to him, he, well knowing his own enormity, refused to swear, or rather evaded it, by instantly running into his hole, in contempt both of your majesty and your laws. This, perhaps, my dread lord, some of the noblest beasts resident at your court did not know ; yet this was not enough to satiate his malice, and he continued to trespass against me in many other things, which, however, neither your majesty's time nor patience would suffice to hear. Enough that my injuries are so great that nothing can exceed them, and the shame and villainy that he has shown my wife is such that I can no longer suffer it to go unrevenged. From him I am come to demand reparation, and from your majesty compassion."

When the wolf had spoken these words, there stood by him a little hound, whose name was Curtise, who now stepping forth, also made a grievous complaint to the king, saying, that in the cold winter season, when the frost was most violent, and he was half starved by want of prey, having nothing further left him to sustain life than one poor piece of pudding, that vile Reynard ran upon him from ambush, and unjustly seized it.

Scarcely had these words escaped the hound's lips, before in sprang Tibert the cat, with a fierce and angry countenance, and falling down at his majesty's feet, exclaimed : " O my lord the king, though I must confess that the fox is here grievously accused, yet were other beasts' actions searched, each would find enough to do to clear himself. Touching the complaint of Curtise the hound, it was an offense committed many years ago ; and though I myself complain of no injury, yet was the pudding mine and not his, for I got it one night out of a mill, when the miller lay asleep. If Curtise could challenge any share thereof, it must be derived solely from me."

When Panther heard Tibert's words, he stood forth, and said, " Do you imagine, O Tibert, that it would be just or good that Reynard should not be accused ? Why, the whole world knows he is a murderer, a ravisher, and a thief ; that he loves not any creature, no, not his majesty himself ; and would suffer his

highness to lose both honor and renown, if he thought he could thus obtain so much as the leg of a fat pullet. Let me tell you what I saw him do only yesterday to Kayward the hare, now standing in the king's presence. Under pretense of teaching poor Kayward his creed, and making a good chaplain of him, he persuaded him to come and sit between his legs, and sing aloud, 'Credo, Credo!' I happened to pass that way, and heard the song; and upon going nearer, I found that Mr. Reynard had left his first note, and began to play in his old key, for he had caught Kayward by the throat, and had I not at that moment come, he had certainly taken his life, as you may see by Kayward's fresh wound under his throat. If my lord the king should suffer such conduct to go unpunished, the peace broken, the royal dignity profaned, and the just laws violated, your princely children many years to come shall bear the slander of this evil."

"Doubtless, Panther," cried Isegrim, "you say well and true: it is only fit that they should receive the benefit of justice who wish to live in peace."

Then spoke Grimbard, the brock [badger], who was Reynard's sister's son, being much moved by anger: "Isegrim, you are malicious, and it is a common proverb that 'malice never yet spake well;' and what can you advance against my kinsman Reynard? I wish you had only to encounter the risk, that whichever of you had most injured the other, was to be hanged and die a felon's death; for I tell you, were he here in court, and as much in our favor as you are, it would be but small satisfaction for you to beg mercy. You have many times bitten and torn my kinsman with your venomous teeth, and much oftener than I can reckon; though I will recall some instances to your shame. Can you have forgotten how you cheated him in regard to the plaice which he threw down from the cart, while you followed aloof for fear? Yet you devoured the good plaice alone, and left him nothing but the bones, which you could not eat yourself. You played the same trick with the fat flitch of bacon, which was so good, that you took care to devour the whole of it yourself. When my uncle entreated his share, you retorted with scorn, 'Fair young man, you shall surely have your share;' and yet you gave him nothing, although he won it at great hazard, inasmuch as the owner contrived to catch my kinsman in a sack, from which he with difficulty got away with life. Such injuries hath this Isegrim done to

Reynard; and I beseech your lordships to judge if they are sufferable.

“Again he complains that my kinsman hath wronged him in his wife; and true it is that Reynard could boast her favor seven years before friend Isegrim did wed her. But if my uncle, out of courtesy, did pay her attentions, what is that to him? he took her for better and worse; nor ought he to complain of any foregoing transaction not belonging to him. Wisdom, indeed, would have concealed it; for what credit can he get by the slander of his own wife, especially when she is not aggrieved?

“Next comes Kayward the hare, with his complaint in his throat, which seems to me a mere trifle. If he will learn to read and sing, and read not his lesson aright, who will blame the school-master for giving him a little wholesome correction? for if the scholars are not sometimes beaten and chastised, depend upon it, they will never learn. Lastly, Curtise complains that he had stolen a pudding with infinite pains out of the window, at a season when victuals are scarce. Would not silence better have become such a transaction? for he stole it: ‘Male quæsisisti, et male perdidisti;’ it was evil won, and evil lost; and who shall dare to blame Reynard for the seizure of stolen goods from a thief? It is reasonable, that he who understands law and can discern equity, being also of high birth as my kinsman is, should do justice to the law. Nay, had he hanged up the hound when he took him in the fact, he could have offended none but the king in doing justice without leave. Yet, out of respect to his majesty, he did it not, though he reaps small thanks for his labor; thus subjected to the vilest calumnies, which greatly affect him.

“For my uncle is a true and loyal gentleman, nor can he endure falsehood: he does nothing without the counsel of the priest, and I assert, that since our lord the king proclaimed peace, he never dreamed of injuring any man. He lives like a recluse; only eats one meal a day, and it is now a year since he tasted flesh, as I have been truly informed by some of his friends who saw him only yesterday. He has moreover left his castle Malepardus, and abandoned his princely establishment, confining all his wishes to a poor hermitage. He has forsworn hunting, and scattered abroad his wealth, living alone by alms and good men’s charities; doing infinite penance for his sins, so that he is become pale and lean with praying and fasting, for he would fain be with God.”

Thus while Grimbard stood preaching, they perceived coming down the hill toward them, stout Chanticleer the cock, who brought upon a bier a dead hen, whose head Reynard had bitten clean off, and it was brought before the king to take cognizance thereof.

Chanticleer marching foremost, hung his wings and smote his feathers piteously, whilst on the other side the bier went two of his fairest hens, the fairest between Holland and Arden. Each of them bore a straight bright burning taper, for they were sisters to Coppel that lay dead upon the bier ; and as they marched, they cried, "Alack, alack ! and well-a-day ! for the death of Coppel, our sister dear." Two young pullets bore the bier, and cackled so heavily and wept so loud for the death of Coppel, their mother, that the very hills echoed to their clamor. On reaching the presence of the king, Chanticleer, kneeling down, spake as follows :

"Most merciful, dread lord, the king ! vouchsafe, I do beseech you, to hear and redress the injuries which the fox Reynard hath done me and my children, whom you here behold weeping, as well they may. For it was in the beginning of April, when the weather was fair, I being then in the height of my pride and plumage, sprung from great stock and lineage, with eight valiant sons and seven fair daughters by my side, all of whom my wife had brought me at a single hatch, all of whom were strong and fat, strutting in a yard well fenced round about. Here they had several sheds, besides six stout mastiff dogs for their guard, which had torn the skins of many wild beasts ; so that my children felt secure from any evil that might happen to those more exposed to the snares of the world ; but Reynard, that false and dissembling traitor, envying their happy fortune, many times assailed the walls in such desperate manner, that the dogs were obliged to be loosed, and they hunted him away. Once, indeed, they overtook and bit him, making him pay the price of his theft, as his torn skin bore witness. Nevertheless he escaped, the more the pity.

"But we lived more quietly some time after ; until at last he came in the likeness of a hermit, and brought me a letter to read. It was sealed with your majesty's royal seal ; and in it I found written that you had proclaimed peace throughout all your realm, and that no manner of beasts or fowl were longer to injure one another. Reynard affirmed that, for his own part, he was become a monk, a cloistered recluse, and had vowed to

perform daily penance for his sins. He next showed me and counted his beads ; he had his books, and wore a hair shirt next to his skin, while in a very humble tone he said, ‘You see, Sir Chanticleer, you have never need to be afraid of me henceforward for I have vowed nevermore to eat flesh. I am now waxed old, and would only remember my soul ; I have yet my noon and my evening prayers to say ; I must therefore take my leave.’

“He departed, singing his credo as he went, and I saw him lie down under a hawthorn. These tidings made me exceedingly glad ; I took no further heed, but chuckling my family together, I went to ramble outside the wall, a step I shall forever rue. For that same devout Reynard, lying under the bush, came creeping between us and the gate ; then suddenly surprised one of my children, which he thrust into his maw, and to my great sorrow bore away. For having tasted the sweetness of our flesh, neither hunter nor hound can protect us from him. Night and day he continues to watch us with such hungry assiduity, that out of fifteen children he hath now left me only four unslain. Yesterday, my daughter Coppel — here lying dead upon her bier, her body being rescued by the arrival of a pack of hounds, too late alas ! — hath fallen, after her mother, a victim to his arts. This is my just complaint, which I refer to your highness’s mercy to have compassion upon, and upon my many slaughtered children.”

Then spake the king : “Sir Grimbard, hear you this of your uncle, the recluse ? He seems to have feasted and prayed with a vengeance ; but if I live another year he shall dearly abide it. For you, Chanticleer, your complaint is heard, and shall be repaired. We will bestow handsome obsequies upon your daughter dead, laying her in the earth with solemn dirge and worship due. This done, we will consult with our lords how to do you right, and bring the murderer to justice.”

Then began the *Placebo Domino*, with all the verses belonging to it, too many to recite ; the dirge being done, the body was interred, and over it was placed a fair marble stone, polished as bright as glass, upon which was inscribed the following epitaph in large letters : “Coppel, Chanticleer’s daughter, whom Reynard the fox has slain, lieth here interred ! — Mourn, reader, mourn ! for her death was violent and lamentable.”

The monarch next sent for his lords and wisest counselors, to consult how best this foul murder committed by Reynard

might be punished. In the end it was concluded that he should be sent for, and without any excuse be made to appear before the king, to answer these charges, and the message be delivered by Bruin the bear. The king gave consent, and calling him before him, said, "Sir Bruin, it is our pleasure that you deliver this message; yet in so doing, have a good eye to yourself; for Reynard is full of policy, and knows well how to dissemble, flatter, and betray. He has a world of snares to entangle you withal, and, without great exercise of judgment, will make a mock and scorn of the most consummate wisdom."

"My lord," answered Sir Bruin, "let me alone with Reynard; I am not such a truant to discretion as to become a mock for his knavery." And thus, full of jollity, the bear took his departure to fetch Reynard.

[Bruin is tricked and nearly killed by Reynard's management, and the king calls another council.]

Then the king called for Sir Tibert the cat, and said, "Sir Tibert, you shall go to Reynard and summon him the second time, and command him to appear and answer his offenses; for though he be cruel to other beasts, to you he is courteous. Assure him if he fail at the first summons, that I will take so severe a course against him and his posterity, that his example shall terrify all offenders."

Then said Tibert the cat, "My dread lord, they were my foes which thus advised you, for there is nothing I can do that can force him to come or to tarry. I do beseech your majesty send some one of greater power: I am small and feeble; for if noble Sir Bruin, who was so strong and mighty, could not compel him, what will my weakness avail?"

The king replied, "It is your wisdom, Sir Tibert, that I employ, and not your strength: many prevail with art, when violence returns home with labor lost."

"Well," said Tibert, "since it is your pleasure, it must be accomplished, and Heaven make my fortune better than my heart presages!"

Tibert then made things in readiness and went to Malepar-dus. In his journey he saw come flying towards him one of St. Martin's birds, to whom the cat cried aloud, "Hail! gentle bird! I beseech thee turn thy wings, and fly on my right hand."

But the bird, alas ! flew on the left side, at which sight the cat grew very heavy, for he was well skilled in augury, and knew the sign to be ominous. Nevertheless, as many do, he armed himself with better hopes, and went to Malepardus, where he found the fox standing before the castle gates, to whom Tibert said, "Health to my fair cousin Reynard. The king by me summons you to the court, in which if you fail or delay, there is nothing that can prevent your sudden and cruel death."

The fox answered, "Welcome, dear cousin Tibert. I obey your command, and wish the king my lord infinite days of happiness. Only let me entreat you to rest with me to-night, and accept such cheer as my simple house affords. To-morrow as early as you will we will proceed towards the court, for I have no kinsman whom I trust so nearly as yourself. There came hither the other day that treacherous knight Sir Bruin, who looked upon me with that tyrannous cruelty, that I would not for the wealth of an empire hazard my person with him; but with you, dear cousin, I will go, were a thousand diseases eating up my vitals."

Tibert replied, "You speak like a noble gentleman, and it will now perhaps be best to move forward, for the moon shines as bright as day."

"Nay, dear cousin," said the fox, "let us take a day before us, so that we may know our friends when we meet; the night is full of dangers and suspicions." "Well," said the other, "if it be your pleasure, I am content. What shall we eat?"

Reynard said, "Truly, my store is small: the best I have is a honeycomb too pleasant and sweet; what think you of it yourself?"

Tibert replied, "It is meat I little care for, and seldom eat: I had rather have a single mouse than all the honey in Europe."

"A mouse, dear cousin?" said Reynard; "why, here dwells hard by a priest, who has a barn so full of mice, that I believe half the wains in the parish would not carry them away."

"Then, dear Reynard," cried the cat, "do but you lead me thither, and make me your servant forever."

"But," said the fox, "do you love mice so much as that comes to?"

"Beyond expression I do," quoth the other: "a mouse is better than any venison, or the best cates on a prince's table. Conduct me therefore thither and command me afterwards in

any of your affairs. Had you slain my father, my mother, and all my kin, I would freely forgive you now."

"Surely," said Reynard, "you do but jest!" "No, by my life," replied the cat.

"Well, then, if you be in earnest, I will so contrive this very night, that you shall have your fill."

"Is it possible?" said the cat.

"Only follow me," said Reynard; "I will bring you to the place presently."

So away they went with all speed towards the priest's barn, well fenced about with a mud wall, where, but the night before, the fox had broken in, and stolen an exceeding fat pullet from the jolly priest. Now the priest was so angry, that he had set a trap before the hole to catch the thief at his next coming; which the fox well knew, and therefore he said to the cat, "Sir Tibert, here is the hole: creep in. It will not take a minute before you find more mice than you are able to devour: hear you how they squeak? But come back when you are full, and I will wait here for you, that we may then proceed together towards court. Stay not long, for I know my wife is expecting us."

"But think you I may safely enter in at this hole?" inquired the cat: "these priests are very wily and subtle, and often conceal their snares very close, making the rash fool sorely repent."

"Why, cousin Tibert," said Reynard, "are you turning coward? What, man, fear you a shadow?"

Quite ashamed, the cat sprang quickly in, and was caught fast by the neck in the gin. He tried to leap back, which only brought the snare closer, so that he was half strangled, and struggled and cried out piteously. Reynard stood before the hole and heard all, at which he greatly rejoiced, and cried in scorn, "Cousin Tibert, love you mice? I hope they are fat for your sake. Did the priest or Martinet know of your feasting, I know them so well, they would bring you sauce to your meat very quickly. What! you sing at your meat: is that the court fashion now? If so, I only wish that Isegrim the wolf bore you company, that all my friends might feast together."

Meanwhile the poor cat was fast, and mewed so sadly, that Martinet leaped out of his bed and cried to his people, "Up, up! for the thief is taken that caught our hens." At these words the priest unluckily rose, awaking his whole household,

and crying, "The fox is taken ! the fox is taken !" Not half dressed, he handed his wife the sacred taper, and running first, he smote Tibert a blow with a huge staff, while many others followed his example. The cat received many deadly blows ; for the anger of Martinet was so great, that he struck out one of the cat's eyes, which he did to please the priest, intending to dash out the poor Tibert's brains at a blow. Beholding death so near, Sir Tibert made a desperate effort, and jumping between the priest's legs, fastened there in a style which caused him the most excruciating pain. When Dame Jullock his wife saw this, she cried out, and swore in the bitterness of her heart, and withal cursed the gin, which she wished, along with its inventor, at the devil.

All this while Reynard stood before the hole, and seeing what passed, laughed so excessively that he was ready to burst ; but the poor priest fell down in a swoon, and every one left the cat in order to revive the priest. During this last scene, the fox set off back again to Malepardus, for he believed that it was now all over with Sir Tibert. But he, seeing his foes so busy about the priest, began to gnaw his cord, until he bit it quite asunder. He then leaped out of the hole, and went roaring and tumbling like his predecessor, the bear, back to the court. Before he reached it, it was wide day, and the sun being risen, he entered the king's court in a most pitiful plight. For his body was beaten and bruised to a jelly, owing to the fox's craft ; his bones were shivered and broken, one of his eyes lost, and his skin rent and mangled.

This when the king beheld, he grew a thousand times more angry than before. He summoned his council, and debated on the surest means of revenging such injuries upon the head of the fox. After long consultation, Grimbard the brock, Reynard's sister's son, said to the rest of the king's council, "Good, my lords, though my uncle were twice as bad as he is represented, yet there is remedy enough against his mischiefs, and it is fit you do him the justice due to a man of his rank, by summoning him a third time, and then it will be time to pronounce him guilty of all that is laid to his charge."

"But," said his majesty, "who will now be found so desperate as to hazard his hands, his ears, nay, his very life, with one so tyrannical and irreligious ?"

"Truly," answered the brock, "if it please your majesty, I am that desperate person, who will venture to carry the mes-

sage to my most subtle kinsman, if your highness but command me."

[Grimbard visits Malepardus and induces Reynard to return to court with him.]

When Reynard and Grimbard had proceeded some way on their journey, the former stopped and said, "Fair nephew, blame me not if I say my heart is very heavy, for my life is in great jeopardy. Would that to blot out my manifold sins and cast off so great a burden, I might here repent and be shriven by you. I know you are holy; and having received penance for my sin, my soul will be more quiet within me."

Grimbard bid him proceed. "Then," said the fox, "*Confitebor tibi, pater.*"

"Nay," interrupted the brock, "if you will shrive to me, do it in English, that I may understand you."

"Then," resumed Reynard, "I have grievously offended against all the beasts that live, and especially against mine uncle Bruin the bear, whom I lately almost massacred, and Tibert the cat, whom I no less cruelly ensnared in a gin. I have trespassed against Chanticleer and his children, and have devoured many of them. Nay, the king has not been safe from my malice, for I have slandered him, and not respected the name of the queen. I have betrayed Isegrim the wolf, while I called him uncle, though no part of his blood ran in my veins. I made him a monk of Esinane, where I became also one of the order, only to do him open mischief. I made him bind his foot to the bell rope to teach him to ring; but the peal had like to have cost him his life, the parishioners beat and wounded him so very sorely. After this I taught him to catch fish; but he got soundly beaten for it, and beareth the stripes to this moment. I led him into a rich priest's house to steal bacon, where he ate so much, that, unable to get out where he came in, I raised all the town upon him; and while the priest ran from table, I seized upon a fat fowl, while the priest and his people were busy cudgeling the sides of Isegrim. At last the wolf fell down as if he had been dead, and they dragged his body over rocks and stones until they came to an old ditch, where they threw him in. There he lay groaning all night, and how he ever got thence I know not. Another time I led him to a place where I told him there were seven cocks and hens perched together, all in excellent condition, and hard by stood a false door, upon

which we climbed. I said that if he could contrive to creep in he should have the fowls. Isegrim with much joy went laughing to the door, and pushing forward, he said, 'Reynard, you deceive me, for here is nothing.' 'Then,' replied I, 'uncle, they must be farther in; and if you will have them, you must venture for them.' At this the wolf going a little farther, I gave him a push forward, so that he fell down into the house with such an infernal noise and clatter, that all who were asleep in the house awoke, and cried out, 'What dreadful noise was that? what has fallen from the trapdoor?' So they rose, one and all, lighted a candle, and espying him, took such measures that they wounded him almost to death. Thus I brought the wolf into many hazards of his life, more than I can well remember; but I will repeat them to you hereafter, as they occur to me. I have also most grievously offended against Dame Ersewind his wife, of which I much repent me, as it was highly to her discredit."

"Uncle," said Grimbard, "you make your shrift imperfect; I hardly understand you."

"Pardon me, sweet nephew; but you know I dislike casting aspersions on women; it is simply that she liked me, and preferred my company to that of Isegrim. Thus I have told you all my wickedness; and now order my penance as shall seem best."

Now Grimbard, being both learned and wise, broke a switch from a tree, and said, "Uncle, you shall three times strike your body with this rod; then lay it down upon the ground, and spring three times over it without stumbling or bending your legs. This done, you shall take it up and kiss it gently, in sign of your meekness and obedience to your penance, when you will be absolved of your sins committed to this day; for I pronounce you a clear remission."

At this the fox was exceedingly glad, and then Grimbard said, "See that henceforth, uncle, you do good works; read your psalter, go to church, fast, and keep vigils all holydays; give alms; and abandon your sinful life; avoid theft and treason; so that by doing these things, no doubt you shall obtain mercy from the king."

All these the fox promised, and so they went journeying together towards the court.

Not far from the roadside there stood a dwelling of holy nuns, where many geese and capons were seen wandering without the walls. As they were conversing, the fox gradually

drew Grimbard out of the right path, and finding the pullets picking near the barn, among which was a fine fat capon that had strayed a little way from the rest, he made a sudden spring and caught him by the feathers, which flew about his ears; yet the capon escaped. At this sight Grimbard cried out, "Accursed wretch! what would you do? will you for a silly pullet again fall into all your sins?"

To which Reynard answered, "Pardon me, dear nephew; but I had forgotten myself: I do entreat your forgiveness, and my eye shall not wander."

They then went over a little bridge, the fox still glancing his eye towards the pullets as if it were impossible for him to refrain; for the evil was bred in his bones, and it stuck fast to his flesh; his heart carried his eyes that way as long as he could see them. The brock, aware of this, again said, "For shame, dissembler! why wander your eyes after the fowls?"

The fox replied, "Nay, nephew, you do me wrong; you mistake my looks, for I was merely saying a paternoster for the souls of all the pullets and geese which I have slain before my piety interfered."

"Well," said Grimbard, "it may be so, but your glances are very suspicious."

Now, by this time they had regained the highway, and pushed on more speedily to the court, which the fox no sooner saw than his heart began to quake for fear. He knew too well the crimes he had to answer for; they were indeed infinite and heinous.

[Reynard is condemned and led out to execution.]

On reaching the place of execution, the king, the queen, and all the nobility took their place, to behold the fox die. Reynard, though full of sorrow and dismay, was still busy thinking how he might escape, and again triumph over his proud enemies, by drawing the king over to his party. "Though the king," he said to himself, "be offended with me, as he has reason enough, Heaven knows, yet I may perhaps live to become his bosom friend."

While thus cogitating, the wolf said, "Now, Sir Bruin, remember your injuries; revenge yourself well, for the day is come we have so long looked for. Go, Tibert, and mount the gallows tree with a rope, and make a running noose, for you shall have your will of your enemy. Take heed, good Sir Bruin,

that he eludes us not, and I will now place the ladder, when everything will be complete."

This being done the fox spoke: "Now well may my heart be heavy, for death stands in all its naked horrors before my eyes, and I cannot escape. O my dread lord the king, and you my sovereign lady the queen, and all you, my lords and gentlemen, here assembled to see me die, I beseech you grant me this one charitable boon. Let me unburden my heart before you, and cleanse my soul of its manifold sins, so that hereafter no man may be unjustly accused or executed for my secret misdeeds. This done, death will come more easy to me, and the assistance of your prayers will lift my soul, I doubt not, to the skies."

All now took compassion on the fox, and beseeched the king to grant his request; which was done. And then the fox spake:—

"Help me, Heaven! for I see no man here whom I have not offended. Yet this was not from evil inclination; for in my youth I was accounted as virtuous as any breathing. I played with the lambs all day long, and took delight in their pretty bleating. But once in my play I bit one, and the taste of its blood was so sweet, that ever since I could not forbear. This evil humor drew me into the woods among the goats; where, hearing the bleating of the young kids, I slew one, and after two more, which made me so hardy, that I began to murder geese and pullets. Thus my crime growing by habit, the fancy so possessed me, that all was fish that was caught in my net. In the winter season I met with Isegrim, as he lay under a hollow tree, and he unfolded unto me how he was my uncle, and laid the pedigree down so plain, that from that day forth we became companions. A friendship I have reason to curse; for then, indeed, began the history of our thefts and slaughters. He stole the great prizes and I the small; he murdered nobles and I the meanest subjects; and in all these actions his share was ever the greatest. When he caught a calf, a ram, or a wether, his voracity would hardly afford me the bones to pick. When he mustered an ox or a cow, he first served himself, his wife, and all his family, nothing remaining. I say, for me but the bare bones. I state not this as having been in want, it being well known that I have more plate, jewels, and coin than twenty carts would carry; but only to show his vile ingratitude."

When the king heard him speak of his infinite wealth his heart grew inflamed with avarice; and, interrupting the prisoner, he said, "Reynard, where is that treasure you speak of?" . . .

The fox proceeded as follows : —

“Since it is the pleasure of my dread lord the king, and that his royal life lies in the balance with my present breath, I will freely unfold this foul and capital treason, sparing no guilty person for any respect whatsoever, however high in greatness, blood, or authority. Know, then, my dread lord, that my father, by accident turning up the earth, found King Ermetick’s treasure, an infinite and incalculable mass of riches, with which he became so vain and haughty, that he looked down upon all the beasts of the forest with contempt, even upon his kinsmen and companions. At length he caused Tibert the cat to go into the forest of Arden to Bruin the bear, and to render him his homage and fealty ; saying, that if it would please him to be king, he must come into Flanders, where my father received him nobly. Next he sent for his wife, Grimbard my nephew, and for Isegrim the wolf, with Tibert the cat. These five coming between Gaunt and the village called Elfe, they held solemn counsel for the space of one night, in which, instigated by the devil, and confident in my father’s riches, it was concluded that your majesty should be murdered. They took a solemn oath to this effect in the following way : Sir Bruin, my father, Grimbard, and Tibert, laid their hands on Isegrim’s crown, and swore to make Bruin their king ; to place him in the chair of state at Acon, and set the imperial diadem on his head. That should any oppose the scheme, my father was to hire assassins that should utterly chase and root them out of the forests.

“After this it happened that my nephew Grimbard, being one day heated with wine, made a discovery of this damnable plot to Dame Slopard his wife, commanding her also to keep it secret. But she too, as women will, only kept it until she met with me, charging me to reveal it to no one ! She moreover gave me such proofs of its truth as to cause the very hairs of my head to start upright, while my heart sank cold and heavy within me like a piece of lead. Indeed, it led me to call to mind the story of the frogs, who complained to Jupiter that they had no king to govern them, and he presently sent them a stork, which ate and devoured them up, and by whose tyranny they became the most miserable of all creatures. Then they cried unto Jupiter for redress, but it was too late ; for those that will not be content with their freedom, must consequently be subjected to thralldom. Even so I feared it might happen to us ; and I grieved for the fate of your majesty, though you

respect not my sorrows. The ambition of the bear is such that should the government come into his hand, the commonwealth would fall a sacrifice to his tyranny. Besides, I know your majesty is of that royal and lofty lineage, so mighty, gracious, and merciful withal, that it would have been a damnable exchange, to have seen a ravenous bear sit in the throne of the royal lion; for in Sir Bruin and his whole generation there is more prodigal looseness and inconstancy than in any beast whatsoever. I therefore began to meditate how I might foil my father's false and treacherous designs, who sought to elevate a traitor and a slave to the height of your imperial throne.

"The plot becoming ripe for execution, my father went to the cave for his treasure. What was his infinite agony and trouble to find the place open and ransacked! He became desperate, and soon afterwards went to the next tree, and hanged himself.

"Thus, by my skill, Bruin's treason was defeated, and for this I now suffer, while those two false traitors, Bruin and Isegrim, sit in the king's privy council, with great authority, procure my disgrace, and trample me underfoot. I have lost my father in your majesty's cause, and what stronger proof can be tendered of my loyalty? I have lost my life in defending yours."

The king and queen, indulging a hope of possessing these inestimable treasures, ordered Reynard down from the gibbet, and entreated him further to unfold its place of concealment.

"What!" replied the fox, "shall I make my worst enemies my heirs? Shall these traitors, who take away my life and attempt your majesty's, become possessed of the fortune I enjoy?"

"Then," said the queen, "fear not, Reynard: the king shall save your life, and you shall henceforth swear faith and true allegiance to his majesty."

The fox answered, "Sovereign lady, if the king, out of his royal nature, will give credit to my truth, and forgive my offenses, there was never king so rich as he will be."

Then the king, interrupting the queen, said, "Fair consort, will you believe the fox? Know that it is his chief excellence to lie, to steal, and to impose upon others."

But the queen said, "Yet now, my dear lord, you may freely believe him; for however full of deceit he may have been in his prosperity, you see he is now changed. Why, he accuses his own father, and Grimbard, his dearest nephew and

kinsman ! Were he dissembling, he might have laid his imputation upon other beasts, and not on those he loves best."

"Well, madam," replied the king, "you shall, for this time, rule me. I will give free pardon to the fox, yet under this condition, that if he be ever found tripping again, though in the smallest offense, both he and his shall be utterly rooted out of my dominions."

The fox looked sadly when the king spake thus ; withal he rejoiced within himself, and he said, "Most dread lord, it were a huge shame in me, should I dare to speak any untruths in this august presence." Then the king, taking a straw from the ground, pardoned the fox for all the transgressions which either he or his father before him had committed. No wonder the fox now began to smile, for life was most sweet to him ; and he fell down before the king and queen, humbly thanking them for all their mercies, and protesting that he would make them the richest princes in the world. At these words the fox took up a straw and proffering it to the king, said to him, "My dread lord, I beseech your majesty to receive this pledge of entire surrender unto your majesty of the great King Ermetick's treasure, with which I freely present you out of my free will and pleasure."

The king received the straw, and smiling, gave the fox great thanks, at which the latter chuckled heartily to think of the grossness of the imposture. From that day forward no one's counsel so much prevailed with the king as that of the fox.

[Reynard locates the treasure in an inaccessible wilderness, but declines to go with him on pretense of being excommunicated, and wishes to make pilgrimage to Rome and the Holy Land.]

The royal king mounted upon his high throne, raised in the form of a scaffold, made of fair square stone, and commanded thence a general silence among all his subjects. Every one was to take his place according to his birth or dignity in office, except the fox, who sat between the king and the queen. The king then spoke :—

"Hear all you noblemen, knights, gentlemen, and others of inferior quality ! Sir Reynard, one of the supreme officers of my household, whose misdeeds had brought him to his final account, standing between these two quarrelsome mistresses, law and justice, hath this day recovered our best grace and favor. He hath done that noble and worthy service to the

state, that both myself and my queen are bound to him forever. Henceforth I do command all of you, upon pain and hazard of your dearest lives, that you henceforward fail not, from this day, to show all reverence and honor, not only to Reynard himself, but to his whole family, wherever you may happen by night or day to meet with them. Nor let any one hereafter be so audacious as to trouble my ears with complaints against him, for he will no more be guilty of doing wrong. To-morrow, very early, he sets out on a pilgrimage to Rome, where he means to purchase a free pardon and indulgence from the pope and afterwards to proceed to the Holy Land."

Now, when Tissellen the raven heard this speech, he flew to Sir Bruin, Isegrim, and Tibert, and said, "Wretched creatures! how are your fortunes changed! how can you endure to hear these tidings? Why, Reynard is now a courtier, a chancellor, nay prime minister and favorite: his offenses are forgiven; and you are all betrayed and sold unto bondage."

Isegrim answered:—

"Nay, it is impossible, Tissellen, nor can such an abuse be suffered."

"I tell you it can! Do not deceive yourselves, it is as true as that I now speak it."

Then went the wolf and the bear to the king; but the cat refused, and was so sore afraid at what she heard, that to have purchased the fox's favor once more, she would have forgiven not only the injuries she had received, but have run a second hazard. But Isegrim, with much confidence and pride, appeared before the king and queen, and with the most bitter words inveighed against the fox; and in so passionate and impudent a manner withal, that the king was roused to anger, and ordered both the wolf and the bear to be arrested for high treason. This was forthwith done with every mark of violence and indignity; the prisoners were bound hand and foot, that they could not stir a limb, nor a step from the place where they were couched. The fox having thus entangled them, he so far prevailed with the queen as to obtain as much of the bear's skin as would make him a large scrip for his journey.

This being put in force, he wanted nothing but a strong pair of shoes to defend his feet from the stones while he traveled. Again, therefore, he said to the queen, "Madame, I am your poor pilgrim; and if it would please your majesty but to take it into your consideration, you will perceive that Sir Ise-

grim wears a pair of excellent long lasting ones, which would you vouchsafe to bestow upon me, I would pray for your majesty's soul during my travels upon my charitable mission. Also mine aunt, Dame Ersewind, hath other two shoes, which would your majesty bestow upon me you would be doing her little injury, as she seldom ventures abroad."

The queen replied, "Yes, Reynard, I believe you will want such shoes for your journey; it is full of labor and difficulty, both respecting the stony hills and the gravelly highways. Therefore, be sure you shall have, though it touch their life never so nearly, a pair of shoes from each of them, the better to speed and accomplish your journey."

So Isegrim was taken, and his shoes pulled off in the most cruel manner. After being thus tormented, Dame Ersewind, his wife, was treated in the same manner as her husband; and had the cat been there, he would doubtless have experienced the same fate, in addition to the cruel mockery of the fox. . . .

The three friends journeyed on together until they came to the gates of Reynard's own house. Then he said to the ram, "Pray, cousin, keep watch here without, while I and Kayward go in: I wish him to witness my pleasure at meeting my family." Bellin said he would; and the fox and the hare went into Malepardus, where they found Lady Ermelin sorrowing exceedingly for the absence of her husband. But when she saw him, her joy knew no bounds; and she expressed her astonishment on beholding his mail, his staff, and his shoes. "Dearest husband," she cried, "how have you fared?" Reynard then related his adventures at court, adding that he was going a pilgrimage, having left Bruin and Isegrim in pledge for him till his return. As for Kayward, he added, turning towards him, the king had bestowed him upon him to do with as he pleased, as Kayward had been the first to complain of him, for which he vowed deadly revenge.

Hearing these words, Kayward was quite appalled, and tried to fly; but the fox had placed himself between him and the door, and soon seized him by the neck. Kayward cried to Bellin for help, but the fox had cut his throat with his sharp teeth before he could be heard. This done, the traitor and his family began to feast upon him merrily, and drank his blood to the king's health. Ermelin then said, "I fear, Reynard, you mock me; as you love me, tell me how you sped at the king's court." Then he

told her the pleasant story, how he had imposed upon the king and queen with a false promise of treasures that did not exist. "But when the king finds out the truth, he will take every means of destroying us ; therefore, dear wife," said he, "there is no remedy : we must steal from hence into some other forest, where we may live in safety, and find more delicate fare, clear springs, fresh rivers, cool shades, and wholesome air. Here there is no abiding ; and now I have got my thumb out of the king's mouth, I will no more come within reach of his talons."

"Yet here," said his wife, "we have all we desire, and you are lord over all you survey ; and it is dangerous to exchange a certain good for better hopes. Should the king besiege us here ever so closely, we have a thousand passages and side-holes, so that he can neither catch nor deprive us of our liberty. Why, then, fly beyond seas ? but you have sworn it, and that vexes me."

"Nay, madam," cried Reynard, "grieve not at that : the more forsworn, the less forlorn, you know ; therefore I will be forsworn, and remain, in spite of his majesty, where I am. Against his power I will array my policy. I will guard myself well, inasmuch that, being compelled to open my stock, let him not blame me if he hurt himself with his own fury."

Meanwhile Bellin stood waiting at the gate, exceedingly wroth and impatient ; and swearing both at the fox and the hare, he called loudly for Sir Reynard to come. So at last he went and said softly, "Good Bellin, be not offended. Kayward is conversing with his aunt : and he bids me say that if you will walk forward, he will overtake you ; for he is light of foot, and speedier than you."

"True ; but I thought," said Bellin, "that I heard Kayward cry for help."

"What ! cry for help, forsooth ? Do you imagine he can meet with any injury in my house ?"

"No."

"But I will tell you how you were deceived. Happening to inform my wife of my intended pilgrimage, she swooned away, and Kayward, in great alarm, cried out, 'Bellin, come help my aunt ; she dies ! she dies !'"

"Then I mistook the cry," said Bellin.

"You did," said Reynard ; "and now let us talk of business, good Bellin. You may recollect that the king and coun-

cil entreated me to write, before I set out for the pilgrimage, upon some matters important to the state."

"In what shall I carry these papers most safely?" inquired Bellin.

"That is already provided for you," replied Reynard, "for you shall have my scrip, which you may hang round your neck; and take care of it; they are matters of great importance."

Then Reynard returned into the house, and taking Kayward's head, he thrust it into the scrip, and enjoined the ram not to look into it, as he valued the king's favor, until he reached the court; adding that he might rest assured that his presentation of the letters to the king would pave the way to his great preferment.

Bellin thanked the fox, and being informed that he had other affairs to impart to Kayward, set out on his journey alone. When he arrived at court, he found the king in his palace, seated amidst his nobility. The king wondered when he saw Bellin come in with the scrip made of Bruin's skin, and he said, "How now, Bellin! where is Sir Reynard, that you have got his scrip with you?"

"My dread lord," said Bellin, "I have escorted the noble fox to his castle, when, after short repose, he desired me to bear certain letters to your majesty, of vast importance, which he inclosed in his own scrip."

The king commanded the letters to be delivered to his secretary, Bocart, an excellent linguist, who understood all languages, that he might read them publicly. So he and Sir Tibert the cat took the scrip from Bellin's neck, and opening the same, instead of letters, drew out the bloody head of Kayward! At which sight they cried out, in huge dismay: "Woe, and alas! what letters call you these? O dread lord, behold! here is nothing but the head of poor murdered Kayward!"

Seeing this, the monarch cried, "Unhappy king that I am, ever to have given credit to the traitor fox!" And overwhelmed with anger, grief, and shame, he held down his head a good space, as well as the queen likewise. At last shaking his royal locks, he made such a tremendous noise, that all the lords of the forest trembled with fear. Then spake Sir Firapel the leopard, the king's nearest kinsman, and said, "What of all this? you are seated above all injuries, and one smile can salve the greatest wound upon your honor. You have power to recompense and to punish, and you can destroy or restore repu-

tation as you please. What if the bear lost his skin, the wolf and Dame Ersewind their shoes? you may in recompense, since Bellin has confessed himself a party to this foul murder, bestow him and his substance upon the party aggrieved. As for Reynard, we can go and besiege his castle, and having arrested his person, hang him up by law of arms without further trial, and there is an end."

The king consented to this motion. . . . Peace being thus restored between the king and his nobles, Bellin was forthwith slain (the wolf following up his enmity to him and his race in perpetuity); and afterwards the king proclaimed a grand feast, which was held with all due solemnity during twelve days.



EARLY DUTCH POETRY.

TRANSLATED BY SIR JOHN BOWRING.

THE HUNTER FROM GREECE.

A HUNTER went a hunting into the forest wide,
 And naught he found to hunt but a man whose arms were tied.
 "Hunter," quoth he, "a woman is roaming in the grove,
 And to your joyous youth-tide a deadly bane shall prove."
 "What! should I fear a woman—who never feared a man?"
 Then to him, while yet speaking, the cruel woman ran.
 She seized his arms and grasped his horse's reins, and hied
 Full seventy miles, ascending with him the mountain's side.
 The mountains they were lofty, the valleys deep and low,—
 Two sucklings dead—one turning upon a spit he saw.
 "And am I doomed to perish, as I these perish see?
 Then may I curse my fortune that I a Greek should be."
 "What! are you then from Greece? for my husband is a Greek;
 And tell me of your parents—perchance I know them—speak."
 "But should I name them, they may to you be all unknown:—
 My father is the monarch of Greece, and I his son;
 And Margaret his consort—my mother too is she;
 You well may know their titles, and they my parents be."
 "The monarch of the Grecians—a comely man and gay—
 But should you ne'er grow taller, what boots your life, I pray?"
 "Why should I not grow taller? I but eleven years have seen;
 I hope I shall grow taller than trees in the forest green."
 "How hope you to grow taller than trees in the forest green?
 I have a maiden daughter, a young and graceful queen,

And on her head she weareth a crown of pearls so fine;
 But not e'en wooing monarchs should have that daughter mine.
 Upon her breast she beareth a lily and a sword,
 And even hell's black tenants all tremble at her word."
 "You boast so of your daughter, I wish she'd cross my way,
 I'd steal her kisses slyly, and bid her a good day."
 "I have a little courser that's swifter than the wind,
 I'll lend it to you slyly — go — seek — the maiden find."
 Then bravely on the courser galloped the hunter lad;
 "Farewell! black hag, farewell! for your daughter is too bad."
 "O had I, as this morning, you in my clutches back,
 You dared not then have called me — you dared not call me 'black.'"
 She struck the tree in fury with a club stick which she took,
 Till the trees in the greenwood trembled, and all the green leaves
 shook.

THE FETTERED NIGHTINGALE.

Now I will speed to the Eastern land, for there my sweet love
 dwells,
 Over hill and over valley, far over the heather, for there my sweet
 love dwells:
 And two fair trees are standing at the gates of my sweet love,
 One bears the fragrant nutmeg, and one the fragrant clove.
 The nutmegs were so round, and the cloves they smelt so sweet,
 I thought a knight would court me, and but a mean man meet.
 The maiden by the hand, by her snow-white hand he led,
 And they traveled far away to where a couch was spread;
 And there they lay concealed through the loving livelong night,
 From evening to the morning till broke the gay daylight;
 And the sun is gone to rest, and the stars are shining clear,
 I fain would hide me now in an orchard with my dear;
 And none should enter then my orchard's deep alcove,
 But the proud nightingale that carols high above.
 We'll chain the nightingale — his head unto his feet,
 And he no more shall chatter of lovers when they meet.
 I'm not less faithful now, although in fetters bound,
 And still will chatter on of two sweet lovers' wound.

THE KNIGHT AND HIS SQUIRE.

A Knight and his Esquire did stray — *Santio*¹
 In the narrow path and the gloomy way, — *Non weder*

¹ The chorus of this Romance is: —

—— Santio

Non weder de kneder de koorde sante jante
 Iko, kantiko di kandelaar sti.

So quoth the Knight — "Yon tree do thou — *Santio*
 Climb — bring the turtle from the bough." — *Non weder*
 "Sir Knight, I dare not; for the tree — *Santio*
 Is far too light to carry me." — *Non weder*
 The Knight grew grave and stern: and he — *Santio*
 Mounted himself the waving tree. — *Non weder*
 "My master is fallen dead below — *Santio*
 Where are my well-earned wages now?" — *Non weder*
 "Your well-earned wages! get you all — *Santio*
 Chariots and steeds are in the stall." — *Non weder*
 "Chariots and steeds I seek not after, — *Santio*
 But I will have the youngest daughter." — *Non weder*
 The Squire is now a Knight; and still — *Santio*
 Drives steeds and chariots at his will. — *Non weder*



MANDEVILLE'S TRAVELS.

[SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE: The reputed author of an early English book of travels, written in popular style and abounding in extravagant stories, which was translated into various languages. The writer calls himself John Maundeville, knight of St. Albans, and claims to have visited Turkey, Armenia, Tartary, Persia, Syria, Arabia, Ethiopia, Chaldea, Amazonia, etc., and to have been in the service of the Sultan of Egypt. Recent investigations show that most of his material is derived from the writings of Pliny, William of Bodensele, Friar Odoric, and Vincent de Beauvais.]

THE LADY OF THE LAND.

AND some men say that in the Isle of Lango is yet the daughter of Hippocrates, in form and likeness of a great dragon, that is a hundred fathom of length, as men say: for I have not seen her. And they of the Isles call her, Lady of the Land. And she lieth in an old castle, in a cave, and showeth twice or thrice in the year. And she doth no harm to no man, but if men do her harm. And she was thus changed and transformed, from a fair damsel, into likeness of a dragon, by a goddess, that was cleped Diana. And men say, that she shall so endure in that form of a dragon, unto the time that a knight come, that is so hardy, that dare come to her and kiss her on the mouth: and then shall she turn again to her own kind, and be a woman again. But after that she shall not live long. And it is not long since, that a knight of the Rhodes,

that was hardy and doughty in arms, said that he would kiss her. And when he was upon his courser, and went to the castle, and entered into the cave, the dragon lift up her head against him. And when the knight saw her in that form so hideous and so horrible, he fled away. And the dragon bare the knight upon a rock, mauger his head; and from that rock she cast him into the sea: and so was lost both horse and man. And also a young man, that wist not of the dragon, went out of a ship, and went through the Isle, till that he came to the castle, and came in to the cave, and went so long till that he found a chamber, and there he saw a damisel that combed her head, and looked in a mirror; and she had much treasure about her, and he trowed that she had been a common woman, that dwelled there to receive men to folly. And he abode, till the damsel saw the shadow of him in the mirror. And she turned her toward him, and asked him, what he would. And he said, he would be her leman or paramour. And she asked him if that he were a knight. And he said, nay. And then she said that he might not be her leman: but she bade him go again unto his fellows, and make him knight, and come again upon the morrow, and she should come out of the cave before him, and then come and kiss her on the mouth, and have no dread; "For I shall do thee no manner of harm, albeit that thou see me in likeness of a dragon. For though thou see me hideous and horrible to look on, I do thee to witness, that it is made by enchantment. For without doubt, I am none other than thou seest now, a woman; and therefore dread thee naught. And if thou kiss me, thou shalt have all this treasure, and be my lord, and lord also of all that isle." And he departed from her and went to his fellows to ship, and let make him knight, and came again upon the morrow, for to kiss this damsel. And when he saw her come out of the cave, in form of a dragon, so hideous and so horrible, he had so great dread, that he fled again to the ship; and she followed him. And when she saw that he turned not again, she began to cry, as a thing that had much sorrow: and then she turned again, into her cave; and anon the knight died. And since then, hitherwards, might no knight see her, but that he died anon. But when a knight cometh, that is so hardy to kiss her, he shall not die; but he shall turn the damsel into her right form and kindly shape, and he shall be lord of all the countries and isles abovesaid.

OF THE QUALITIES OF THE RIGHT BALM.

And wyte ye well that, that a man ought to take good kepe for to buy balm, but if he can know it right well : for he may right lightly be deceived. For men sell a gum, that men clepen turpentine, instead of balm : and they put thereto a little balm for to give good odor. And some put wax in oil of the wood of the fruit of balm, and say that it is balm : and some distill cloves of gillyflower and of spikenard of Spain and of other spices, that be well smelling ; and the liquor that goeth out thereof they clepe it balm : and they wean that they have balm ; and they have none. For the Saracens counterfeit it by subtilty of craft, for to deceive the Christian men, as I have see full many a time. And after them, the merchants and the apothecaries counterfeit it eftsoons, and then it is less worth, and a great deal worse. But if it like you, I shall show, how ye shall know and prove, to the end that ye shall not be deceived. First ye shall well know, that the natural balm is full clear, and of citron color, and strong smelling. And if it be thick, or red, or black, it is sophisticate, that is to say counterfeited and made like it, for deceit.

THE CASTLE OF THE SPARROWHAWK.

And from thence, men go through little Ermonye. And in that country is an old castle, that stands upon a rock, the which is cleped the Castle of the Sparrowhawk, that is beyond the city of Layays, beside the town of Pharsipee, that belongeth to the lordship of Cruk ; that is a rich lord and a good Christian man ; where men find a sparrowhawk upon a perch right fair, and right well made ; and a fair Lady of Fayrye, that keepeth it. And who that will wake that Sparrowhawk, 7 days and 7 nights, and as some men say, 3 days and 3 nights, without company and without sleep, that fair lady shall give him, when he hath done, the first wish, that he will wish, of earthly things : and that hath been proved oftentimes. And o time befell, that a king of Ermonye, that was a worthy knight and a doughty man and a noble prince, woke that hawk some time ; and at the end of 7 days and 7 nights, the lady came to him and bade him wish ; for he had well deserved it. And he answered that he was great lord the now, and well in peace, and had enough of worldly riches ; and therefore he would wish none other thing, but the

body of that fair lady, to have it at his will. And she answered him, that he knew not what he asked ; and said, that he was a fool, to desire that he might not have : for she said, that he should not ask, but earthly thing : for she was no earthly thing, but a ghostly thing. And the king said, that he would ask none other thing. And the lady answered, "Sith that I may not withdraw you from your lewd courage, I shall give you without wishing, and to all them that shall come of you. Sire King, ye shall have war without peace; and always to the 9 degree, ye shall be in subjection of your enemies ; and ye shall be needy of all goods." And never since, neither the King of Ermony, nor the country, were never in peace, nor they had never since plenty of goods ; and they have been since always under tribute of the Saracens. Also the son of a poor man woke that hawk, and wished that he might cheve well, and to be happy to merchandise. And the lady granted him. And he became the most rich and the most famous merchant, that might be on sea or on earth. And he became so rich, that he knew not the 1000 part of that he had : and he was wiser, in wishing, than was the king. Also a Knight of the Temple woke there ; and wished a purse ever more full of gold ; and the lady granted him. But she said him, that he had asked the destruction of their Order ; for the trust and the affiance of that purse, and for the great pride, that they should have : and so it was. And therefore look he kepe him well, that shall wake : for if he sleep, he is lost, that never man shall see him more. This is not the right way for to go to the parts, that I have named before ; but for to see the marvel, that I have spoken of.

THE STATE OF PRESTER JOHN.

This Emperor Prester John, when he goeth in to battle, against any other lord, he hath no banners borne before him : but he hath three crosses of gold, fine, great, and high, full of precious stones : and every of the crosses be set in a chariot, full richly arrayed. And for to keep every cross, be ordained 10,000 men of arms, and more than 100,000 men on foot, in manner as men would keep a standard in our countries, when that we be in land of war. And this number of folk is without the principal host, and without wings ordained for the battle. And when he hath no war, but rideth with a privy retinue, then he hath borne before him but a cross of tree, without peinture,

and without gold or silver or precious stones ; in remembrance, that Jesu Christ suffered death upon a cross of tree. And he hath borne before him also a platter of gold full of earth, in token that his noblesse and his might and his flesh shall turn to earth. And he hath borne before him also a vessel of silver, full of noble jewels of gold full rich, and of precious stones, in token of his lordship and of his noblesse and of his might. He dwelleth commonly in the city of Sus-a ; and there is his principal palace, that is so rich and so noble, that no man will trow it by estimation, but he had seen it. And above the chief tower of the palace, be two round pommels of gold ; and in every of them be two carbuncles great and large, that shine full bright upon the night. And the principal gates of his palace be of precious stone, that men call sardoin ; and the bordure and the bars be of ivory : and the windows of the halls and chambers be of crystal : and the tables whereon men eat, some be of emerald, some of amethyst and some of gold, full of precious stones ; and the pillars, that bear up the tables, be of the same precious stones. And the degrees to go up to his throne, where he sitteth at the meat, one is of onyx, another is of crystal, and another of jasper green, another of amethyst, another of sardoin, another of cornelian, and the seventh that he setteth on his feet, is of chrysolite. And all these degrees be bordured with fine gold, with the tother precious stones, set with great pearls orient. And the sides of the seat of his throne be of emeralds, and bordured with gold full nobly, and dubbed with other precious stones and great pearls. And all the pillars in his chamber be of fine gold with precious stones, and with many carbuncles, that give great light upon the night to all people. And albeit that the carbuncle give light enough, natheless at all times burneth a vessel of crystal full of balm, for to give good smell and odor to the Emperor, and to void away all wicked airs and corruptions. The frame of his bed is of fine sapphires blended with gold, to make him sleep well, and to refrain him from lechery. For he will not lie with his wives but four times in the year, after the four seasons. And you shall understand that in his country, and in the countries surrounding, men eat but once in the day, as they do in the court of the great Chan. And more than thirty thousand persons eat every day in his court, besides goers and comers, but these thirty thousand persons spend not so much as twelve thousand of our country.

THE BATTLE OF OTTERBOURNE.

(From Froissart's "Chronicle.")

[For biographical sketch, see page 13.]

I HAVE before related in this history the troubles which King Richard of England had suffered from his quarrel with his uncles. By advice of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the king's new council, the Lord Neville, who had commanded the defense of the frontiers of Northumberland for five years against the Scots, was dismissed, and Sir Henry Percy appointed in his stead, which circumstance created much animosity and hatred between the Percys and the Nevilles. The barons and knights of Scotland, considering this a favorable opportunity, now that the English were quarreling among themselves, determined upon an inroad into the country, in order to make some return for the many insults that had been offered to them. That their intention might not be known, they appointed a feast to be holden at Aberdeen, on the borders of the Highlands; this feast the greater part of the barons attended, and it was then resolved that in the middle of August, in the year 1388, they should assemble all their forces at a castle called Jedworth, situated amidst deep forests on the borders of Cumberland. When all things were arranged the barons separated, but never mentioned one word of their intentions to the king; for they said among themselves that he knew nothing about war. On the day appointed James, Earl of Douglas, first arrived at Jedworth, then came John, Earl of Moray, the Earl of March and Dunbar, William, Earl of Fife, John, Earl of Sutherland, Stephen, Earl of Menteith, William, Earl of Mar, Sir Archibald Douglas, Sir Robert Erskine, and very many other knights and squires of Scotland. There had not been for sixty years so numerous an assembly—they amounted to 1200 spears, and 40,000 other men and archers. With the use of the bow the Scots are but little acquainted, but they sling their axes over their shoulders, and when in battle give very deadly blows with them. The lords were well pleased at meeting, and declared they would never return home without having made an inroad into England; and the more completely to combine their plans, they fixed another meeting to be held at a church in the forest of Jedworth called Zedon.

Intelligence was carried to the Earl of Northumberland, to

the Seneschal of York, and to Sir Matthew Redman, governor of Berwick, of the great feast which was to be kept at Aberdeen, and in order to learn what was done at it, these lords sent thither heralds and minstrels, at the same time making every preparation in case of an inroad; for they said if the Scots enter the country through Cumberland, by Carlisle, we will ride into Scotland, and do them more damage than they can do to us, for theirs is an open country, which can be entered anywhere; but ours, on the contrary, contains well-fortified towns and castles. In order to be more sure of the intentions of the Scots, they resolved to send an English gentleman, well acquainted with the country, to the meeting in the forest of Jedworth, of which the minstrels told them. The English squire journeyed without interruption until he came to the church of Yetholm, where the Scottish barons were assembled; he entered it as a servant following his master, and heard the greater part of their plans. When the meeting was near breaking up, he left the church on his return, and went to a tree thinking to find his horse, which he had tied there by the bridle, but it was gone, for a Scotsman (they are all thieves) had stolen him; and being fearful of making a noise about it, he set off on foot, though booted and spurred. He had not, however, gone more than two bowshots from the church before he was noticed by two Scottish knights, who were conversing together.

The first who saw him said, "I have witnessed many wonderful things, but what I now see is equal to any; that man yonder has, I believe, lost his horse, and yet he makes no inquiry about it. On my troth, I doubt much if he belongs to us; let us go after him and ascertain." The two knights soon overtook him, when they asked him where he was going, whence he came, and what he had done with his horse. As he contradicted himself in his answers, they laid hands on him, saying that he must come before their captains. Upon which, they brought him back to the church of Yetholm, to the Earl of Douglas and the other lords, who examined him closely, for they knew him to be an Englishman, and assured him that if he did not truly answer all their questions, his head should be struck off, but if he did, no harm should happen to him. He obeyed, though very unwillingly, for the love of life prevailed; and the Scots barons learnt that he had been sent by the Earl of Northumberland to discover the number of their forces, and whither they were to march. He was then asked where the barons of North-

umberland were? If they had any intention of making an excursion? Also what road they would take to Scotland, along the sea from Berwick to Dunbar, or by the mountains through the country of Menteith to Stirling. He replied, "Since you will force me to tell the truth, when I left Newcastle there were not any signs of an excursion being made; but the barons are all ready to set out at a minute's warning, as soon as they shall hear that you have entered England. They will not oppose you, for they are not in number sufficient to meet so large a body as you are reported to be." "And at what do they estimate our numbers?" said Lord Moray. "They say, my lord," replied the squire, "that you have full 40,000 men and 1200 spears, and by way of counteracting your career, should you march to Cumberland, they will take the road through Berwick to Dunbar, Dalkeith, and Edinburgh; if you follow the other road they will then march to Carlisle, and enter your country by these mountains." The Scottish lords, on hearing this, were silent, but looked at each other. The English squire was delivered to the governor of the castle of Jedworth, with orders to guard him carefully. The barons were in high spirits at the intelligence they had received, and considered their success as certain, now they knew the disposition of the enemy. They held a council as to their mode of proceeding, at which the wisest and most accustomed to arms, such as Sir Archibald Douglas, the Earl of Fife, Sir Alexander Ramsay, and others, said, "that to avoid any chance of failing in their attempt, they would advise the army to be divided, and two expeditions to be made, so that the enemy might be puzzled whither to march their forces. The largest division with the baggage should go to Carlisle in Cumberland, and the others, consisting of three or four hundred spears and 2000 stout infantry and archers, all well mounted, should make for Newcastle-on-Tyne, cross the river, and enter Durham, spoiling and burning the country. They will have committed great waste in England," they continued, "before our enemy can have any information of their being there; if we find they come in pursuit of us, which they certainly will, we will then unite, and fix on a proper place to offer them battle, as we all seem to have that desire, and to be anxious to gain honor; for it is time to repay them some of the mischief they have done to us." This plan was adopted, and Sir Archibald Douglas, the Earl of Fife, the Earl of Sutherland, the Earl of Menteith, the Earl of Mar, the

Earl of Stratherne, Sir Stephen Frazer, Sir George Dunbar, with sixteen other great barons of Scotland, were ordered to the command of the largest division, that was to march to Carlisle. The Earl of Douglas, the Earl of March and Dunbar, and the Earl of Moray were appointed leaders of the 300 picked lances and 2000 infantry, who were to advance to Newcastle-on-Tyne and invade Northumberland. When those two divisions separated, the lords took a very affectionate leave of each other, promising that if the English took the field against them, they would not fight till all were united. They then left the forest of Jedworth, one party marching to the right and the other to the left. The barons of Northumberland not finding the squire return, nor hearing anything of the Scots, began to suspect the accident which had happened; they therefore ordered every one to prepare and march at a moment's notice.

We will now follow the expedition under the Earl of Douglas and his companions, for they had more to do than the division that went to Carlisle. As soon as the Earls of Douglas, Moray, and March were separated from the main body, they determined to cross the Tyne, and enter the bishopric of Durham, and after they had despoiled and burned that country as far as the city of Durham, to return by Newcastle, and quarter themselves there in spite of the English. This they executed, and riding at a good pace through byroads, without attacking town, castle, or house, arrived on the lands of the Lord Percy, and crossed the Tyne without any opposition at the place they had fixed on, three leagues above Newcastle, near to Brancepeth, where they entered the rich country of Durham, and instantly began their war by burning towns, and slaying the inhabitants. Neither the Earl of Northumberland, nor the barons and knights of the country, had heard anything of the invasion; but when intelligence came to Durham and Newcastle that the Scots were abroad, which was now visible enough, from the smoke that was everywhere seen, the earl sent his two sons, Sir Henry and Sir Ralph Percy, to Newcastle, while he himself remained at Alnwick and issued his orders.

In the mean time the Scots continued burning and destroying all before them. At the gates of Durham they skirmished, but made no long stay, setting out on their return as they had planned at the beginning of the expedition, and carrying away all the booty they could. Between Durham and Newcastle, which is about twelve English miles, the country is very rich,

and there was not a town in all this district, unless well inclosed, that was not burnt.

All the knights and squires of the country collected at Newcastle ; thither came the Seneschal of York, Sir Ralph Langley, Sir Matthew Redman, Sir Robert Ogle, Sir John Felton, Sir William Walsingham, and so many others, that the town could not lodge them all. These three Scottish lords, having completed the object of their first expedition in Durham, lay three days before Newcastle, where there was an almost continual skirmish. The sons of the Earl of Northumberland, from their great courage, were always first at the barriers. The Earl of Douglas had a long conflict with Sir Henry Percy, and in it, by gallantry of arms, won his pennon, to the great vexation of Sir Henry and the other English. The earl, as he bore away his prize, said, "I will carry this token of your prowess with me to Scotland, and place it on the tower of my castle at Dalkeith, that it may be seen from far." "By God," replied Sir Henry, "you shall not even bear it out of Northumberland ; be assured you shall never have this pennon to brag of." "You must come this night and seek it, then," answered Earl Douglas ; "I will fix your pennon before my tent, and shall see if you will venture to take it away." As it was now late, the skirmish ended, and each party retired to their quarters. They had plenty of everything, particularly fresh meat. The Scots kept up a very strict watch, concluding from the words of Sir Henry Percy that their quarters would be beaten up in the nighttime ; however, they were disappointed, for Sir Henry was advised to defer his attack. On the morrow the Scots dislodged from Newcastle, and taking the road to their own country came to a town and castle called Ponclau, of which Sir Raymond de Laval was lord : here they halted about four o'clock in the morning, and made preparations for an assault, which was carried on with such courage that the place was easily won, and Sir Raymond made prisoner. They then marched away for Otterbourne, which is eight English leagues from Newcastle, and there encamped. This day they made no attack, but very early on the morrow the trumpet sounded, when all advanced towards the castle, which was tolerably strong, and situated among marshes. After a long and unsuccessful attack, they were forced to retire, and the chiefs held a council how they should act. The greater part were for decamping on the morrow, joining their countrymen in the neighborhood of Carlisle. This, however, the

Earl of Douglas overruled by saying, "In despite of Sir Henry Percy, who, the day before yesterday, declared he would take from me his pennon, I will not depart hence for two or three days. We will renew our attack on the castle, for it is to be taken, and we shall see if he will come for his pennon." Every one agreed to what Earl Douglas said. They made huts of trees and branches, and fortified themselves as well as they could, placing their baggage and servants at the entrance of the marsh, on the road to Newcastle, and driving the cattle into the marsh lands.

I will now return to Sir Henry and Sir Ralph Percy, who were both greatly mortified that this Earl of Douglas should have conquered their pennon, and who felt the disgrace the more because Sir Henry had not kept his word. The English imagined the army under the Earl of Douglas to be only the van of the Scots, and that the main body was behind, for which reason those knights who had the most experience in arms strongly opposed the proposal of Sir Henry Percy to pursue them. They said, "Many losses happen in war; if the Earl of Douglas has won your pennon he has bought it dear enough, and another time you will gain from him as much, if not more. The whole power of Scotland have taken the field. We are not strong enough to offer them battle; perhaps this skirmish may have been only a trick to draw us out of the town. It is much better to lose a pennon than 200 or 300 knights and squires, and leave our country in a defenseless state." This speech checked the eagerness of the two Percys, when other news was brought them by some knights and squires, who had followed and observed the Scots, their number and disposition. "Sir Henry and Ralph Percy," they said, "we are come to tell you that we have followed the Scottish army, and observed all the country where they now are. They halted first at Pontland, and took Sir Raymond de Laval in his castle. Thence they went to Otterbourne, and took up their quarters for the night. We are ignorant of what they did on the morrow; but they seemed to have taken measures for a long stay. We know for certain that the army does not consist of more than 3000 men, including all sorts." Sir Henry Percy, on hearing this, was greatly rejoiced, and cried out, "To horse, to horse! For by the faith I owe to my God, and to my lord and father, I will seek to recover my pennon, and beat up the Scots' quarters this night." Such knights and squires in Newcastle as learnt this,

and were willing to be of the party, made themselves ready. The Bishop of Durham was daily expected at that town, for he had heard that the Scots lay before it, and that the sons of the Earl of Northumberland were preparing to offer them battle. The bishop had collected a number of men, and was hastening to their assistance ; but Sir Henry Percy would not wait, for he had with him 600 spears of knights and squires, and upwards of 8000 infantry, which he said would be more than enough to fight the Scots, who were but 300 lances and 2000 others. When all were assembled, they left Newcastle after dinner, and took the field in good array, following the road the Scots had taken towards Otterbourne, which was only eight short leagues distant.

The Scots were supping, and some indeed asleep, when the English arrived, and mistook, at the entrance, the huts of the servants for those of their masters ; they forced their way into the camp, which was tolerably strong, shouting out, "Percy, Percy !" In such cases, you may suppose, an alarm is soon given, and it was fortunate for the Scots the English had made the first attack upon the servants' quarters, which checked them some little. The Scots, expecting the English, had prepared accordingly ; for, while the lords were arming themselves, they ordered a body of the infantry to join their servants and keep up the skirmish. As their men were armed, they formed themselves under the pennons of the three principal barons, who each had his particular appointment.

In the mean time the night advanced ; but it was sufficiently light for them to see what they were doing, for the moon shone, and it was the month of August, when the weather is temperate and serene. When the Scots were properly arrayed, they left the camp in silence, but did not march to meet the English. During the preceding day they had well examined the country, and settled their plans beforehand, which, indeed, was the saving of them. The English had soon overpowered the servants ; but as they advanced into the camp they found fresh bodies of men ready to oppose them and to continue the fight. The Scots, in the mean time, marched along the mountain side, and fell on the enemy's flank quite unexpectedly, shouting their war cries. This was a great surprise to the English, who, however, formed themselves in better order and reinforced that *part* of the army.

The cries of Percy and Douglas resounded on each *side*,

The battle now raged. Great was the pushing of lances, and at the first onset very many of each party were struck down. The English, being more numerous than their opponents, kept in a compact body and forced the Scots to retire. But the Earl of Douglas, being young and eager to gain renown in arms, ordered his banner to advance, shouting "Douglas, Douglas!" Sir Henry and Sir Ralph Percy, indignant at the affront the Earl of Douglas had put on them by conquering their pennon, and desirous of meeting him, hastened to the place from which the sounds came, calling out, "Percy, Percy!" The two banners met, and many gallant deeds of arms ensued. The English were in superior strength, and fought so lustily that they drove the Scots back. Sir Patrick Hepburne and his son did honor to their knighthood and country under the banner of Douglas, which would have been conquered but for the vigorous defense they made; and this circumstance not only contributed to their personal credit, but the memory of it is continued with honor to their descendants. I learned the particulars of the battle from knights and squires who had been engaged in it on both sides. There were also with the English two valiant knights from the country of Foix, whom I had the good fortune to meet at Orthès, the year after the battle had been fought. On my return from Foix, I met likewise, at Avignon, a knight and two squires of Scotland, of the party of Douglas. They knew me again, from the recollections I brought to their minds of their own country; for in my youth I, the author of this history, traveled through Scotland, and was full fifteen days resident with William, Earl of Douglas, father of Earl James, of whom we are now speaking, at his castle of Dalkeith, five miles from Edinburgh. At that time Earl James was very young, though a promising youth; he had also a sister named Blanche. I had, therefore, my information from both parties, and they agree that it was the hardest and most obstinate battle that was ever fought. This I readily believe, for the English and Scots are excellent men at arms, and never spare each other when they meet in battle, nor is there any check to their courage as long as their weapons last. When they have well beaten each other, and one party is victorious, they are so proud of the conquest, that they ransom their prisoners instantly, and act in such a courteous manner to those who have been taken, that on their departure they return them thanks. However, when engaged in war, there is no child's

play between them, nor do they shrink from combat ; and in the further details of this battle you will see as excellent deeds as were ever performed. The knights and squires of either party were most anxious to continue the combat with vigor, as long as their spears might be capable of holding. Cowardice was unknown among them, and the most splendid courage everywhere exhibited by the gallant youths of England and Scotland ; they were so densely intermixed that the archers' bows were useless, and they fought hand to hand, without either battalion giving way. The Scots behaved most valiantly, for the English were three to one. I do not mean to say that the English did not acquit themselves well ; for they would sooner be slain or made prisoners in battle than reproached with flight.

As I before mentioned, the two banners of Douglas and Percy met, and the men at arms under each exerted themselves by every means to gain the victory ; but the English, at the attack, were so much the stronger that the Scots were driven back. The Earl of Douglas, seeing his men repulsed, seized a battle-ax with both his hands ; and, in order to rally his forces, dashed into the midst of his enemies, and gave such blows to all around him that no one could withstand them, but all made way for him on every side. Thus he advanced like another Hector, thinking to conquer the field by his own prowess, until he was met by three spears that were pointed at him. One struck him on the shoulder, another on the stomach, near the belly, and the third entered his thigh. As he could not disengage himself from these spears, he was borne to the ground, still fighting desperately. From that moment, he never rose again. Some of his knights and squires had followed him, but not all ; for, though the moon shone, it was rather dark. The three English lances knew they had struck down some person of considerable rank, but never supposed it was Earl Douglas ; for, had they known it, they would have redoubled their courage, and the fortune of the day would have been determined to their side. The Scots also were ignorant of their loss until the battle was over ; and it was fortunate for them, for otherwise they would certainly from despair have been discomfited. As soon as the earl fell his head was cleaved with a battle-ax, a spear thrust through his thigh, and the main body of the English marched over him without once supposing him to be their principal enemy. In another part of the field the Earl of March and

Dunbar fought valiantly, and the English gave full employment to the Scots, who had followed the Earl of Douglas, and had engaged with the two Percys. The Earl of Moray behaved so gallantly in pursuing the English, that they knew not how to resist him. Of all the battles, great or small, that have been described in this history, this of which I am now speaking was the best fought and the most severe : for there was not a man, knight, or squire who did not acquit himself gallantly hand to hand with the enemy. The sons of the Earl of Northumberland, Sir Henry and Sir Ralph Percy, who were the leaders of the expedition, behaved themselves like good knights. An accident befell Sir Ralph Percy, almost similar to that which happened to the Earl of Douglas ; having advanced too far, he was surrounded by the enemy and severely wounded, and being out of breath surrendered himself to a Scottish knight, called Sir John Maxwell, who was of the household of the Earl of Moray. As soon as he was made prisoner the knight asked him who he was. Sir Ralph was so weakened by loss of blood that he had scarcely time to avow himself to be Sir Ralph Percy. "Well," replied the knight, "Sir Ralph, rescued or not, you are my prisoner : my name is Maxwell." "I agree," said Sir Ralph ; "but pay me some attention, for I am so desperately wounded that my drawers and greaves are full of blood." Upon this, the Scottish knight took care of him, and suddenly hearing the cry of Moray hard by, and perceiving the earl's banner advancing, Sir John addressed himself to him, and said, "My lord, I present you with Sir Ralph Percy as a prisoner ; but let him be well attended to, for he is very badly wounded." The earl was much pleased, and said, "Maxwell, thou hast well earned thy spurs this day." He then ordered his men to take care of Sir Ralph, and bind up his wounds. The battle still continued to rage, and no one, at that moment, could say which side would be the conquerors. There were many captures and rescues which never came to my knowledge. The young Earl of Douglas had performed wonders during the day. When he was struck down there was a great crowd round him, and he was unable to raise himself, for the blow on his head was mortal. His men had followed him as closely as they were able, and there came to him his cousins, Sir James Lindsay, Sir John and Sir Walter Sinclair, with other knights and squires. They found by his side a gallant knight who had constantly attended him, who was his chaplain, but who at this time had exchanged

his profession for that of a valiant man at arms. The whole night he had followed the earl, with his battle-ax in hand, and by his exertion had more than once repulsed the English. His name was Sir William of North Berwick. To say the truth, he was well formed in all his limbs to shine in battle, and in this combat was himself severely wounded. When these knights came to the Earl of Douglas they found him in a melancholy state, as well as one of his knights, Sir Robert Hart, who had fought by his side the whole of the night, and now lay beside him covered with fifteen wounds from lances and other weapons. Sir John Sinclair asked the earl, "Cousin, how fares it with you?" "But so so," he replied; "thanks to God, there are but few of my ancestors who have died in chambers or in their beds. I bid you, therefore, revenge my death, for I have but little hope of living, as my heart becomes every minute more faint. Do you, Walter and Sir John, raise up my banner, for it is on the ground, owing to the death of Sir David Campbell, that valiant squire, who bore it, and who this day refused knighthood from my hands, though he was equal to the most eminent knight for courage and loyalty. Also, continue to shout 'Douglas!' but do not tell friend or foe whether I am in your company or not; for should the enemy know the truth they will greatly rejoice." The two Sinclairs and Sir James Lindsay obeyed his orders.

The banner was raised, and "Douglas!" shouted. Those men who had remained behind, hearing the shout of Douglas so often repeated, ascended a small eminence, and pushed their lances with such courage that the English were repulsed and many killed. The Scots, by thus valiantly driving the enemy beyond the spot where Earl Douglas lay dead, for he had expired on giving his last orders, arrived at his banner, which was borne by Sir John Sinclair. Numbers were continually increasing, from the repeated shouts of Douglas, and the greater part of the Scottish knights and squires were now there. Among them were the Earls of Moray and March, with their banners and men. When all the Scots were thus collected, they renewed the battle with greater vigor than before. To say the truth, the English had harder work than the Scots, for they had come by a forced march that evening from Newcastle-on-Tyne, which was eight English leagues distant, to meet the Scots; by which means the greater part were exceedingly fatigued before the combat began. The Scots, on the contrary,

had rested themselves, which was of the greatest advantage, as was apparent from the event of the battle. In this last attack they so completely repulsed the English, that the latter could never rally again, and the former drove them beyond where the Earl of Douglas lay on the ground.

During the attack, Sir Henry Percy had the misfortune to fall into the hands of the Lord Montgomery. They had fought hand to hand with much valor, and without hindrance from any one; for there was neither knight nor squire of either party who did not find there his equal to fight with, and all were fully engaged. The battle was severely fought on both sides; but such is the fickleness of fortune, that though the English were a more numerous body, and at the first onset had repulsed the Scots, they, in the end, lost the field, and very many knights were made prisoners. Just as the defeat took place, and while the combat was continued in different parts, an English squire, whose name was Thomas Felton, and who was attached to the household of Lord Percy, was surrounded by a body of Scots. He was a handsome man, and, as he showed, valiant in arms. That and the preceding night he had been employed in collecting the best arms, and would neither surrender nor deign to fly. It was told me that he had made a vow to that purpose, and had declared at some feast in Northumberland, that at the very first meeting of the Scots and English he would acquit himself so loyally that, for having stood his ground, he should be renowned as the best combatant of both parties. I also heard, for I believe I never saw him, that his body and limbs were of strength befitting a valiant combatant; and that he performed such deeds, when engaged with the banner of the Earl of Moray, as astonished the Scots: however, he was slain while thus bravely fighting. Through admiration of his great courage they would willingly have made him a prisoner, and several knights proposed it to him; but in vain, for he thought he should be assisted by his friends. Thus died Thomas Felton, much lamented by his own party. When he fell he was engaged with a cousin of the King of Scotland, called Simon Glendinning.

According to what I heard, the battle was very bloody from its commencement to the defeat; but when the Scots saw the English were discomfited and surrendering on all sides, they behaved courteously to them. The pursuit lasted a long time, and was extended to five English miles. Had the Scots been

in sufficient numbers, none of the English would have escaped death or captivity ; and if Sir Archibald Douglas, the Earl of Fife, the Earl of Sutherland, with the division that had marched for Carlisle, had been there, they would have taken the Bishop of Durham and the town of Newcastle, as I shall explain to you.

The same evening that Sir Henry and Sir Ralph Percy had left Newcastle, the Bishop of Durham, with the remainder of the forces of that district, had arrived there and supped. While seated at table, he considered that he should not act very honorably if he remained in the town while his countrymen had taken the field. In consequence he rose up, ordered his horses to be saddled, and his trumpet to sound for his men to prepare : they amounted in all to 7000 ; that is, 2000 on horseback and 5000 on foot. Although it was now night, they took the road towards Otterbourne, and they had not advanced a league from Newcastle when intelligence was brought that the English were engaged with the Scots. On this the bishop halted his men, and several more joined them, out of breath from the combat. On being asked how the affair went on, they replied, "Badly and unfortunately. We are defeated, and the Scots are close at our heels." The second intelligence being worse than the first, gave alarm to several, who broke from their ranks ; and when, shortly after, crowds came to them flying, they were panic-struck, and so frightened with the bad news that the Bishop of Durham could not keep 500 of his men together. Now, supposing a large body had come upon them, and followed them to the town, would not much mischief have ensued ? Those acquainted with arms imagine the alarm would have been so great that the Scots would have forced their way into the place with them.

When the bishop saw his own men thus join the runaways in their flight, he demanded of Sir William de Lussy, Sir Thomas Clifford, and other knights of his company, what they were now to do ? These knights either could not or would not advise him ; so at length the bishop said, "Gentlemen, everything considered, there is no honor in foolhardiness, nor is it requisite that to one misfortune we should add another. Our men are defeated, and we cannot remedy it. We must, therefore, return this night to Newcastle, and to-morrow we will march and find our enemies." Upon this, they all marched back to Newcastle.

I must say something of Sir Matthew Redman, who had

mounted his horse to escape from the battle, as he alone could not recover the day. On his departure, he was noticed by Sir James Lindsay, a valiant Scottish knight, who, with his battle-ax hung at his neck and his spear in hand, through courage and the hope of gain, mounted his horse to pursue him. When so close that he might have struck him with his lance, he cried out, "Sir knight, turn about, it is disgraceful thus to fly ; I am James Lindsay, and if you do not turn, I will drive my spear into your back." Sir Matthew made no reply, but spurred his horse harder than before. In this state did the chase last for three miles, when Sir Matthew's horse stumbling under him, he leaped off, drew his sword, and put himself in a posture of defense. The Scottish knight made a thrust at his breast with his lance ; but Sir Matthew escaped the blow by writhing his body, the point of the lance was buried in the ground, and Sir Matthew cut it in two with his sword. Sir James upon this dismounted, grasped his battle-ax, which was slung across his shoulder, and handled it after the Scottish manner, with one hand, most dexterously, attacking the knight with renewed courage. They fought for a long time, one with his battle-ax and the other with his sword, for there was no one to prevent them. At last, however, Sir James laid about him such heavy blows that Sir Matthew was quite out of breath, and, desiring to surrender, said, "Lindsay, I yield myself to you." "Indeed," replied the Scottish knight, "rescued or not?" "I consent," said Sir Matthew. "You will take good care of me?" "That I will," replied Sir James ; and, upon this, Sir Matthew put his sword into the scabbard and said, "Now, what do you require, for I am your prisoner by fair conquest?" "What is it you wish me to do?" replied Sir James. "I should like," said Sir Matthew, "to return to Newcastle, and within fifteen days I will come to you in any part of Scotland you shall appoint." "I agree," said Sir James, "on your pledging yourself to be in Edinburgh within three weeks." And when this condition had been sworn to, each sought his horse, which was pasturing hard by, and rode away, — Sir James to join his companions, and Sir Matthew to Newcastle. Sir James, from the darkness of the night, mistook his road, and fell in with the Bishop of Durham, and about 500 English, whom he mistook for his own friends in pursuit of the enemy. When in the midst of them, those nearest asked who he was, and he replied, "I am Sir James Lindsay ;" upon which the bishop, who was within hearing, pushed

forward and said, "Lindsay, you are a prisoner." "And who are you?" said Lindsay. "I am the Bishop of Durham." Sir James then told the bishop that he had just captured Sir Matthew Redman, and ransomed him, and that he had returned to Newcastle under a promise to come to him in three weeks' time.

Before day dawned after the battle the field was clear of combatants; the Scots had retired within the camp, and had sent scouts and parties of light horse towards Newcastle, and on the adjacent roads, to observe whether the English were collecting in any large bodies, that they might not be surprised a second time. This was wisely done; for when the Bishop of Durham was returned to Newcastle and had disarmed himself, he was very melancholy at the unfortunate news he had heard that his cousins the sons of the Earl of Northumberland, and all the knights who had followed them, were either taken or slain; he sent for all knights and squires at the time in Newcastle, and requested to know if they would suffer things to remain in their present state, since it was very disgraceful that they should return without ever seeing their enemies. They therefore held a council, and determined to arm themselves by sunrise, march horse and foot after the Scots to Otterbourne, and offer them battle. This resolution was published throughout the town, and the trumpet sounded at the hour appointed; upon which the whole army made themselves ready, and were drawn up before the bridge.

About sunrise they left Newcastle, through the gate leading to Berwick, and followed the road to Otterbourne; including horse and foot, they amounted to 10,000 men. They had not advanced two leagues when it was signified to the Scots that the Bishop of Durham had rallied his troop, and was on his march to give them battle. Sir Matthew, on his return to Newcastle, told the event of the battle, and of his being made prisoner by Sir James Lindsay, and to his surprise he learned from the bishop or some of his people that Sir James had in his turn been taken prisoner by the bishop. As soon, therefore, as the bishop had quitted Newcastle, Sir Matthew went to seek for Sir James, whom he found at his lodgings very sorrowful, and who said on seeing him, "I believe, Sir Matthew, there will be no need of your coming to Edinburgh to obtain your ransom, for as I am now a prisoner, we may finish the matter here, if my master consent to it." To this Redman replied by invit-

ing Sir James to dine with him, at the same time stating that they should soon agree about the ransom.

As soon as the barons and knights of Scotland heard of the Bishop of Durham's approach, they held a council, and resolved to abide the event where they were. Accordingly they made the best arrangements they could, and then ordered their minstrels to play merrily. The bishop and his men on approaching heard the noise, and were much frightened. The concert, after lasting a considerable time, ceased; and after a pause, when the Scots thought the English were within half a league, they recommenced it, continuing it as long as before, when it again ceased. The bishop, however, kept advancing with his men in battle array, until within two bowshots of the enemy, when the Scots began to play louder than before, and for a much longer time, during which the bishop examined with surprise how well the Scots had chosen their encampment; and as it was deemed advisable not to risk an attack, he and his army returned to Newcastle. The Scots, perceiving that the English did not intend to offer them battle, made preparations for their own departure.

I was told that at the battle of Otterbourne, which was fought on the 19th day of August, 1388, there were taken or left dead on the field, on the side of the English, 1040 men of all descriptions; in the pursuit 840, and more than 1000 wounded. Of the Scots there were only about 100 slain, and 200 made prisoners. When everything had been arranged, and the dead bodies of the Earl of Douglas and Sir Simon Glendinning were inclosed within coffins and placed in cars, the Scots began their march, carrying with them Sir Henry Percy and upwards of forty English knights. They took the road to Melrose on the Tweed, and on their departure set fire to the huts. At Melrose, which is an abbey of black monks, situated on the borders of the two kingdoms, they halted, and gave directions to the friars for the burial of the Earl of Douglas, whose obsequies were very reverently performed on the second day after their arrival. His body was placed in a tomb of stone with the banner of Douglas suspended over it. Of the Earl of Douglas, God save his soul, there was no issue, nor do I know who succeeded to the estates; for when I was in Scotland, at his castle of Dalkeith, during the lifetime of Earl William, there were only two children, a boy and a girl. As soon as the Scots had finished the business which brought them to Melrose,

they departed each to his own country, and those who had prisoners carried them with them, or ransomed them before they left Melrose. It was told me, and I believe it, that the Scots gained 200,000 francs by the ransoms ; and that never since the battle of Bannockburn, when the Bruce, Sir William Douglas, Sir Robert de Versy, and Sir Simon Frazer pursued the English for three days, have they had so complete or so gainful a victory. When the news of it was brought to Sir Archibald Douglas, the Earls of Fife and Sutherland, before Carlisle, where they were with the larger division of the army, they were greatly rejoiced, though at the same time vexed that they had not been present. They held a council, and determined to retreat into Scotland, since their companions had already marched thither.

THE BATTLE OF OTTERBOURNE.

(From the old ballad.)

When Percy wi' the Douglas met,
I wat he was fu' fain!
They swakked their swords, till sair they swat,
And the blood ran down like rain.

But Percy with his good broadsword,
That could so sharply wound,
Has wounded Douglas on the brow,
Till he fell to the ground.

Then he called on his little foot page,
And said, "Run speedilie,
And fetch my ain dear sister's son,
Sir Hugh Montgomery."

"My nephew good," the Douglas said,
"What recks the death of ane?
Last night I dreamed a dreary dream,
And I ken the day's thy ain.

"My wound is deep, I fain would sleep;
Take thou the vanguard of the three
And hide me by the braken bush,
That grows on yonder lilye lee.

"O bury me by the braken bush,
Beneath the blooming brier;

Let never living mortal ken,
That ere a kindly Scot lies here."

He lifted up that noble lord,
Wi' the saut tear in his ee;
He hid him in the braken bush,
That his merrie men might not see.

The moon was clear, the day drew near,
The spears in flinders flew;
But mony a gallant Englishman
Ere day the Scotsmen slew.

The Gordons good, in English blood
They steeped their hose and shoon;
The Lindsays flew like fire about,
Till all the fray was done.

The Percy and Montgomery met,
That either of other were fain;
They swapped swords, and they twa swat,
And aye the blood ran down between.

"Now, yield thee, yield thee, Percy," he said,
"Or else I vow I'll lay thee low!"
"To whom must I yield," quoth Earl Percy,
"Now that I see it must be so?"

"Thou shalt not yield to lord nor loun,
Nor yet shalt thou yield to me;
But yield thee to the braken bush,
That grows upon yonder lilie lee."

"I will not yield to a braken bush,
Nor yet will I yield to the brier;
But I would yield to Earl Douglas,
Or Sir Hugh the Montgomery, if he were hire.

As soon as he knew it was Montgomery,
He stuck his sword's point in the gronde:
The Montgomery was a courteous knight,
And quickly took him by the honde.

This deed was done at the Otterbourne,
About the breaking of the day;
Earl Douglas was buried at the braken bush,
And the Percy led captive away.

A CHAPTER OF FROISSART.

BY AUSTIN DOBSON.

[HENRY AUSTIN DOBSON: English poet and biographer; born at Plymouth, England, January 18, 1840. He was educated as a civil engineer, but since 1856 has held a position in the Board of Trade, devoting his leisure hours to literary work. He domesticated the old French stanza form in English verse, and has done much to revive an interest in English art and literature of the eighteenth century. "Vignettes in Rhyme," "At the Sign of the Lyre," and "Proverbs in Porcelain" constitute his chief poetical works. In prose he has written biographies of Bewick, Walpole, Hogarth, Steele, and Goldsmith; "Eighteenth-Century Vignettes," etc. Died September, 1921.]

(GRANDPAPA LOQUITUR.)

You don't know Froissart now, young folks.

This age, I think, prefers recitals
Of high-spiced crime, with "slang" for jokes,
And startling titles;

But, in my time, when still some few

Loved "old Montaigne," and praised Pope's "Homer"
(Nay, thought to style him "poet" too,
Were scarce misnomer),

Sir John was less ignored. Indeed,

I can recall how Some One present
(Who spoils her grandson, Frank!) would read,
And find him pleasant;

For, — by this copy, — hangs a Tale.

Long since, in an old house in Surrey,
Where men knew more of "morning ale"
Than "Lindley Murray,"

In a dim-lighted, whip-hung hall,

'Neath Hogarth's "Midnight Conversation"
It stood; and oft 'twixt spring and fall,
With fond elation,

I turned the brown old leaves. For there

All through one hopeful happy summer,
At such a page (I well knew where),
Some secret comer,

Whom can I picture, 'Trix, like you
 (Though scarcely such a colt unbroken),
 Would sometimes place for private view
 A certain token; —

A rose leaf meaning "Garden wall,"
 An ivy leaf for "Orchard corner,"
 A thorn to say "Don't come at all," —
 Unwelcome warner! —

Not that, in truth, our friends gainsaid;
 But then Romance required dissembling,
 (Ann Radcliffe taught us that!) which bred
 Some genuine trembling; —

Though, as a rule, all used to end
 In such kind confidential parley
 As may to you kind Fortune send,
 You long-legged Charlie,

When your time comes. How years slip on!
 We had our crosses like our betters;
 Fate sometimes looked askance upon
 Those floral letters;

And once, for three long days disdained,
 The dust upon the folio settled;
 For some one, in the right, was pained,
 And some one nettled,

That sure was in the wrong, but spake
 Of fixed intent and purpose stony
 To serve King George, enlist and make
 Minced meat of "Boney,"

Who yet survived — ten years at least.
 And so, when she I mean came hither,
 One day that need for letters ceased,
 She brought this with her!

Here is the leaf-stained Chapter: "How
 The English King laid Siege to Calais;"
 I think Gran. knows it even now, —
 Go ask her, Alice.

THE BALLAD OF CHEVY CHACE.

(Modern Form. From Percy's "Reliques.")

[It was an ancient custom with the borderers of the two kingdoms, when they were at peace, to send to the Lord Wardens of the opposite Marches for leave to hunt within their districts. If leave was granted, then towards the end of summer, they would come and hunt for several days together, "with their *greyhounds for deer*"; but if they took this liberty unpermitted, then the Lord Warden of the border so invaded, would not fail to interrupt their sport and chastise their boldness. He [Carey, Earl of Monmouth] mentions a remarkable instance that happened while he was Warden, when some Scotch gentlemen coming to hunt in defiance of him, there must have ensued such an action as this of Chevy Chace, if the intruders had been proportionably numerous and well-armed. — PERCY.]

God prosper long our noble king,
Our liffes and safetyes all;
A woefull hunting once there did
In Chevy Chace befall.

To drive the deere with hound and horne,
Erle Percy took his way;
The child may rue that is unborne
The hunting of that day.

The stout Erle of Northumberland
A vow to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish woods
Three summers days to take;

The cheefest harts in Chevy Chace
To kill and beare away:
These tydings to Erle Douglas came,
In Scotland where he lay.

Who sent Erle Percy present word,
He wold prevent his sport;
The English Erle not fearing that,
Did to the woods resort,

With fifteen hundred bowmen bold,
All chosen men of might,
Who knew full well in time of neede
To ayme their shafts arright.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran,
To chase the fallow deere;
On Munday they began to hunt,
Ere daylight did appeare;

And long before high noone they had
An hundred fat buckes slaine;
Then having dined, the drovvers went
To rouze the deere againe.

The bowmen mustered on the hills,
Well able to endure;
Theire backsides all, with speciall care,
That day were guarded sure.

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods,
The nimble deere to take,
That with their cryes the hills and dales
An eccho shrill did make.

Lord Percy to the quarry went,
To view the tender deere;
Quoth he, "Erle Douglas promised
This day to meet me heere;

"But if I thought he wold not come,
Noe longer wold I stay."
With that, a brave younge gentleman
Thus to the Erle did say;

"Loe, yonder doth Erle Douglas come,
His men in armor bright;
Full twenty hundred Scottish speres,
All marching in our sight.

"All men of pleasant Tivydale,
Fast by the river Tweede;"
"O cease your sport," Erle Percy said,
"And take your bowes with speede.

"And now with me, my countrymen,
Your courage forth advance;
For never was there champion yett
In Scotland or in France,

"That ever did on horsebacke come,
But, if my hap it were,
I durst encounter man for man,
With him to breake a spere."

Erle Douglas on his milke-white steede,
Most like a baron bold,
Rode formost of his company,
Whose armor shone like gold.

“Show me,” sayd hee, “whose men you bee,
That hunt soe boldly heere,
That, without my consent, doe chase
And kill my fallow deere.”

The man that first did answer make
Was noble Percy hee ;
Who sayd, “Wee list not to declare,
Nor shew whose men wee bee.

“Yet will wee spend our deerest blood,
Thy cheefest harts to slay ;”
Then Douglas swore a solempne oathe,
And thus in rage did say :

“Ere thus I will out-braved bee,
One of us two shall dye :
I know thee well, an erle thou art,
Lord Percy, soe am I.

“But trust me, Percy, pittye it were,
And great offense, to kill
Any of these our guiltlesse men,
For they have done no ill.

“Let thou and I the battell trye,
And set our men aside.”
“Accurst bee he,” Erle Percy sayd,
“By whome this is denyed.”

Then stept a gallant squier forth,
Witherington was his name,
Who said, “I wold not have it told
To Henry our king for shame,

“That ere my captaine fought on foote,
And I stood looking on :
You bee two erles,” sayd Witherington,
“And I a squier alone.

"Ile doe the best that doe I may,
While I have power to stand ;
While I have power to weeld my sword,
Ile fight with hart and hand."

Our English archers bent their bowes,
Their harts were good and trew ;
Att the first flight of arrowes sent,
Full fourscore Scots they slew.

[Yet bides Earl Douglas on the bent,
As Chieftain stout and good,
As valiant Captain, all unmoved
The shock he firmly stood.

His host he parted had in three,
As Leader ware and tryed,
And soon his spearmen on their foes
Bare down on every side.

Throughout the English archery
They dealt full many a wound ;
But still our valiant Englishmen
All firmly kept their ground.

And throwing strait their bows away,
They grasped their swords so bright ;
And now sharp blows, a heavy shower,
On shields and helmets light.]

They closed full fast on every side,
Noe slacknes there was found ;
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground.

O Christ! it was a griefe to see,
And likewise for to heare,
The cries of men lying in their gore,
And scattered here and there.

At last these two stout erles did meet,
Like captaines of great might ;
Like lyons wood they layd on lode,
And made a cruell fight.

THE BALLAD OF CHEVY CHACE.

They fought, untill they both did sweat,
 With swords of tempered steele;
 Until the blood, like drops of rain,
 They trickling downe did feele.

"Yeeld thee, Lord Percy," Douglas sayd;
 "In faith I will thee bringe,
 Where thou shalt high advanced bee
 By James our Scottish king.

"Thy ransome I will freely give,
 And thus report of thee,
 Thou art the most couragious knight
 That ever I did see."

"Noe, Douglas," quoth Erle Percy then,
 "Thy proffer I doe scorne;
 I will not yeelde to any Scott,
 That ever yett was borne."

With that, there came an arrow keene
 Out of an English bow,
 Which strucke Erle Douglas to the heart,
 A deepe and deadlye blow :

Who never spake more words than these,
 "Fight on, my merry men all;
 For why, my life is at an end:
 Lord Percy sees my fall."

Then leaving liffe, Erle Percy tooke
 The dead man by the hand;
 And said, "Erle Douglas, for thy life
 Wold I had lost my land !

"O Christ ! my verry hart doth bleed
 With sorrow for thy sake;
 For sure, a more renowned knight
 Mischance cold never take."

A knight amongst the Scotts there was,
 Which saw Erle Douglas dye,
 Who streight in wrath did vow revenge
 Upon the Lord Percy;

Sir Hugh Mountgomerye was he called,
Who, with a speare most bright,
Well mounted on a gallant steed,
Ran fiercely through the fight;

And past the English archers all,
Without all dread or feare,
And through Erle Percy's body then
He thrust his hateful spear

With such a vehement force and might
He did his body gore,
The spear ran through the other side
A large cloth yard, and more.

So thus did both these nobles dye,
Whose courage none could staine;
An English archer then perceived
The noble erle was slaine.

He had a bow bent in his hand,
Made of a trusty tree;
An arrow of a cloth yard long
Up to the head drew hee.

Against Sir Hugh Mountgomerye,
So right the shaft he sett,
The grey goose wing that was thereon
In his harts bloode was wett.

This fight did last from breake of day
Till setting of the sun;
For when they rung the evening bell,
The battel scarce was done.

With stout Erle Percy, there was slaine,
Sir John of Egerton,
Sir Robert Ratcliff, and Sir John,
Sir James, that bold Barõn.

And with Sir George and stout Sir James,
Both knights of good account,
Good Sir Ralph Rabby there was slaine,
Whose prowess did surmount.

For Witherington needs must I wayle,
As one in doleful dumpes ;
For when his legs were smitten off,
He fought upon his stumpes:

And with Erle Douglas, there was slaine
Sir Hugh Mountgomerye,
Sir Charles Murray, that from the feeld
One foote wold never flee.

Sir Charles Murray of Rateliff, too,
His sisters sonne was hee ;
Sir David Lamb, so well esteemed,
Yet savèd cold not bee.

And the Lord Maxwell in like case
Did with Erle Douglas dye ;
Of twenty hundred Scottish speares,
Scarce fifty-five did flye.

Of fifteen hundred Englishmen,
Went home but fifty-three ;
The rest were slaine in Chevy Chace,
Under the greene wood tree.

Next day did many widowes come,
Their husbands to bewayle ;
They washt their wounds in brinish teares,
But all wold not prevayle.

Theyr bodyes, bathed in purple blood,
They bore with them away :
They kist them dead a thousand times,
Ere they were cladd in clay.

This newes was brought to Eddenborrow,
Where Scotlands king did raigne,
That brave Erle Douglas suddenlye
Was with an arrow slaine.

“O heavy newes,” King James did say ;
“Scotland can witnesse bee,
I have not any captaine more
Of such account as hee.”

Falstaff and the Prince

From the painting by Eduard Grützner

When Falstaff and the Prince did meet,
The Prince did smile, and Falstaff did not.

"You are a good way for
My horse, my horse, my horse, my horse,
My horse, my horse, my horse, my horse,
My horse, my horse, my horse, my horse."

"The horse is good, but the horse is bad,
The horse is good, but the horse is bad,
The horse is good, but the horse is bad,
The horse is good, but the horse is bad."

"The horse is good, but the horse is bad,
The horse is good, but the horse is bad,
The horse is good, but the horse is bad,
The horse is good, but the horse is bad."

"The horse is good, but the horse is bad,
The horse is good, but the horse is bad,
The horse is good, but the horse is bad,
The horse is good, but the horse is bad."



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Like tydings to King Henry came,
 Within as short a space,
 That Percy of Northumberland
 Was slaine in Chevy Chace.

"Now God be with him," said our king,
 "Sith it will noe better bee;
 I trust I have, within my realme,
 Five hundred as good as hee.

"Yett shall not Scotts nor Scotland say,
 But I will vengeance take,
 I'll be revengèd on them all,
 For brave Erle Percyes sake."

This vow full well the king performed
 After, at Humbledowne;
 In one day, fifty knights were slaine,
 With lordes of great renowne.

And of the rest, of small account,
 Did many thousands dye;
 Thus endeth the hunting in Chevy Chace,
 Made by the Erle Percy. .

God save our king, and bless this land
 In plentye, joy, and peace;
 And grant henceforth, that foule debate
 'Twixt noblemen may cease!



FALSTAFF AND THE PRINCE.

(From Shakespeare's "Henry IV.," Part I.)

FALSTAFF — Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

Prince — Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack and unbuttoning thee after supper and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou wouldst truly know. What a devil has thou to do with the time of the day? Unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the signs of leaping-houses, and the blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-colored taffeta—I see no reason why thou shouldst be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

Falstaff — Indeed, you come near me now, Hal; for we that

take purses go by the moon and seven stars, and not by Phoebus, he "that wandering knight so fair." And, I pray thee, sweet wag, when thou art king, as, God save thy grace,—majesty, I should say, for grace thou wilt have none——

Prince—What, none?

Falstaff—No, by my troth, not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

Prince—Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly.

Falstaff—Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us that are squires of the night's body be called thieves of the day's beauty: let us be Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon; and let men say we be men of good government, being governed as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we—steal.

Prince—Thou sayest well, and it holds well too; for the fortune of us that are the moon's men doth ebb and flow like the sea, being governed, as the sea is, by the moon. As, for proof, now: a purse of gold most resolutely snatched on Monday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing "Lay by," and spent with crying, "Bring in"; now in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder, and by and by in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

Falstaff—By the Lord, thou sayest true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

Prince—As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle. And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?

Falstaff—How now, how now, mad wag? What, in thy quips and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?

Prince—Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

Falstaff—Well, thou hast called her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

Prince—Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

Falstaff—No. I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

Prince—Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and where it would not, I have used my credit.

Falstaff—Yea, and so used it that, were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent,—but, I prithee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king! and resolution thus fobbed as it is with the rusty curb of old father antic, the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief!

Prince — No, thou shalt.

Falstaff — Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge!

Prince — Thou judgest false already; I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and so become a rare hangman.

Falstaff — Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps with my humor as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

Prince — For obtaining of suits?

Falstaff — Yea, for obtaining of suits, whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib-cat, or a lugged bear.

Prince — Or an old lion, or a lover's lute.

Falstaff — Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.

Prince — What say'st thou to a hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch?

Falstaff — Thou hast the most unsavory similes, and art indeed the most comparative, rascalliest — sweet young prince. But, Hal, I prithee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought! An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir; but I marked him not; and yet he talked very wisely; but I regarded him not; and yet he talked wisely, and in the street, too.

Prince — Thou didst well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

Falstaff — Oh, thou hast damnable iteration, and art indeed able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal; God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over; by the Lord, an I do not, I am a villain! I'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom.

Prince — Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

Falstaff — Where thou wilt, lad; I'll make one; an I do not, call me villain and baffle me.

Prince — I see a good amendment of life in thee — from praying to purse taking.

Falstaff — Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to labor in his vocation. . . .

AFTER THE HIGHWAY ROBBERY.

Poins — Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been?

Falstaff — A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry and amen! — Give me a cup of sack, boy. — Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether stocks and mend them and foot them too. A plague of all cowards! — Give me a cup of sack, rogue. — Is there no virtue extant? [*He drinks.*]

Prince — Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter, — pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale of the sun? If thou didst, then behold that compound.

Falstaff — You rogue, here's lime in this sack, too: there is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man; yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it; a villainous coward! — Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt; if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unhanged in England; and one of them is fat and grows old; God help the while! a bad world, I say. I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or anything. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

Prince — How now, woolsack? what mutter you?

Falstaff — A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of Wales!

Prince — Why, you whoreson round man, what's the matter?

Falstaff — Are you not a coward? answer me to that, — and Poins, there?

Poins — Zounds, ye fat paunch, and ye call me coward, I'll stab thee!

Falstaff — I call thee coward! I'll see thee damned ere I call thee coward; but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back; call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me. — Give me a cup of sack; I am a rogue if I drank to-day.

Prince — O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunkenest last.

Falstaff — All's one for that. [*He drinks.*] A plague of all cowards, still say I.

Prince — What's the matter?

Falstaff — What's the matter? There be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pounds this morning.

Prince — Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Falstaff — Where is it! Taken from us it is; a hundred upon poor four of us.

Prince — What, a hundred, man?

Falstaff — I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand saw, — *ecce signum*. I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards! — Let them speak; if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains and the sons of darkness.

Prince — Speak, sirs; how was it?

Gadshill — We four set upon some dozen —

Falstaff — Sixteen at least, my lord.

Gadshill — And bound them.

Peto — No, no, they were not bound.

Falstaff — You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Gadshill — As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us —

Falstaff — And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

Prince — What, fought you with them all?

Falstaff — All! I know not what ye call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

Poins — Pray God you have not murdered some of them.

Falstaff — Nay, that's past praying for: for I have peppered two of them; two I am sure I have paid, two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward; here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me —

Prince — What, four? thou saidst but two even now.

Falstaff — Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Poins — Ay, ay, he said four.

Falstaff — These four came all afront, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

Prince — Seven? why, there were but four even now.

Falstaff — In buckram ?

Poins — Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Falstaff — Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

Prince — Prithce, let him alone ; we shall have more anon.

Falstaff — Dost thou hear me, Hal ?

Prince — Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Falstaff — Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram that I told thee of —

Prince — So, two more already.

Falstaff — Their points being broken —

Poins — Down fell their hose.

Falstaff — Began to give me ground ; but I followed me close, came in foot and hand, and with a thought seven of the eleven I paid.

Prince — O monstrous ! eleven buckram men grown out of two !

Falstaff — But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves in Kendal green came at my back and let drive at me ; for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

Prince — These lies are like the father that begets them, gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow catch —

Falstaff — What ! art thou mad ? art thou mad ? is not the truth the truth ?

Prince — Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand ? come, tell us your reason ; what sayest thou to this ?

Poins — Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Falstaff — What, upon compulsion ? No ; were I at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion ! if reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

Prince — I'll be no longer guilty of this sin ; this sanguine coward, this bed presser, this horseback breaker, this huge hill of flesh —

Falstaff — Away, you starveling, you elf skin, you dried neat's tongue, you stockfish. — Oh for breath to utter what is like thee ! — you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow case, you vile standing tuck —

Prince — Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again ; and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins — Mark, Jack.

Prince — We two saw you four set on four ; you bound them, and were masters of their wealth. Mark, now, how plain a tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four, and, with a word, outfaced you from your prize, and have it ; yea, and can show it you here in the house : and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy and still ran and roared, as ever I heard bull calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight ! What trick, what device, what starting hole, canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame ?

Poins — Come, let's hear, Jack : what trick hast thou now ?

Falstaff — By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters : was it for me to kill the heir apparent ? should I turn upon the true prince ? why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules : but beware instinct ; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter ; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life, — I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money. — Hostess, clap to the doors ; watch to-night, pray to-morrow. — Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good-fellowship come to you ! What ! shall we be merry ? shall we have a play extempore ?

Prince — Content ; and the argument shall be thy running away.

Falstaff — Ah, no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me.

FALSTAFF, assuming the part of *Henry IV.*, rebukes the PRINCE OF WALES.

Prince — Here comes lean Jack, here comes barebone. — How now, my sweet creature of bombast ! How long is't ago, Jack, since thou sawest thine own knee ?

Falstaff — My own knee ! when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist ; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb ring ; a plague of sighing and grief ! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villainous news abroad : here was Sir John Bracy from your father ; you must to the

court in the morning. . . . Thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow when thou comest to thy father : if thou love me, practice an answer.

Prince — Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Falstaff — Shall I ? content ; this chair shall be my state, this dagger my scepter, and this cushion my crown.

Prince — Thy state is taken for a joint-stool, thy golden scepter for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown.

Falstaff — Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved. — Give me a cup of sack to make my eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept ; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King Cambyzes' vein.

Prince — Well, here is my leg.

Falstaff — And here is my speech. — Stand aside, nobility.

Hostess — This is excellent sport, i' faith !

Falstaff — Weep not, sweet queen, for trickling tears are vain.

Hostess — O, the father, how he holds his countenance !

Falstaff — For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful queen ; for tears do stop the flood gates of her eyes.

Hostess — O rare, he does it as like one of these harlotry players as I ever see !

Falstaff — Peace, good pint pot ; peace, good tickle brain. — Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied ; for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on, the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion, but chiefly a villainous trick of thine eye and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lieth the point : why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at ? Shall the blessed son of heaven prove a micher and eat blackberries ? — a question not to be asked. Shall the son of England prove a thief and take purses ? — a question to be asked. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch : this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile ; so doth the company thou keepest : for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink but in tears, not in pleasure but in passion, not in words only but in woes also : and yet there is a virtuous man whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

Prince — What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

Falstaff — A goodly portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by 'r Lady, inclining to threescore; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff: if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff; him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

Prince — Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

Falstaff — Depose me? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker or a poulter's hare.

Prince — Well, here I am set.

Falstaff — And here I stand. — Judge, my masters.

Prince — Now, Harry, whence come you?

Falstaff — My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

Prince — The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Falstaff — 'Sblood, my lord, they are false; — nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i' faith.

Prince — Swearest thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee in the likeness of a fat old man; a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humors, that bolting hutch of beastliness, that swollen parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuffed cloak bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that gray iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villainy? wherein villainous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Falstaff — I would your grace would take me with you: whom means your grace?

Prince — That villainous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

Falstaff — My lord, the man I know.

Prince — I know thou dost.

Falstaff — But to say I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, the more the pity, his white hairs do witness it; but that he is, saving your reverence, a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! If to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damned! If to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord: banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poin; but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being, as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company; banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

Prince — I do, I will.



HENRY V. TO HIS ARMY BEFORE HARFLEUR.

By SHAKESPEARE.

King Henry —

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead.
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility;
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favored rage;
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the portage of the head
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it
As fearfully as doth a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swilled with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide,
Hold hard the breath and bend up every spirit
To his full height. On, on, you noblest English,
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof!
Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
Have in these parts from morn till even fought
And sheathed their swords for lack of argument:
Dishonor not your mothers; now attest

That those whom you called fathers did beget you.
 Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
 And teach them how to war. And you, good yeomen,
 Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
 The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
 That you are worth your breeding; which I doubt not;
 For there is none of you so mean and base,
 That hath not noble luster in your eyes.
 I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
 Straining upon the start. The game's afoot:
 Follow your spirit, and upon this charge
 Cry *God for Harry, England, and Saint George!*



HENRY V. AT AGINCOURT.

BY SHAKESPEARE.

Westmoreland —

Of fighting men they have full threescore thousand.

Exeter —

There's five to one; besides, they all are fresh.

Salisbury —

God's arm strike with us! 'tis a fearful odds.

God buy [be wi'] you, princes all: I'll to my charge:

If we no more meet till we meet in heaven,

Then, joyfully, my noble lord of Bedford,

My dear lord Gloster, and my good lord Exeter,

And my kind kinsmen, — warriors all, adieu! . . .

[*Exit.*]*Westmoreland* —

Oh that we now had here

Enter KING HENRY.

But one ten thousand of the men in England

That do no work to-day!

King Henry —

What's he that wishes so?

My cousin Westmoreland? — No, my fair cousin:

If we are marked to die, we are enow

To do our country loss; and if to live,

The fewer men the greater share of honor.

God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.

By Jove, I am not covetous for gold,

Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;

It yearns me not if men my garments wear;

Such outward things dwell not in my desires:

But if it be a sin to covet honor,
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, 'faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honor
As one man more, methinks, would share from me,
For the best hope I have. Oh, do not wish one more!
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:
We would not die in that man's company,
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is called the feast of Crispian:
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a-tiptoe when this day is named,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian:
He that outlives this day, and sees old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his friends,
And say, to-morrow is Saint Crispian;
Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars,
And say, these wounds I had on Crispin's day.
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember with advantages,
What feats he did that day. Then shall our names,
Familiar in their mouths as household words, —
Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster, —
Be in their flowing cups freshly remembered.
This story shall the good man teach his son;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be rememberèd, —
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers:
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition:
And gentlemen in England, now abed,
Shall think themselves accursed they were not here;
And hold their manhoods cheap, whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT

BY MICHAEL DRAYTON.

[MICHAEL DRAYTON was born in Warwickshire about 1563. Died 1631, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. He wrote "The Barons' Wars" and "England's Heroical Epistles" (1598), "Polyolbion" (1612-22), etc.]

FAIR stood the wind for France,
 When we our sails advance,
 Nor now to prove our chance
 Longer will tarry;
 But putting to the main,
 At Kaux, the mouth of Seine,
 With all his martial train,
 Landed King Harry.

And taking many a fort,
 Furnished in warlike sort,
 Marcheth towards Agincourt
 In happy hour;
 Skirmishing day by day
 With those that stopped his way,
 Where the French General lay,
 With all his power.

Which in his height of pride,
 King Henry to deride,
 His ransom to provide
 To the King sending.
 Which he neglects the while,
 As from a nation vile,
 Yet with an angry smile,
 Their fall portending.

And turning to his men,
 Quoth our brave Henry then,
 "Though they to one be ten,
 Be not amazed.
 Yet have we well begun,
 Battles so bravely won
 Have ever to the Sun
 By fame been raised.

"And for myself," quoth he,
 "This my full rest shall be,
 England ne'er mourn for me,
 Nor more esteem me!

Victor I will remain,
 Or on this earth lie slain,
 Never shall she sustain
 Loss to redeem me.

"Poitiers and Cressy tell,
 When most their pride did swell,
 Under our swords they fell;
 No less our skill is,
 Than when our grandsire great,
 Claiming the regal seat,
 By many a warlike feat
 Lopped the French Lilies."

The Duke of York so dread,
 The eager vaward led;
 With the main Henry sped,
 Among his henchmen.
 Excester had the rear,
 A braver man not there,
 O Lord, how hot they were
 On the false Frenchmen!

They now to fight are gone,
 Armor on armor shone;
 Drum now to drum did groan,
 To hear was wonder;
 That with the cries they make
 The very earth did shake,
 Trumpet to trumpet spake,
 Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,
 O noble Erpingham,
 Which didst the signal aim
 To our hid forces;
 When from a meadow by,
 Like a storm suddenly,
 The English archery
 Stuck the French horses.

With Spanish yew so strong,
 Arrows a cloth yard long,
 That like to serpents stung,
 Piercing the weather;
 None from his fellow starts,
 But playing manly parts,

And like true English hearts,
Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw,
And forth their bilbows drew,
And on the French they flew,
Not one was tardy ;
Arms were from shoulders sent,
Scalps to the teeth were rent,
Down the French peasants went —
Our men were hardy.

This while our noble King,
His broadsword brandishing,
Down the French host did ding
As to o'erwhelm it ;
And many a deep wound lent,
His arms with blood besprent,
And many a cruel dent
Bruisèd his helmet.

Glo'ster, that Duke so good,
Next of the royal blood,
For famous England stood,
With his brave brother ;
Clarence, in steel so bright,
Though but a maiden knight,
Yet in that furious fight
Scarce such another.

Warwick in blood did wade,
Oxford the foe invade,
And cruel slaughter made,
Still as they ran up ;
Suffolk his ax did ply,
Beaumont and Willoughby
Bare them right doughtily,
Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon St. Crispin's day
Fought was this noble fray,
Which Fame did not delay,
To England to carry ;
O, when shall Englishmen
With such acts fill a pen,
Or England breed again
Such a King Harry !

JOHN HUSS ON HIS TIMES.

(From his "Sermons.")

[**JOHN HUSS** (Hussinecz), the great Bohemian precursor of Luther, was born in 1369 of a peasant family; studied at the University of Prague, and in 1398 began to lecture on Wyclif's writings, whose advanced positions he at first strongly condemned, and only drew toward in his last years. He was not by nature a revolutionist, though eloquent, but a mild unoriginal man of great moral earnestness, anxious to bring about reform within the Church. In 1402-03 he was rector of the university. In 1403 he took a pastorate in Prague, where his preaching against immorality and ecclesiastical abuses in the Czech vernacular roused great enthusiasm among the common people. In 1409 he was again elected rector of the university. In 1412 a papal crusade against Ladislaus of Hungary led him to denounce this abuse of the Pope's position, and also the sale of indulgences; the next year he was excommunicated, and in 1414 cited before the Council of Constance for heresy, with a safe-conduct from the Emperor Sigismund which the church party at once broke, flung him into a foul prison in fetters, and after a trial burned him at the stake.]

IF A priest in the alehouse, during a quarrel over his dice or about vile harlots, receives a box on the ear, his opponent is forthwith summoned before the spiritual tribunal and excommunicated. But if the priest is wounded, then is public worship interdicted, and his opponent is forced to go on a pilgrimage to Rome, since they pretend that only the Pope can absolve him who has wounded a priest. But if a priest cuts off any one's hand or foot, or even puts an innocent man to death, neither is public worship interdicted, nor is such a priestly transgressor subjected to excommunication.

Whoso preaches that priests are Gods and divine miracle-workers; that they have power to save or damn a man as they please; that no one without them can be saved; that no one must accuse them of any sin whatever; that they alone must eat and drink and waste the very best of all things — whoever preaches after this fashion is an honorable preacher, and only such a one must preach. But whoso preaches that priests should not be wanton, that they should not plunder the people by their simony and greed, that they should have only matrons to whom they are not related, and be satisfied with a single benefice — he is a slanderer of the holy priesthood, a troubler of the holy Church, and a heretic, and must not be allowed to preach. Him they summon before their tribunals and curse. And if this snare of the devil does not answer, they prohibit public worship, and spread their devil's net as much as possible,

and where they can, forbid all men to serve God. God commands — preach, baptize, observe the eucharist in remembrance of me ; but anti-Christ says — preach not, baptize not, perform no mass, pray not, but give ear to me.

And the common people imagine, according to this doctrine, that it is all right, and they cannot conceive that if a servant of a king was to command all his fellow-servants to lay down their office and cease their service, because one servant of the king is wicked, they are not to obey, and that they are not to intermit their service, if a faithful servant of the king do not gratify the wish of a wicked officer. So, good men are not to submit when commanded not to obey the King Christ, and prosecute his business, and they are not to pay any regard to the prohibition of public worship, as I have written at length in my Latin treatise on the Church. The net of interdict was first thrown out by the Pope over Rome, on the occasion of the wounding of a cardinal, and all Rome was to refrain from the public worship of God. But when anti-Christ saw that this method did him good service, he threw out his net still more broadly, and this with the special object of keeping any one from attacking his priests, or coming too near to himself. And finally, he spread out his net in the neatest and most cunning way, so that the birds of Christ might not feel the breath of the Holy Spirit, and not scruple about the representations laid before them. And it is to be hoped that the Lord God will so much the sooner enlighten His people, that they may rend the net, and give to Him the glory, even against the will of anti-Christ, and not intermit the worship of God. Yea, God be thanked that in his holy word he has given anti-Christ and his servants no pretext for their doings, but has commanded his disciples to rend the net, that his praise resound abroad forever. And so shall I, if God will, notwithstanding their interdict, preach God's word, though such adversaries of it should neither worship nor baptize, and thus would I still the more strengthen Christ's sheep in the faith.

And who wrongs his neighbor more than the priests in their drunkenness and carousals? And who are they with hearts that are never satisfied? They are priests who are so insatiable in their desires that they would devour the whole world, with all its goods, and still remain a-hungered ; even as the Scripture says, the avaricious is never satisfied with gold, and Aristotle, though a heathen, says, “ the desire to have grows with-

out ceasing." And thus as Solomon says, "wickedness has blinded them, that they think they do God service if they curse, excommunicate, imprison, torture, and kill true Christians." Therefore, says the Saviour, "the time shall come when he that killeth you shall think he doeth God service!" So it was with Jews, putting Christ and His disciples to death. They said, "we have a law and according to that law He ought to die." And so our priests do also, when they lay hold of a man that crosses their avarice and wantonness, and disturbs them therein; they curse him, summon him to trial, put him in prison, and cry out, this man, according to our statutes, must die, and not by any easy death, but he must be consumed by fire.

But He who alone is infallible, who can neither deceive nor be deceived, says of them that they shall do this to you "because they know neither my Father nor me." And Isaiah says, "the ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib, but Israel doth not know, my people do not consider." A toiling ox that plows the earth, is a good priest who with the plowshare of the word of God goes into the heart of man, and roots out the tares of sin, and sows the word of God, which is the seed, in the heart, and presses out the grain from the chaff, or frees the truth from human inventions and additions. Such a priest is one of God's oxen, that knows his master, Jesus Christ. But the priests who fare sumptuously and become fat, and in consequence trouble themselves no more about the soul's salvation, and plow and work no more, are the fat oxen . . . to whom the Prophet Amos cries out — "Hear this word, ye fat oxen, ye who dwell in Samaria, who wrong the needy and trample on the poor, and say to your masters, bring, let us drink; the Lord God hath sworn by his holiness, that the days shall come upon you, that ye shall be taken away with hooks, and your posterity with fishhooks." Thus did the herdsman, Amos, prophesy to the oxen, that is, to the fat priests on the mountains of Samaria, — that is, on the watch, for Samaria is translated, watch.

And the priests are to keep watch over men that the devil do not steal them away and destroy them. Yet instead of this, they wrong the needy, oppress them, and bring them to want. For on one side they force them to pay tithes, sacrifice, pay them gold for baptism, confession, the holy sacrament, and other spiritual things. On the other side they reduce them to want, tearing from them all that good men would give to the poor.

They wrong them also with lying indulgences, and thereby especially absorb their property, or avariciously keep it back ; for all that priests have belongs to the poor, that is, whatever is more than they need for comfortable clothing, etc., so that thus the priests may lead God's people to eternal salvation. And thereupon the fat oxen say to their lords — that is, the laity who are set off for the maintenance of church goods and priests — “bring, let us drink.” And they stuff themselves . . . even beyond the animal appetite, which no four-footed ox would do, and therefore woe be to them.

The life of God's true servants has become bitter to them. In many lands, as Bohemia, Moravia, Misnia, England, and elsewhere, they suffer great persecutions. The faithful priests are put to death, tortured, cursed ; nor is it advisable on any account to appeal to Rome, where anti-Christ's wickedness, baseness, pride, and simony have culminated, so that simony and avarice have poured forth in a rushing tide from Rome to Bohemia. Bishoprics are bought and sold at a higher price than many a lordly estate. The common people are confounded. Some are afraid to confess the truth against error. Some, through the discord among priests, do not know what to hold. Others still experience great concern that many go thus astray, while yet others suffer wrong, are slandered as heretics, and put to death, through the great persecution of divine truth. The waves of the sea, that is, the men of the world, rage, for the world is compared to the sea, and they bruit abroad that they who confess Christ and defend His truth are errorists and heretics.

If any true Christian spirit is to be found to oppose their baseness, they are filled with hate and bitterness, and by their wicked device forbid by interdict the public worship of God, when they cannot suppress the preaching which reveals to the people their scandalous perversity. . . . Of this wickedness have I written, in my books, both in Bohemian and Latin, and to me this wickedness seems to be the most vexatious and intolerable to the true Christian. But neither wrong nor pain and death can deter the true preacher with real love to God, from preaching of the truth, and the false prohibition of public worship is a grievous stone of stumbling, not so much to the preacher who is glad to preach, as to the people who would gladly hear the word of God.

TRIAL AND DEATH OF JOAN OF ARC.

By JULES MICHELET.

(From the "History of France.")

[JULES MICHELET, a brilliant French historian and social and polemic writer, was born in Paris, August 21, 1798. Of precocious talents, he was made professor of history in the Collège Rollin at twenty-three, and five years later published "Synchronous Pictures of Modern History." After the Revolution of 1830 he was made chief of the Historic Section, curator of the National Archives, assistant to Guizot at the Sorbonne Academy, and tutor to the Princess Clementine; and in 1838 professor of history and moral philosophy at the Collège de France. In 1831 he published an "Introduction to Universal History"; in 1833 the first installment of his great masterpiece, the "History of France up to the Revolution," not finished till 1867, but continued in the "History of the Revolution" (1847-53), and in the fragmentary "History of the Nineteenth Century," only brought down to Waterloo; the same year, a very popular "Manual of Modern History"; 1837, "Origins of French Law"; 1838, "Trial of the Templars"; 1839, "History of the Roman Republic"; besides editing Vico's works and Luther's memoirs. The revival of the Jesuits' activity in 1838 set him and Edgar Quinet to lecturing vehemently against them; the lectures were collected in 1843-45 as "The Jesuits," "The Priest, the Wife, and the Family," and "The People." In 1851 he published "Poland and Russia." Refusing to take the oath to Louis Napoleon, he lost his government place. For many years he mingled his main historical work with episodic matter ("The Women of the Revolution," 1854, "The Soldiers of the Revolution" and "Democratic Legends of the North"), miscellanies of various dates ("The Sorceress," 1862), social studies ("Love," 1859, "Woman," 1860, "Our Children," 1869, "The Banquet," posthumous), natural-history sketches ("The Bird," 1856, "The Insect," 1857, "The Sea," 1861, "The Mountain," 1868), and a history of religions, "The Bible of Humanity," 1864. He died February 9, 1874.]

THE inquiries touching the Pucelle were so utterly insufficient [as a basis for prosecution] that the prosecution which, on these worthless data, was about to be begun against her on the charge of magic was instituted on the charge of heresy.

On February 21 the Pucelle was brought before her judges. The bishop of Beauvais admonished her "with mildness and charity," praying her to answer truly to whatever she should be asked, without evasion or subterfuge, both to shorten her trial and ease her conscience. — *Answer.* "I do not know what you mean to question me about: you might ask me things I would not tell you." — She consented to swear to speak the truth on all matters except those which related to her visions; "But with respect to these," she said, "you shall cut off my head first." Nevertheless she was induced to swear that she would answer all questions "on points affecting faith."

She was again urged on the following day, the 22d, and

again on the 24th, but held firm — “It is a common remark even in children’s mouths,” was her observation, “that *people are often hung for telling the truth.*” At last, worn out, and for quietness’ sake, she consented to swear “to tell what she knew *upon her trial*, but not all she knew.”

Interrogated as to her age, name, and surname, she said that she was about nineteen years old. “In the place where I was born they called me Jehanette, and in France Jehanne. . . .” But, with regard to her surname (the *Pucelle*, the maid), it seems that through some caprice of feminine modesty she could not bring herself to utter it, and that she eluded the direct answer by a chaste falsehood — “As to surname, I know nothing of it.”

She complained of the fetters on her limbs; and the bishop told her that as she had made several attempts to escape, they had been obliged to put them on. “It is true,” she said, “I have done so, and it is allowable for any prisoner. If I escaped, I could not be reproached with having broken my word, for I had given no promise.”

She was ordered to repeat the *Pater* and the *Ave*, perhaps in the superstitious idea that if she were vowed to the devil she durst not — “I will willingly repeat them if my lord of Beauvais will hear me confess:” adroit and touching demand; by thus reposing her confidence in her judge, her enemy, she would have made him both her spiritual father and the witness of her innocence.

Cauchon declined the request; but I can well believe that he was moved by it. He broke up the sitting for that day, and, on the day following, did not continue the interrogatory himself, but deputed the office to one of his assessors.

At the fourth sitting she displayed unwonted animation. She did not conceal her having heard her voices. “They awakened me,” she said, “I clasped my hands in prayer, and besought them to give me counsel; they said to me, ‘Ask of our Lord.’” — “And what more did they say?” — “To answer you boldly.”

“. . . I cannot tell all; I am much more fearful of saying anything which may displease them, than I am of answering you. . . . For to-day, I beg you to question me no further.”

The bishop, perceiving her emotion, persisted: “But, Jehanne, God is offended, then, if one tells true things?” — “My voices have told me certain things, not for you, but

for the king." Then she added, with fervor, "Ah! if he knew them, he would eat his dinner with greater relish. . . . Would that he did know them, and would drink no wine from this to Easter."

She gave utterance to some sublime things, while prattling in this simple strain: "I come from God, I have naught to do here; dismiss me to God, from whom I come. . . ."

"You say that you are my judge; think well what you are about, for of a truth I am sent of God, and you are putting yourself in great danger."

There can be no doubt such language irritated the judges, and they put to her an insidious and base question, a question which it is a crime to put to any man alive: "Jehanne, do you believe yourself to be in a state of grace?"

They thought that they had bound her with an indissoluble knot. To say no, was to confess herself unworthy of having been God's chosen instrument; but, on the other hand, how say yes? Which of us, frail beings as we are, is sure here below of being truly in God's grace? Not one, except the proud, presumptuous man, who, of all, is precisely the furthest from it.

She cut the knot, with heroic and Christian simplicity:—

"If I am not, may God be pleased to receive me into it; if I am, may God be pleased to keep me in it."

The Pharisees were struck speechless.

But, with all her heroism, she was nevertheless a woman. . . . After giving utterance to this sublime sentiment, she sank from the high-wrought mood, and relapsed into the softness of her sex, doubting of her state, as is natural to a Christian soul, interrogating herself, and trying to gain confidence. "Ah! if I knew that I were not in God's grace, I should be the most wretched being in the world. . . . But, if I were in a state of sin, no doubt the voice would not come. . . . Would that every one could hear it like myself. . . ."

These words gave a hold to her judges. After a long pause, they returned to the charge with redoubled hate, and pressed upon her question after question designed to ruin her. "Had not the voices told her to *hate* the Burgundians?" . . . "Did she not go when a child to the *Fairies'* tree?" etc. They now longed to burn her as a witch.

At the fifth sitting she was attacked on delicate and dangerous ground, namely, with regard to the appearances she had

seen. The bishop, become all of a sudden compassionate and honeyed, addressed her with, "Jehanne, how have you been since Saturday?" — "You see," said the poor prisoner, loaded with chains, "as well as I might."

"Jehanne, do you fast every day this Lent?" — "Is the question a necessary one?" — "Yes, truly." — "Well then, yes, I have always fasted."

She was then pressed on the subject of her visions, and with regard to a sign shown the dauphin, and concerning St. Catherine and St. Michael. Among other insidious and indelicate questions, she was asked whether, when St. Michael appeared to her, he *was naked*? . . . To this shameful question she replied, without understanding its drift, and with heavenly purity, "Do you think, then, that our Lord has not wherewith to clothe him?"

On March 3, other out-of-the-way questions were put to her, in order to entrap her into confessing some diabolical agency, some evil correspondence with the devil. "Has this St. Michael of yours, have these holy women, a body and limbs? Are you sure the figures you see are those of angels?" — "Yes, I believe so, as firmly as I believe in God." This answer was carefully noted down.

They then turn to the subject of her wearing male attire, and of her standard. "Did not the soldiery make standards in imitation of yours? Did they not replace them with others?" — "Yes, when the lance (staff) happened to break." — "Did you not say that those standards would bring them luck?" — "No, I only said, 'Fall boldly upon the English,' and I fell upon them myself."

"But why was this standard borne at the coronation, in the church of Reims, rather than those of the other captains? . . . " — "It had seen all the danger, and it was only fair that it should share the honor."

"What was the impression of the people who kissed your feet, hands, and garments?" — "The poor came to me of their own free will, because I never did them any harm, and assisted and protected them, as far as was in my power."

It was impossible for heart of man not to be touched with such answers. Cauchon thought it prudent to proceed henceforward with only a few assessors on whom he could rely, and quite quietly. We find the number of assessors varying at each sitting from the very beginning of the trial: some

leave, and their places are taken by others. The place of trial is similarly changed. The accused, who at first is interrogated in the hall of the castle of Rouen, is now questioned in prison. "In order not to fatigue the rest," Cauchon took there only two assessors and two witnesses (from the 10th to the 17th of March). He was, perhaps, emboldened thus to proceed with shut doors, from being sure of the support of the Inquisition; the vicar having at length received from the Inquisitor General of France full powers to preside at the trial along with the bishop (March 12).

In these fresh examinations, she is pressed only on a few points indicated beforehand by Cauchon.

"Did the voices command her to make that sally out of Compiègne in which she was taken?"—"To this she does not give a direct reply: "The saints had told me that I should be taken before midsummer; that it behooved so to be, that I must not be astonished, but suffer all cheerfully, and God would aid me. . . . Since it has so pleased God, it is for the best that I should have been taken."

"Do you think you did well in setting out without the leave of your father and mother? Ought we not to honor our parents?"—"They have forgiven me."—"And did you think you were not sinning in doing so?"—"It was by God's command; and if I had had a hundred fathers and mothers I should have set out."

"Did not the voices call you daughter of God, daughter of the Church, the maid of the great heart?"—"Before the siege of Orléans was raised, and since then, the voices have called *mé*, and they call me every day, 'Jehanne the Pucelle, daughter of God.'"

"Was it right to attack Paris, the day of the Nativity of Our Lady?"—"It is fitting to keep the festivals of Our Lady; and it would be so, I truly think, to keep them every day."

"Why did you leap from the tower of Beaurevoir?" (The drift of this question was to induce her to say that she had wished to kill herself.)—"I heard that the poor people of Compiègne would all be slain, down to children seven years of age, and I knew, too, that I was sold to the English; I would rather have died than fall into the hands of the English."

"Do St. Catherine and St. Margaret hate the English?"—"They love what our Lord loves, and hate what he hates."—"Does God hate the English?"—"Of the love or hate God

may bear the English, and what he does with their souls, I know nothing; but I know that they will be put forth out of France, with the exception of such as shall perish in it."

"Is it not a mortal sin to hold a man to ransom, and then to put him to death?"—"I have not done that."—"Was not Franquet d'Arras put to death?"—"I consented to it, having been unable to exchange him for one of my men; he owned to being a brigand and a traitor. His trial lasted a fortnight, before the bailli of Senlis."—"Did you not give money to the man who took him?"—"I am not treasurer of France, to give money."

"Do you think that your king did well in killing, or causing to be killed, my lord of Burgundy?"—"It was a great pity for the realm of France; but, whatever might have been between them, God sent me to the aid of the king of France."

"Jehanne, has it been revealed to you whether you will escape?"—"That does not bear upon your trial. Do you want me to depone against myself?"—"Have the voices said nothing to you about it?"—"That does not concern your trial; I put myself in our Lord's hands, who will do as it pleaseth him." . . . And, after a pause, "By my troth, I know neither the hour nor the day. God's will be done."—"Have not your voices told you anything about the result, generally?"—"Well then, yes; they have told me that I shall be delivered, and have bade me be of good cheer and courage. . . ."

Another day she added: "The saints tell me that I shall be victoriously delivered, and they say to me besides, 'Take all in good part; care not for thy martyrdom; thou shalt at the last enter the kingdom of Paradise.'"—"And since they have told you so, do you feel sure of being saved, and of not going to hell?"—"Yes, I believe what they have told me as firmly as if I were already saved."—"This assurance is a very weighty one."—"Yes, it is a great treasure to me."—"And so, you believe you can no longer commit a mortal sin?"—"I know nothing of that; I rely altogether on our Lord."

At last, the judges had made out the true ground on which to bring the accusation; at last, they had found a spot on which to lay strong hold. There was not a chance of getting this chaste and holy girl to be taken for a witch, for a familiar of the devil's; but, in her very sanctity, as is invariably the case with all mystics, there was a side left open to attack: the secret

voice considered equal, or preferred to, the instruction of the Church, the prescriptions of authority — inspiration, but free and independent inspiration — revelation, but a personal revelation — submission to God ; what God ? the God within.

These preliminary examinations were concluded by a formal demand, whether she would submit her actions and opinions to the judgment of the Church ; to which she replied, “ I love the Church, and would support it to the best of my power. As to the good works which I have wrought, I must refer them to the King of heaven, who sent me.”

The question being repeated, she gave no other answer, but added, “ Our Lord and the Church, it is all one.”

She was then told, that there was a distinction ; that there was the Church *triumphant*, God, the saints, and those who had been admitted to salvation ; and the Church *militant*, or, in other words, the pope, the cardinals, the clergy, and all good Christians — the which Church, “ properly assembled,” cannot err, and is guided by the Holy Ghost. — “ Will you not then submit yourself to the Church *militant* ? ” — “ I am come to the king of France from God, from the Virgin Mary, the saints, and the Church *victorious* there above ; to that Church I submit myself, my works, all that I have done or have to do.” — “ And to the Church *militant* ? ” — “ I will give no other answer.”

According to one of the assessors she said that, on certain points, she trusted to neither bishop, pope, nor any one ; but held her belief of God alone.

The question on which the trial was to turn was thus laid down in all its simplicity and grandeur, and the true debate commenced : on the one hand, the visible Church and authority, on the other, inspiration attesting the invisible Church . . . invisible to vulgar eyes, but clearly seen by the pious girl, who was forever contemplating it, forever hearing it within herself, forever carrying in her heart these saints and angels . . . there was her Church, there God shone in his brightness ; everywhere else, how shadowy He was ! . . .

Such being the case at issue, the accused was doomed to irremediable destruction. She could not give way, she could not, save falsely, disavow, deny what she saw and heard so distinctly. On the other hand, could authority remain authority if it abdicated its jurisdiction, if it did not punish ?

She fell sick in Passion Week. Her temptation began, no doubt, on Palm Sunday. A country girl, born on the skirts of

a forest, and having ever lived in the open air of heaven, she was compelled to pass this fine Palm Sunday in the depth of a dungeon. The grand *succor* which the Church invokes came not for her; the *doors did not open*.

They were opened on the Tuesday; but it was to lead the accused to the great hall of the castle before her judges. They read to her the articles which had been founded on her answers, and the bishop previously represented to her, "that these doctors were all churchmen, clerks, and well read in law, divine and human; that they were all tender and pitiful, and desired to proceed mildly, seeking neither vengeance *nor corporal punishment*, but solely wishing to enlighten her, and put her in the way of truth and of salvation; and that, as she was not sufficiently informed in such high matters, the bishop and the inquisitor offered her the choice of one or more of the assessors to act as her counsel." The accused, in presence of this assembly, in which she did not desery a single friendly face, mildly answered: "For what you admonish me as to my good, and concerning our faith, I thank you; as to the counsel you offer me, I have no intention to forsake the counsel of our Lord."

The first article touched the capital point, submission. She replied as before: "Well do I believe that our Holy Father, the bishops, and others of the Church are to guard the Christian *faith*, and punish those who are found wanting. As to my *deeds* (faits), I submit myself only to the Church in heaven, to God and the Virgin, to the sainted men and women in Paradise. I have not been wanting in regard to the Christian faith, and trust I never shall be."

And, shortly afterwards: "I would rather die than recall what I have done by our Lord's command."

What illustrates the time, the uninformed mind of these doctors, and their blind attachment to the letter without regard to the spirit, is, that no point seemed graver to them than the sin of having assumed male attire. They represented to her that, according to the canons, those who thus change the habit of their sex are abominable in the sight of God. At first she would not give a direct answer, and begged for a respite till the next day; but her judges insisting on her discarding the dress, she replied, "That she was not empowered to say when she could quit it."—"But if you should be deprived of the privilege of hearing mass?"—"Well, our Lord can grant me

to hear it without you." — "Will you put on a woman's dress, in order to receive your Saviour at Easter?" — "No; I cannot quit this dress; it matters not to me in what dress I receive my Saviour." — After this she seems shaken, asks to be at least allowed to hear mass, adding, "I wont say but if you were to give me a gown such as the daughters of the burghers wear, a very *long gown* . . . "

It is clear she shrank, through modesty, from explaining herself. The poor girl darst not explain her position in prison, or the constant danger she was in. The truth is, that three soldiers slept in her room, three of the brigand ruffians called *houspilleurs*; that she was chained to a beam by a large iron chain, almost wholly at their mercy; the man's dress they wished to compel her to discontinue was all her safeguard. . . . What are we to think of the imbecility of the judge, or of his horrible connivance?

Besides being kept under the eyes of these wretches, and exposed to their insults and mockery, she was subjected to espial from without. Winchester, the inquisitor, and Cauchon had each a key to the tower, and watched her hourly through a hole in the wall. Each stone of this infernal dungeon had eyes.

Her only consolation was, that she was at first allowed interviews with a priest, who told her that he was a prisoner, and attached to Charles VII.'s cause. Loyseleur, so he was named, was a tool of the English. He had won Jeanne's confidence, who used to confess herself to him; and, at such times, her confessions were taken down by notaries concealed on purpose to overhear her. . . . It is said that Loyseleur encouraged her to hold out, in order to insure her destruction. On the question of her being put to the torture being discussed (a very useless proceeding, since she neither denied nor concealed anything), there were only two or three of her judges who counseled the atrocious deed, and the confessor was one of these.

The sentence of grace was a most severe one: "Jehanne, we condemn you, out of our grace and moderation, to pass the rest of your days in prison, on the bread of grief and water of anguish, and so to mourn your sins."

She was admitted by the ecclesiastical judge to do penance, no doubt, nowhere save in the prisons of the church. The ecclesiastic *in pace*, however severe it might be, would at the least withdraw her from the hands of the English, place her

under shelter from their insults, save her honor. Judge of her surprise and despair when the bishop coldly said: "Take her back whence you brought her."

Nothing was done; deceived on this wise, she could not fail to retract her retractation. Yet, though she had abided by it, the English, in their fury, would not have allowed her so to escape. They had come to Saint-Ouen in the hope of at last burning the sorceress, had waited panting and breathless to this end; and now they were to be dismissed on this fashion, paid with a slip of parchment, a signature, a grimace. . . . At the very moment the bishop discontinued reading the sentence of condemnation, stones flew upon the scaffolding without any respect for the cardinal. . . . The doctors were in peril of their lives as they came down from their seats into the public place; swords were in all directions pointed at their throats. The more moderate among the English confined themselves to insulting language: "Priests, you are not earning the king's money." The doctors, making off in all haste, said tremblingly: "Do not be uneasy, we shall soon have her again."

And it was not the soldiery alone, not the English *mob*, always so ferocious, which displayed this thirst for blood. The better born, the great, the lords, were no less sanguinary. The king's man, his tutor, the earl of Warwick, said like the soldiers: "The king's business goes on badly: the girl will not be burnt."

According to English notions, Warwick was the mirror of worthiness, the accomplished Englishman, the perfect *gentleman*. Brave and devout, like his master, Henry V., and the zealous champion of the *established* Church, he had performed the pilgrimage to the Holy Land, as well as many other chivalrous expeditions, not failing to give tournaments on his route: one of the most brilliant and celebrated of which took place at the gates of Calais, where he defied the whole chivalry of France. This tournament was long remembered; and the bravery and magnificence of this Warwick served not a little to prepare the way for the famous Warwick, the *kingmaker*.

With all his chivalry, Warwick was not the less savagely eager for the death of a woman, and one who was, too, a prisoner of war. The best, and the most looked up to of the English, was as little deterred by honorable scruples as the rest of his countrymen, from putting to death on the award of priests and by fire, her who had humbled them by the sword.

This great English people, with so many good and solid qualities, is infected by one vice, which corrupts these very qualities themselves. This rooted, all-poisoning vice, is pride: a cruel disease, but which is nevertheless the principle of English life, the explanation of its contradictions, the secret of its acts. With them, virtue or crime is almost ever the result of pride; even their follies have no other source. This pride is sensitive, and easily pained in the extreme; they are great sufferers from it, and again, make it a point of pride to conceal these sufferings. Nevertheless, they will have vent. The two expressive words, *disappointment* and *mortification*, are peculiar to the English language.

This self-adoration, this internal worship of the creature for its own sake, is the sin by which Satan fell, the height of impiety. This is the reason that with so many of the virtues of humanity, with their seriousness and sobriety of demeanor, and with their biblical turn of mind, no nation is further off from grace. They are the only people who have been unable to claim the authorship of the "Imitation of Jesus": a Frenchman might write it, a German, an Italian, never an Englishman. From Shakespeare to Milton, from Milton to Byron, their beautiful and somber literature is skeptical, Judaical, satanic, in a word, antichristian. "As regards law," as a legist well says, "the English are Jews, the French Christians." A theologian might express himself in the same manner, as regards faith. The American Indians, with that penetration and originality they so often exhibit, expressed this distinction in their fashion. "Christ," said one of them, "was a Frenchman whom the English crucified in London; Pontius Pilate was an officer in the service of Great Britain."

The Jews never exhibited the rage against Jesus which the English did against the Pucelle. It must be owned that she had wounded them cruelly in the most sensible part—in the simple but deep esteem they have for themselves. At Orléans, the invincible men at arms, the famous archers, Talbot at their head, had shown their backs; at Jargeau, sheltered by the good walls of a fortified town, they had suffered themselves to be taken; at Patay, they had fled as fast as their legs would carry them, fled before a girl. . . . This was hard to be borne, and these taciturn English were forever pondering over the disgrace. . . . They had been afraid of a girl, and it was not very certain but that, chained as she was, they felt fear

of her still . . . though, seemingly, not of her, but of the devil, whose agent she was. At least, they endeavored both to believe, and to have it believed so.

But there was an obstacle in the way of this, for she was said to be a virgin; and it was a notorious and well-ascertained fact that the devil could not make a compact with a virgin. The coolest head among the English, Bedford, the regent, resolved to have the point cleared up; and his wife, the duchess, intrusted the matter to some matrons, who declared Jehanne to be a maid: a favorable declaration which turned against her, by giving rise to another superstitious notion; to wit, that her virginity constituted her strength, her power, and that to deprive her of it was to disarm her, was to break the charm, and lower her to the level of other women.

The poor girl's only defense against such a danger had been wearing male attire; though, strange to say, no one had ever seemed able to understand her motive for wearing it. All, both friends and enemies, were scandalized by it. At the outset, she had been obliged to explain her reasons to the women of Poitiers; and when made prisoner, and under the care of the ladies of Luxembourg, those excellent persons prayed her to clothe herself as honest girls were wont to do. Above all, the English ladies, who have always made a parade of chastity and modesty, must have considered her so disguising herself monstrous, and insufferably indecent. The duchess of Bedford sent her female attire; but by whom? by a man, a tailor. The fellow, with impudent familiarity, was about to pass it over her head, and, when she pushed him away, laid his unmannerly hand upon her; his tailor's hand on that hand which had borne the flag of France — she boxed his ear.

If women could not understand this feminine question, how much less could priests! . . . They quoted the text of a council held in the fourth century, which anathematized such changes of dress; not seeing that the prohibition specially applied to a period when manners had been barely retrieved from pagan impurities. The doctors belonging to the party of Charles VII., the apologists of the Pucelle, find exceeding difficulty in justifying her on this head. One of them (thought to be Gerson) makes the gratuitous supposition that the moment she dismounted from her horse, she was in the habit of resuming woman's apparel; confessing that Esther and Judith had had recourse to more natural and feminine means for their

triumphs over the enemies of God's people. Entirely preoccupied with the soul, these theologians seem to have held the body cheap; provided the letter, the written law, be followed, the soul will be saved; the flesh may take its chance. . . . A poor and simple girl may be pardoned her inability to distinguish so clearly.

It is our hard condition here below, that soul and body are so closely bound one with the other, that the soul takes the flesh along with it, undergoes the same hazards, and is answerable for it. . . . This has ever been a heavy fatality; but how much more so does it become under a religious law, which ordains the endurance of insult, and which does not allow imperiled honor to escape by flinging away the body, and taking refuge in the world of spirits!

On the Friday and the Saturday, the unfortunate prisoner, despoiled of her man's dress, had much to fear. Brutality, furious hatred, vengeance, might severally incite the cowards to degrade her before she perished, to sully what they were about to burn. . . . Besides, they might be tempted to varnish their infamy by a *reason of state*, according to the notions of the day; by depriving her of her virginity, they would undoubtedly destroy that secret power of which the English entertained such great dread, who, perhaps, might recover their courage when they knew that, after all, she was but a woman. According to her confessor, to whom she divulged the fact, an Englishman, not a common soldier, but a *gentleman*, a lord—patriotically devoted himself to this execution, bravely undertook to violate a girl laden with fetters, and, being unable to effect his wishes, rained blows upon her.

“On the Sunday morning, Trinity Sunday, when it was time for her to rise (as she told him who speaks), she said to her English guards, ‘Leave me, that I may get up.’ One of them took off her woman's dress, emptied the bag in which was the man's apparel, and said to her, ‘Get up.’—‘Gentlemen,’ she said, ‘you know that dress is forbidden me; excuse me, I will not put it on.’ The point was contested till noon; when, being compelled to go out for some bodily want, she put it on. When she came back, they would give her no other despite her entreaties.”

In reality, it was not to the interest of the English that she should resume her man's dress, and so make null and void a retraction obtained with such difficulty. But at this moment,

their rage no longer knew any bounds. Saintrilles had just made a bold attempt upon Rouen. It would have been a lucky hit to have swept off the judges from the judgment seat, and have carried Winchester and Bedford to Poitiers; the latter was, subsequently, all but taken on his return, between Rouen and Paris. As long as this accursed girl lived, who, beyond a doubt, continued in prison to practice her sorceries, there was no safety for the English: perish she must.

The assessors, who had notice instantly given them of her change of dress, found some hundred English in the court to bar their passage; who, thinking that if these doctors entered, they might spoil all, threatened them with their axes and swords, and chased them out, calling them *traitors of Armagnacs*. Cauchon, introduced with much difficulty, assumed an air of gayety to pay his court to Warwick, and said with a laugh, "She is caught."

On the Monday, he returned along with the inquisitor and eight assessors, to question the Pucelle, and ask her why she had resumed that dress. She made no excuse, but, bravely facing the danger, said that the dress was fitter for her as long as she was guarded by men, and that faith had not been kept with her. Her saints, too, had told her, "that it was great pity she had abjured to save her life." Still, she did not refuse to resume woman's dress. "Put me in a seemly and safe prison," she said, "I will be good, and do whatever the Church shall wish."

On leaving her, the bishop encountered Warwick and a crowd of English; and to show himself a good Englishman, he said in their tongue, "Farewell, farewell." This joyous adieu was about synonymous with "Good evening, good evening, all's over."

It was nine o'clock: she was dressed in female attire, and placed on a cart. On one side of her was brother Martin l'Advenu; the constable, Massieu, was on the other. The Augustine monk, brother Isambart, who had already displayed such charity and courage, would not quit her. It is stated that the wretched Loyseleur also ascended the cart, to ask her pardon; but for the earl of Warwick, the English would have killed him.

Up to this moment the Pucelle had never despaired, with the exception, perhaps, of her temptation in the Passion Week. While saying, as she at times would say, "These English will

kill me," she, in reality, did not think so. She did not imagine that she could ever be deserted. She had faith in her king, in the good people of France. She had said expressly, "There will be some disturbance either in prison or at the trial, by which I shall be delivered . . . greatly, victoriously delivered." . . . But though king and people deserted her, she had another source of aid, and a far more powerful and certain one, from her friends above, her kind and dear saints. . . . When she was assaulting Saint-Pierre, and deserted by her followers, her saints sent an invisible army to her aid. How could they abandon their obedient girl; they who had so often promised her *safety* and *deliverance*. . . .

What then must her thoughts have been, when she saw that she must die; when, carried in a cart, she passed through a trembling crowd, under the guard of eight hundred Englishmen armed with sword and lance. She wept and bemoaned herself, yet reproached neither her king nor her saints. . . . She was only heard to utter, "O Rouen, Rouen! must I then die here?"

The term of her sad journey was the old market place, the fish market. Three scaffolds had been raised: on one, was the episcopal and royal chair, the throne of the cardinal of England, surrounded by the stalls of his prelates; on another, were to figure the principal personages of the mournful drama, the preacher, the judges, and the bailli, and, lastly, the condemned one; apart, was a large scaffolding of plaster, groaning under a weight of wood—nothing had been grudged the stake, which struck terror by its height alone. This was not only to add to the solemnity of the execution, but was done with the intent that from the height to which it was reared, the executioner might not get at it save at the base, and that to light it only, so that he would be unable to cut short the torments and relieve the sufferer, as he did with others, sparing them the flames. On this occasion, the important point was that justice should not be defrauded of her due, or a dead body be committed to the flames; they desired that she should be really burnt alive, and that, placed on the summit of this mountain of wood, and commanding the circle of lances and of swords, she might be seen from every part of the market place. There was reason to suppose that being slowly, tediously burnt before the eyes of a curious crowd, she might at least be surprised into some weakness, that something might escape her which could

be set down as a disavowal, at the least some confused words which might be interpreted at pleasure, perhaps, low prayers, humiliating cries for mercy, such as proceed from a woman in despair. . . .

A chronicler, friendly to the English, brings a heavy charge against them at this moment. According to him, they wanted her gown to be burnt first, so that she might remain naked, "in order to remove all the doubts of the people;" that the fagots should then be removed so that all might draw nigh to see her, "and all the secrets which can or should be in a woman:" and that after this immodest, ferocious exhibition, "the executioners should replace the great fire on her poor carrion. . . ."

The frightful ceremony began with a sermon. Master Nicolas Midy, one of the lights of the university of Paris, preached upon the edifying text: "When one limb of the Church is sick, the whole Church is sick." This poor Church could only be cured by cutting off a limb. He wound up with the formula: "*Jeanne, go in peace, the Church can no longer defend thee.*"

The ecclesiastical judge, the bishop of Beauvais, then benignly exhorted her to take care of her soul and to recall all her misdeeds, in order that she might awaken to true repentance. The assessors had ruled that it was the law to read over her abjuration to her; the bishop did nothing of the sort. He feared her denials, her disclaimers. But the poor girl had no thought of so chicaning away life; her mind was fixed on far other subjects. Even before she was exhorted to repentance, she had knelt down and invoked God, the Virgin, St. Michael, and St. Catherine, pardoning all and asking pardon, saying to the bystanders, "Pray for me!" . . . In particular, she besought the priests to say each a mass for her soul. . . . And all this, so devoutly, humbly, and touchingly, that sympathy becoming contagious, no one could any longer contain himself; the bishop of Beauvais melted into tears, the bishop of Boulogne sobbed, and the very English cried and wept as well, Winchester with the rest.

Might it be in this moment of universal tenderness, of tears, of contagious weakness, that the unhappy girl, softened, and relapsing into the mere woman, confessed that she saw clearly she had erred, and that, apparently, she had been deceived when promised deliverance. This is a point on which we cannot implicitly rely on the interested testimony of the English. Never-

theless, it would betray scant knowledge of human nature to doubt, with her hopes so frustrated, her having wavered in her faith. . . . Whether she confessed to this effect in words is uncertain ; but I will confidently affirm that she owned it in thought.

Meanwhile the judges, for a moment put out of countenance, had recovered their usual bearing, and the bishop of Beauvais, drying his eyes, began to read the act of condemnation. He reminded the guilty one of all her crimes, of her schism, idolatry, invocation of demons, how she had been admitted to repentance, and how, "Seduced by the prince of lies, she had fallen, O grief ! *like the dog which returns to his vomit.* . . . Therefore, we pronounce you to be a rotten limb, and, as such, to be lopped off from the Church. We deliver you over to the secular power, praying it at the same time to relax its sentence and to spare you death, and the mutilation of your members."

Deserted thus by the Church, she put her whole trust in God. She asked for the cross. An Englishman handed her a cross which he made out of a stick ; she took it, rudely fashioned as it was, with not less devotion, kissed it, and placed it under her garments, next to her skin. . . . But what she desired was the crucifix belonging to the Church, to have it before her eyes till she breathed her last. The good *huissier*, Massieu, and brother Isambart, interfered with such effect, that it was brought her from St. Sauveur's. While she was embracing this crucifix, and brother Isambart was encouraging her, the English began to think all this exceedingly tedious ; it was now noon, at least ; the soldiers grumbled, and the captains called out : "What's this, priest ; do you mean us to dine here ?" . . . Then, losing patience, and without waiting for the order from the bailli, who alone had authority to dismiss her to death, they sent two constables to take her out of the hands of the priests. She was seized at the foot of the tribunal by the men at arms, who dragged her to the executioner with the words, "Do thy office. . . ." The fury of the soldiery filled all present with horror ; and many there, even of the judges, fled the spot that they might see no more.

When she found herself brought down to the market place, surrounded by English, laying rude hands on her, nature asserted her rights, and the flesh was troubled. Again she cried out, "O Rouen, thou art then to be my last abode ! . . ." She

said no more, and, in this hour of fear and trouble, *did not sin with her lips*. . . .

She accused neither her king, nor her holy ones. But when she set foot on the top of the pile, on viewing this great city, this motionless and silent crowd, she could not refrain from exclaiming, "Ah! Rouen, Rouen, much do I fear you will suffer from my death!" She who had saved the people, and whom that people deserted, gave voice to no other sentiment when dying (admirable sweetness of soul!) than that of compassion for it.

She was made fast under the infamous placard, mitered with a miter, on which was read, "Heretic, relapser, apostate, idolater. . . ." And then the executioner set fire to the pile. . . . She saw this from above and uttered a cry. . . . Then, as the brother who was exhorting her paid no attention to the fire, forgetting herself in her fear for him, she insisted on his descending.

The proof that up to this period she had made no express recantation is, that the unhappy Cauchon was obliged (no doubt by the high satanic will which presided over the whole) to proceed to the foot of the pile, obliged to face his victim to endeavor to extract some admission from her. All that he obtained was a few words, enough to rack his soul. She said to him mildly, what she had already said: "Bishop, I die through you. . . . If you had put me into the church prisons, this would not have happened." No doubt hopes had been entertained that on finding herself abandoned by her king, she would at last accuse and defame him. To the last, she defended him: "Whether I have done well or ill, my king is faultless; it was not he who counseled me."

Meanwhile, the flames rose. . . . When they first seized her, the unhappy girl shrieked for holy *water*—this must have been the cry of fear. . . . But soon recovering, she called only on God, on her angels and her saints. She bore witness to them: "Yes, my voices were from God, my voices have not deceived me." The fact that all her doubts vanished at this trying moment must be taken as a proof that she accepted death as the promised *deliverance*, that she no longer understood her *salvation* in the Judaic and material sense, as until now she had done, that at length she saw clearly; and that rising above all shadows, her gifts of illumination and of sanctity were at the final hour made perfect unto her.

The great testimony she thus bore is attested by the sworn and compelled witness of her death, by the Dominican who mounted the pile with her, whom she forced to descend, but who spoke to her from its foot, listened to her, and held out to her the crucifix.

There is yet another witness of this sainted death, a most grave witness, who must himself have been a saint. This witness, whose name history ought to preserve, was the Augustine monk already mentioned, brother Isambart de la Pierre. During the trial, he had hazarded his life by counseling the Pucelle, and yet, though so clearly pointed out to the hate of the English, he persisted in accompanying her in the cart, procured the parish crucifix for her, and comforted her in the midst of the raging multitude, both on the scaffold where she was interrogated, and at the stake.

Twenty years afterwards, the two venerable friars, simple monks, vowed to poverty, and having nothing to hope or fear in this world, bear witness to the scene we have just described: "We heard her," they say, "in the midst of the flames invoke her saints, her archangel; several times she called on her Saviour. . . . At the last, as her head sunk on her bosom, she shrieked, 'Jesus'!"

"Ten thousand men wept. . . ." A few of the English alone laughed, or endeavored to laugh. One of the most furious among them had sworn that he would throw a fagot on the pile. Just as he brought it, she breathed her last. He was taken ill. His comrades led him to a tavern to recruit his spirits by drink, but he was beyond recovery. "I saw," he exclaimed, in his frantic despair, "I saw a dove fly out of her mouth with her last sigh." Others had read in the flames the word "Jesus," which she so often repeated. The executioner repaired in the evening to brother Isambart, full of consternation, and confessed himself; but felt persuaded that God would never pardon him. . . . One of the English king's secretaries said aloud, on returning from the dismal scene, "We are lost; we have burnt a saint!"

Though these words fell from an enemy's mouth, they are not the less important, and will live, uncontradicted by the future. Yes, whether considered religiously or patriotically, Jeanne Darc was a saint.

THE IMITATION OF CHRIST.

By THOMAS À KEMPIS.

[THOMAS À KEMPIS, the famous ecclesiastic and author, was so called from the town of Kempen, near Cologne, where he was born about 1380. His family name was Hamerken (Latinized, *Malleolus*, "little hammer"). At the age of twenty he entered the Augustinian monastery of Mount St. Agnes, near Zwolle, Holland, where he was ordained priest (1413), became subprior (1429), and passed his entire life in seclusion. He died July 26, 1471. His writings consist of sermons, letters, hymns, etc., of which only the celebrated ascetical treatise, "*De Imitatione Christi*" (On the Following or Imitation of Christ), published in 1607, deserves mention. It is the most widely read book in Christian literature, with the exception of the Bible, and has passed through thousands of editions in the original Latin and in translations. The authorship of the work was for some time a subject of controversy, partly because it seemed unlikely that a quiet monk should know so thoroughly all phases of human temptation, even those of practical life; but à Kempis' authorship is now thoroughly established. The work seems to have been originally meant to be sung.]

OF INORDINATE AFFECTIONS.

WHENSOEVER a man desireth anything inordinately, he becometh presently disquieted in himself.

The proud and covetous can never rest. The poor and humble in spirit dwell in the multitude of peace.

The man that is not yet perfectly dead to himself, is quickly tempted and overcome in small and trifling things.

The weak in spirit, and he that is yet in a manner carnal and prone to the things of sense, can hardly withdraw himself altogether from earthly desires.

And therefore he is often afflicted when he goeth about to withdraw himself from them; and is easily angered when any opposeth him.

And if he hath followed his appetite, he is presently disquieted with remorse of conscience; for that he hath yielded to his passion, which profiteth him nothing to the obtaining of the peace which he sought.

True quietness of heart therefore is gotten by resisting our passions, not by obeying them.

There is then no peace in the heart of a carnal man, nor in him that is given to outward things, but in the spiritual and devout man.

OF AVOIDING VAIN HOPE AND PRIDE.

Esteem not thyself better than others, lest perhaps in the sight of God, who knoweth what is in man, thou be accounted worse than they.

Be not proud of welldoing; for the judgment of God is far different from the judgment of men, and that often offendeth Him which pleaseth them.

If there be any good in thee, believe that there is much more in others, that so thou mayest preserve humility.

It hurteth thee not to submit to all men: but it hurteth thee most of all to prefer thyself even to one.

The humble enjoy continual peace, but in the heart of the proud is envy, and frequent indignation.

THAT TOO MUCH FAMILIARITY IS TO BE SHUNNED.

Lay not thy heart open to every one; but treat of thy affairs with the wise, and such as fear God.

Converse not much with the young, nor with strangers.

Flatter not the rich: neither do thou appear willingly before the great.

Keep company with the humble and single-hearted, with the devout and virtuous; and confer with them of those things that may edify. Be not familiar with any woman; but commend all good women in general to God.

Desire to be familiar with God alone and His Angels, and avoid the acquaintance of men.

We must have love towards all, but familiarity with all is not expedient.

Sometimes it falleth out, that a person unknown to us is much esteemed of, from the good report given him by others; whose presence notwithstanding is not grateful to the eyes of those who see him.

We think sometimes to please others by our society, and we rather displease them with those bad qualities which they discover in us.

OF OBEDIENCE AND SUBJECTION.

It is a great matter to live in obedience, to be under a superior and not to be at our own disposing.

It is much safer to obey than to govern.

Many live under obedience, rather for necessity than for love; such are discontented, and do easily repine. Neither can they attain to freedom of mind, unless they willingly and heartily put themselves under obedience for the love of God.

Go whither thou wilt, thou shalt find no rest, but in humble subjection under the government of a superior. Many have deceived themselves, imagining to find happiness in change.

True it is, that every one willingly doeth that which agreeth with his own liking, and inclineth most to those that are of his own mind.

But if God be amongst us, we must sometimes cease for the sake of peace to adhere to our own opinion.

Who is so wise that he can fully know all things?

Be not therefore too confident in thine own opinion; but be willing to hear the judgment of others.

If thy thought be good, and yet thou partest with it for God, and followest the opinion of another, this shall turn to thy good.

I have often heard, that it is safer to hear and to take counsel, than to give it.

It may also fall out, that a man's opinion may be good; but to refuse to yield to others when reason or a special cause requireth it, is a mark of pride and stiffness.

OF AVOIDING MANY WORDS.

Fly the tumult of the world as much as thou canst; for the treating of worldly affairs is a great hindrance, although it be done with sincere intention;

For we are quickly defiled, and enthralled by vanity.

Oftentimes I could wish that I had held my peace when I have spoken; and that I had not been in company.

Why do we so willingly speak and talk one with another, when notwithstanding we seldom cease our converse before we have hurt our conscience?

The cause why we so willingly talk, is for that by discoursing one with another, we seek to receive comfort one of another, and desire to ease our mind wearied with many thoughts:

And we very willingly talk and think of those things which

we most love or desire ; or of those things which we feel to be against us.

But, alas, oftentimes in vain, and to no end ; for this outward comfort is the cause of no small loss of inward and divine consolation.

Therefore we must watch and pray, lest our time pass away idly.

If it be lawful and expedient for thee to speak, speak those things that may edify.

Evil habit and neglect of our own growth in grace do give too much liberty to inconsiderate speech.

Yet discourse of spiritual things doth greatly further our spiritual growth, especially when persons of one mind and spirit associate together in God.

OF THE OBTAINING OF PEACE, AND OF ZEALOUS DESIRE FOR GROWTH IN GRACE.

We might enjoy much peace, if we would not busy ourselves with the words and deeds of other men, and with things which appertain nothing to our charge.

How can he abide long in peace, who trusteth himself into the cares of others, who seeketh occasions abroad, who little or seldom cometh to himself ?

Blessed are the single-hearted ; for they shall enjoy much peace.

Why were some of the Saints so perfect and contemplative ? Because they labored to mortify themselves wholly to all earthly desires ; and therefore they could with their whole heart fix themselves upon God, and be free for holy retirement.

We are too much led by our passions, and too solicitous for transitory things.

We also seldom overcome any one vice perfectly, and are not inflamed with a fervent desire to grow better every day ; and therefore we remain cold and lukewarm.

If we were perfectly intent upon our own hearts, and not entangled with outward things, then should we be able to relish divine things, and to have some experience of heavenly contemplation.

The greatest, and indeed the whole impediment is that we are not free from passions and lusts, neither do we endeavor to

walk in the perfect way of the Saints ; and when but a small adversity befalleth us, we are too quickly dejected, and turn ourselves to human consolations.

If we would endeavor like brave men to stand in the battle, surely we should feel the assistance of God from Heaven.

For He who giveth us occasion to fight, to the end we may get the victory, is ready to succor those that fight, and that trust in His grace.

If we esteem our progress in religious life to consist only in some outward observances, our devotion will quickly be at an end.

But let us lay the ax to the root, that being freed from passions, we may find rest to our souls.

If every year we would root out one vice, we should sooner become perfect men.

But how oftentimes we perceive, on the contrary, that we were better and purer at the beginning of our conversion, than after many years of our profession.

Our fervor and profiting should increase daily ; but now it is accounted a great matter, if a man can retain but some part of his first zeal.

If we would do but a little violence to ourselves at the beginning, then should we be able to perform all things afterwards with ease and delight.

It is a hard matter to forego that to which we are accustomed, but it is harder to go against our own will.

But if thou dost not overcome small and easy things, when wilt thou overcome harder things ?

Resist thy inclination in the very beginning, and unlearn evil habits, lest perhaps by little and little they draw thee to greater difficulty.

O if thou didst but consider how much inward peace unto thyself, and joy unto others, thou wouldest procure by demeaning thyself well, I think that thou wouldest be more careful of thy spiritual progress.

OF THE PROFIT OF ADVERSITY.

It is good that we have sometimes some troubles and crosses ; for they often make a man enter into himself, and consider that he is here in banishment, and ought not to place his trust in any worldly thing.

It is good that we be sometimes contradicted, and that men think ill or inadequately; and this, although we do and intend well.

These things help often to the attaining of humility, and defend us from vainglory: for then we are more inclined to seek God for our inward witness, when outwardly we be condemned by men, and when there is no credit given unto us.

And therefore a man should settle himself so fully in God, that he need not to seek many comforts of men.

When a good man is afflicted, tempted, or troubled with evil thoughts, then he understandeth better the great need he hath of God, without whom he perceiveth he can do nothing that is good.

Then also he sorroweth, lamenteth, and prayeth, by reason of the miseries he suffereth.

Then he is weary of living longer, and wisheth that death would come, that he might depart and be with Christ.

Then also he well perceiveth that perfect security and full peace cannot be had in this world.

OF RESISTING TEMPTATION.

So long as we live in this world we cannot be without tribulation and temptation.

Hence it is written in Job, "The life of man upon earth is a life of temptation."

Every one therefore ought to be careful about his temptations, and to watch in prayer, lest the devil find an advantage to deceive him; for he never sleepeth, but goeth about, seeking whom he may devour.

No man is so perfect and holy but he hath sometimes temptations, and we cannot be altogether without them.

Nevertheless temptations are often very profitable to us, though they be troublesome and grievous; for in them a man is humbled, purified, and instructed.

All the Saints passed through man's tribulations and temptations, and profited thereby.

And they that could not bear temptations became reprobate, and fell away.

There is no order so holy, nor place so secret, as that there be not temptations or adversities in it.

There is no man that is altogether free from temptations whilst he liveth on earth ; for the root thereof is in ourselves, who are born with inclination to evil.

When one temptation or tribulation goeth away, another cometh ; and we shall ever have something to suffer, because we are fallen from the state of our felicity.

Many seek to fly temptations, and fall more grievously into them.

By flight alone we cannot overcome, but by patience and true humility we become stronger than all our enemies.

He that only avoideth them outwardly and doth not pluck them by the roots, shall profit little ; yea, temptations will the sooner return unto him, and will be more violent than before.

By little and little, and by patience with long-suffering, through God's help, thou shalt more easily overcome, than by violence and thine own disquietude.

Often take counsel in temptations, and deal not roughly with him that is tempted ; but give him comfort, as thou wouldest wish to be done to thyself.

The beginning of all evil temptations is inconstancy of mind and small confidence in God.

For as a ship without a helm is tossed to and fro by the waves, so the man who is careless and forsaketh his purpose is many ways tempted.

Fire trieth iron, and temptation a just man.

We know not oftentimes what we are able to do, but temptation shows us what we are.

Yet we must be watchful, especially in the beginning of the temptation ; for the enemy is then more easily overcome, if he be not suffered to enter the door of our hearts, but be resisted at the very gate, on his first knocking.

Wherefore one said, "Withstand the beginnings : the remedy is applied too late, when the evil has grown strong through long delay."

For first there cometh to the mind a bare thought of evil, then a strong imagination thereof, afterwards delight and evil emotion, and then consent.

And so by little and little our wicked enemy getteth complete entrance, for that he is not resisted in the beginning.

And the longer a man is negligent in resisting, the weaker does he become daily in himself, and the stronger the enemy against him.

Some suffer great temptations in the beginning of their conversion ; others in the latter end.

Others again are much troubled almost through the whole of their life.

Some are but slightly tempted, according to the wisdom and equity of the Divine appointment, which weigheth the states and deserts of men, and ordaineth all things for the welfare of His own chosen ones.

We ought not therefore to despair when we are tempted, but so much the more fervently to pray unto God, that He will vouchsafe to help us in all tribulations ; for He will surely, according to the words of St. Paul, make with the temptation a way to escape, that we may be able to bear it.

Let us therefore humble our souls under the hand of God in all temptations and tribulations ; for He will save and exalt the humble in spirit.

In temptations and afflictions a man is proved, how much he hath profited ; and his reward is thereby the greater, and his graces do more eminently shine forth.

Neither is it any such great thing if a man be devout and fervent, when he feeleth no affliction ; but if in time of adversity he bear himself patiently, there is hope then of great growth in grace.

Some are kept from great temptations, and in small ones which do daily occur are often overcome ; to the end that, being humbled, they may never presume on themselves in great matters, while they are worsted in so small things.

OF AVOIDING RASH JUDGMENT.

Turn thine eyes unto thyself, and beware thou judge not the deeds of other men. In judging of others a man laboreth in vain, often erreth, and easily sinneth ; but in judging and examining himself, he always laboreth fruitfully.

We often judge of things according as we fancy them ; for private affection bereaves us easily of a right judgment.

If God were always the pure object of our desire, we should not be so easily troubled, through the repugnance of our carnal mind.

But oftentimes something lurketh within, or else occurreth from without, which draweth us after it.

Many secretly seek themselves in what they do, and know it not.

They seem also to live in good peace of mind, when things are done according to their will and opinion; but if things happen otherwise than they desire, they are straightway moved and much vexed.

The diversities of judgments and opinions cause oftentimes dissensions between friends and countrymen, between religious and devout persons.

An old custom is hardly broken, and no man is willing to be led farther than himself can see.

If thou dost more rely upon thine own reason or industry, than upon that power which brings thee under the obedience of Jesus Christ, it will be long before thou become illuminated; for God will have us perfectly subject unto Him, that, being inflamed with His love, we may transcend the narrow limits of human reason.

OF WORKS DONE OUT OF CHARITY.

For no worldly thing, nor for the love of any man, is any evil to be done; but yet, for the welfare of one that standeth in need, a good work is sometimes to be intermitted without any scruple, or even to be changed for a better.

For by doing this, a good work is not lost, but changed into a better.

Without charity the outward work profiteth nothing; but whatsoever is done of charity, be it never so little and contemptible in the sight of the world, it becomes wholly fruitful.

For God weigheth more with how much love a man worketh, than how much he doeth. He doeth much that loveth much.

He doeth much that doeth a thing well. He doeth well that rather serveth the common weal than his own will.

Oftentimes a work seemeth to be of charity, and it is rather a work of the flesh; because natural inclination, self-will, hope of reward, and desire of our own interest are motives seldom absent.

He that hath true and perfect charity seeketh himself in nothing; but only desireth in all things that the glory of God should be exalted.

He also envieth none, because he seeketh no private good:

neither doth he will to rejoyce in himself, but wisheth above all things to be made happy in the enjoyment of God.

He attributeth nothing that is good to any man, but wholly referreth it unto God, from whom as from their fountain all things proceed ; in whom finally all the Saints do rest as in their highest fruition.

If a man had but one spark of true charity, he would certainly discern that all earthly things are full of vanity.

OF BEARING WITH THE FAULTS OF OTHERS.

Those things that a man cannot amend in himself or in others, he ought to suffer patiently, until God order them otherwise.

Think that perhaps it is better so for thy trial and patience, without which all our good deeds are not much to be esteemed.

Thou oughtest to pray notwithstanding when thou hast such impediments, that God would vouchsafe to help thee, and that thou mayest bear them rightly.

If one that is once or twice warned will not give over, contend not with him : but commit all to God, that His will may be done, and His name honored in all His servants, who well knoweth how to turn evil into good.

Endeavor to be patient in bearing with the defects and infirmities of others, of what sort soever they be : for that thyself also hast many failings which must be borne with by others.

If thou canst not make thyself such an one as thou wouldest, how canst thou expect to have another in all things to thy liking ?

We would willingly have others perfect, and yet we amend not our own faults.

We will have others severely corrected, and will not be corrected ourselves.

The large liberty of others displeaseth us ; and yet we will not have our own desires denied us.

We will have others kept under by strict laws ; but in no sort will ourselves be restrained.

And thus it appeareth, how seldom we weigh our neighbor in the same balance with ourselves.

If all men were perfect, what should we have to suffer of our neighbor for the sake of God ?

But now God hath thus ordered it, that we may learn to

bear one another's burdens; for no man is without fault; no man but hath his burden; no man is sufficient of himself; no man is wise enough of himself; but we ought to bear with one another, comfort one another, help, instruct, and admonish one another.

Occasions of adversity best discover how great virtue or strength each one hath.

For occasions do not make a man frail, but they show what he is.

OF LIFE IN A RELIGIOUS COMMUNITY.

Thou must learn to break thine own will in many things, if thou wilt have peace and concord with others.

It is no small matter to dwell in a religious community, or monastery, to hold thy place there without giving offense, and to continue faithful even unto death.

Blessed is he that hath there lived well, and ended happily.

If thou wilt stand firm and grow as thou oughtest, esteem thyself as a pilgrim and stranger upon earth.

Thou must be contented for Christ's sake to be esteemed as a fool in this world, if thou desire to lead the life of a monk.

Dress and tonsure profit little; but change of heart and perfect mortification of the passions make a true monk.

He that seeketh anything else but merely God, and the salvation of his soul, shall find nothing but tribulation and sorrows.

Neither can he remain long in peace, that laboreth not to be the least, and subject unto all.

Thou camest to serve, not to rule. Know that thou wast called to suffer and to labor, and not to be idle, nor to spend thy time in talk.

Here therefore men are proved as gold in the furnace.

Here no man can stand, unless he humble himself with his whole heart for the love of God.

THE KING'S TRAGEDY.¹

JAMES I. OF SCOTS. — 20TH FEBRUARY, 1437.

BY DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

[GABRIEL CHARLES DANTE ROSSETTI, English poet and artist, was the son of a refugee Italian patriot and poet, and was born in London, May 12, 1828. His early ambitions and efforts were all in the line of pictorial art, and in 1848 he took part in founding the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood; and all his life his first thought of himself was as artist. But his larger side in capacity was the poetical: and though not great in bulk, his poetry stands next to the very highest rank in English verse. His great ballads, "Sister Helen," "Rose Mary," "The King's Tragedy," and "The White Ship"; "The Blessed Damozel" (written at nineteen); "A Last Confession," "Jenny," etc., are imperishable. He died April 9, 1882.]

I CATHERINE am a Douglas born,
A name to all Scots dear;
And Kate Barlass they've called me now
Through many a waning year.

This old arm's withered now. 'Twas once
Most deft 'mong maidens all
To rein the steed, to wing the shaft,
To smite the palm-play ball.

In hall adown the close-linked dance
It has shone most white and fair;
It has been the rest for a true lord's head,
And many a sweet babe's nursing bed,
And the bar to a King's chambère.

Ay, lasses, draw round Kate Barlass,
And hark with bated breath
How good King James, King Robert's son,
Was foully done to death.

¹ NOTE BY ROSSETTI. — Tradition says that Catherine Douglas, in honor of her heroic act when she barred the door with her arm against the murderers of James the First of Scots, received popularly the name of "Barlass." This name remains to her descendants, the Barlas family, in Scotland, who bear for their crest a broken arm. She married Alexander Lovell of Bolunnie.

A few stanzas from King James' lovely poem, known as "The King's Quhair," are quoted in the course of this ballad. The writer must express regret for the necessity which has compelled him to shorten the ten-syllabled lines to eight syllables, in order that they might harmonize with the ballad meter.

Through all the days of his gallant youth
The princely James was pent,
By his friends at first and then by his foes,
In long imprisonment.

For the elder Prince, the kingdom's heir,
By treason's murderous brood
Was slain; and the father quaked for the child
With the royal mortal blood.

I' the Bass Rock fort, by his father's care,
Was his childhood's life assured;
And Henry the subtle Bolingbroke,
Proud England's King, 'neath the southron yoke
His youth for long years immured.

Yet in all things meet for a kingly man
Himself did he approve;
And the nightingale through his prison wall
Taught him both lore and love.

For once, when the bird's song drew him close
To the opened window pane,
In her bowers beneath a lady stood,
A light of life to his sorrowful mood,
Like a lily amid the rain.

And for her sake, to the sweet bird's note,
He framed a sweeter Song,
More sweet than ever a poet's heart
Gave yet to the English tongue.

She was a lady of royal blood;
And when, past sorrow and teen,
He stood where still through his crownless years
His Scottish realm had been,
At Scone were the happy lovers crowned,
A heart-wed King and Queen.

But the bird may fall from the bough of youth,
And song be turned to moan,
And Love's storm cloud be the shadow of Hate,
When the tempest waves of a troubled State
Are beating against a throne.

Yet well they loved; and the god of Love,
Whom well the King had sung,
Might find on the earth no truer hearts
His lowliest swains among.

From the days when first she rode abroad
With Scottish maids in her train,
I Catherine Douglas won the trust
Of my mistress sweet Queen Jane.

And oft she sighed, "To be born a King!"
And oft along the way
When she saw the homely lovers pass
She has said, "Alack the day!"

Years waned, — the loving and toiling years:
Till England's wrong renewed
Drove James, by outrage cast on his crown,
To the open field of feud.

'Twas when the King and his host were met
At the leaguer of Roxbro' hold,
The Queen o' the sudden sought his camp
With a tale of dread to be told.

And she showed him a secret letter writ
That spoke of treasonous strife,
And how a band of his noblest lords
Were sworn to take his life.

"And it may be here or it may be there,
In the camp or the court," she said:
"But for my sake come to your people's arms
And guard your royal head."

Quoth he, "'Tis the fifteenth day of the siege,
And the castle's nigh to yield."
"O face your foes on your throne," she cried,
"And show the power you wield;
And under your Scottish people's love
You shall sit as under your shield."

At the fair Queen's side I stood that day
When he bade them raise the siege,
And back to his Court he sped to know
How the lords would meet their Liege,

But when he summoned his Parliament,
The lowering brows hung round,
Like clouds that circle the mountain head
Ere the first low thunders sound.

For he had tamed the nobles' lust
And curbed their power and pride,
And reached out an arm to right the poor
Through Scotland far and wide;
And many a lordly wrongdoer
By the headsman's ax had died.

'Twas then upspoke Sir Robert Graeme,
The bold o'ermastering man:—
"O King, in the name of your Three Estates,
I set you under their ban!

"For, as your lords made oath to you
Of service and fealty,
Even in like wise you pledged your oath
Their faithful sire to be:

"Yet all we here that are nobly sprung
Have mourned dear kith and kin
Since first for the Scottish Barons' curse
Did your bloody rule begin."

With that he laid his hands on his King:—
"Is this not so, my lords?"
But of all who had sworn to league with him
Not one spake back to his words.

Quoth the King: "Thou speak'st but for one Estate,
Nor doth it avow thy gage.
Let my liege lords hale this traitor hence!"
The Graeme fired dark with rage:—
"Who works for lesser men than himself,
He earns but a witless wage!"

But soon from the dungeon where he lay
He won by privy plots,
And forth he fled with a price on his head
To the country of the Wild Scots.

And word there came from Sir Robert Graeme
To the King at Edinbro':—

"No Liege of mine thou art; but I see
From this day forth alone in thee
God's creature, my mortal foe.

"Through thee are my wife and children lost,
My heritage and lands;
And when my God shall show me a way,
Thyself my mortal foe will I slay
With these my proper hands."

Against the coming of Christmastide
That year the King bade call
I' the Black Friars' Charterhouse of Perth
A solemn festival.

And we of his household rode with him
In a close-ranked company;
But not till the sun had sunk from his throne
Did we reach the Scottish Sea.

That eve was clenched for a boding storm,
'Neath a toilsome moon, half seen;
The cloud stooped low and the surf rose high;
And where there was a line of the sky,
Wild wings loomed dark between.

And on a rock of the black beach side
By the veiled moon dimly lit,
There was something seemed to heave with life
As the King drew nigh to it.

And was it only the tossing furze
Or brake of the waste sea wold?
Or was it an eagle bent to the blast?
When near we came, we knew it at last
For a woman tattered and old.

But it seemed as though by a fire within
Her writhen limbs were wrung;
And as soon as the King was close to her,
She stood up gaunt and strong.

'Twas then the moon sailed clear of the rack
On high in her hollow dome;
And still as aloft with hoary crest
Each clamorous wave rang home,

Like fire in snow the moonlight blazed
Amid the champing foam.

And the woman held his eyes with her eyes:—

“O King, thou art come at last;
But thy wraith has haunted the Scottish Sea
To my sight for four years past.

“Four years it is since first I met,
’Twixt the Duchray and the Dhu,
A shape whose feet clung close in a shroud,
And that shape for thine I knew.

“A year again, and on Inchkeith Isle
I saw thee pass in the breeze,
With the cerecloth risen above thy feet
And wound about thy knees.

“And yet a year, in the Links of Forth,
As a wanderer without rest,
Thou can’st with both thine arms i’ the shroud
That clung high up thy breast.

“And in this hour I find thee here,
And well mine eyes may note
That the winding sheet hath passed thy breast
And risen around thy throat.

“And when I meet thee again, O King,
That of death hast such sore drouth, —
Except thou turn again on this shore, —
The winding sheet shall have moved once more
And covered thine eyes and mouth.

“O King, whom poor men bless for their King,
Of thy fate be not so fain;
But these my words for God’s message take,
And turn thy steed, O King, for her sake
Who rides beside thy rein!”

While the woman spoke, the King’s horse reared
As if it would breast the sea,
And the Queen turned pale as she heard on the gale
The voice die dolorously.

When the woman ceased, the steed was still,
 But the King gazed on her yet,
 And in silence save for the wail of the sea
 His eyes and her eyes met.

At last he said: "God's ways are His own :
 Man is but shadow and dust.
 Last night I prayed by His altar stone ;
 To-night I wend to the Feast of His Son ;
 And in Him I set my trust.

"I have held my people in sacred charge,
 And have not feared the sting
 Of proud men's hate, to His will resigned
 Who has but one same death for a hind
 And one same death for a King.

"And if God in His wisdom have brought close
 The day when I must die,
 That day by water or fire or air
 My feet shall fall in the destined snare
 Wherever my road may lie.

"What man can say but the Fiend hath set
 Thy sorcery on my path,
 My heart with the fear of death to fill,
 And turn me against God's very will
 To sink in His burning wrath ?"

The woman stood as the train rode past,
 And moved nor limb nor eye ;
 And when we were shipped, we saw her there
 Still standing against the sky.

As the ship made way, the moon once more
 Sank slow in her rising pall ;
 And I thought of the shrouded wraith of the King,
 And I said, "The Heavens know all."

And now, ye lasses, must ye hear
 How my name is Kate Barlass :—
 But a little thing, when all the tale
 Is told of the weary mass
 Of crime and woe which in Scotland's realm
 God's will let come to pass.

'Twas in the Charterhouse of Perth
That the King and all his Court
Were met, the Christmas Feast being done,
For solace and disport.

'Twas a wind-wild eve in February,
And against the casement pane
The branches smote like summoning hands
And muttered the driving rain.

And when the wind swooped over the lift
And made the whole heaven frown,
It seemed a grip was laid on the walls
To tug the house top down.

And the Queen was there, more stately fair
Than a lily in garden set;
And the King was loath to stir from her side;
For as on the day when she was his bride,
Even so he loved her yet.

And the Earl of Athole, the King's false friend,
Sat with him at the board;
And Robert Stuart the chamberlain
Who had sold his sovereign Lord.

Yet the traitor Christopher Chaumber there
Would fain have told him all,
And vainly four times that night he strove
To reach the King through the hall.

But the wine is bright at the goblet's brim
Though the poison lurk beneath;
And the apples still are red on the tree
Within whose shade may the adder be
That shall turn thy life to death.

There was a knight of the King's fast friends
Whom he called the King of Love;
And to such bright cheer and courtesy
That name might best behove.

And the King and Queen both loved him well
For his gentle knightliness;
And with him the King, as that eve wore on,
Was playing at the chess.

And the King said, (for he thought to jest
 And soothe the Queen thereby :) —
 "In a book 'tis writ that this same year
 A King shall in Scotland die.

"And I have pondered the matter o'er,
 And this have I found, Sir Hugh, —
 There are but two Kings on Scottish ground,
 And those Kings are I and you.

"And I have a wife and a newborn heir,
 And you are yourself alone ;
 So stand you stark at my side with me
 To guard our double throne.

"For here sit I and my wife and child,
 As well your heart shall approve,
 In full surrender and soothfastness,
 Beneath your Kingdom of Love."

And the Knight laughed, and the Queen too smiled ;
 But I knew her heavy thought,
 And I strove to find in the good King's jest
 What cheer might thence be wrought.

And I said, "My Liege, for the Queen's dear love
 Now sing the song that of old
 You made, when a captive Prince you lay,
 And the nightingale sang sweet on the spray,
 In Windsor's castle hold."

Then he smiled the smile I knew so well
 When he thought to please the Queen ;
 The smile which under all bitter frowns
 Of hate that rose between,
 Forever dwelt at the poet's heart
 Like the bird of love unseen.

And he kissed her hand and took his harp,
 And the music sweetly rang ;
 And when the song burst forth, it seemed
 'Twas the nightingale that sang.

*"Worship, ye lovers, on this May :
 Of bliss your kalends are begun :
 Sing with us, Away, Winter, away !*

*Come, Summer, the sweet season and sun!
 Awake for shame, — your heaven is won, —
 And amorously your heads lift all:
 Thank Love, that you to his grace doth call!"*

But when he bent to the Queen, and sang
 The speech whose praise was hers,
 It seemed his voice was the voice of the Spring
 And the voice of the bygone years.

*"The fairest and the freshest flower
 That ever I saw before that hour,
 The which o' the sudden made to start
 The blood of my body to my heart.*

* * * * *

*Ah sweet, are ye a worldly creature
 Or heavenly thing in form of nature?"*

And the song was long, and richly stored
 With wonder and beauteous things;
 And the harp was tuned to every change
 Of minstrel ministerings;
 But when he spoke of the Queen at the last,
 Its strings were his own heartstrings.

*"Unworthy but only of her grace,
 Upon Love's rock that's easy and sure,
 In guerdon of all my love's space
 She took me her humble creature.
 Thus fell my blissful aventure
 In youth of love that from day to day
 Flowereth ay new, and further I say.*

*"To reckon all the circumstance
 As it happed when lessen gan my sore,
 Of my rancor and woeful chance,
 It were too long, — I have done therefor.
 And of this flower I say no more
 But unto my help her heart hath tended
 And even from death her man defended."*

"Ay, even from death," to myself I said;
 For I thought of the day when she
 Had borne him the news, at Roxbro' siege,
 Of the fell confederacy.

But Death even then took aim as he sang
 With an arrow deadly bright;
 And the grinning skull lurked grimly aloof,
 And the wings were spread far over the roof
 More dark than the winter night.

Yet truly along the amorous song
 Of Love's high pomp and state,
 There were words of Fortune's trackless doom
 And the dreadful face of Fate.

And oft have I heard again in dreams
 The voice of dire appeal
 In which the King then sang of the pit
 That is under Fortune's wheel.

*"And under the wheel beheld I there
 An ugly Pit as deep as hell,
 That to behold I quaked for fear:
 And this I heard, that who therein fell
 Came no more up, tidings to tell:
 Whereat, astound of the fearful sight,
 I wist not what to do for fright."*

And oft has my thought called up again
 These words of the changeful song:—
*"Wist thou thy pain and thy travail
 To come, well might'st thou weep and wail!"*
 And our wail, O God! is long.

But the song's end was all of his love;
 And well his heart was graced
 With her smiling lips and her tear-bright eyes
 As his arm went round her waist.

And on the swell of her long fair throat
 Close clung the necklet chain
 As he bent her pearl-tired head aside,
 And in the warmth of his love and pride
 He kissed her lips full fain.

And her true face was a rosy red,
 The very red of the rose
 That, couched on the happy garden bed,
 In the summer sunlight glows.

And all the wondrous things of love
That sang so sweet through the song
Were in the look that met in their eyes,
And the look was deep and long.

'Twas then a knock came at the outer gate,
And the usher sought the King.
"The woman you met by the Scottish Sea,
My Liege, would tell you a thing;
And she says that her present need for speech
Will bear no gainsaying."

And the King said: "The hour is late;
To-morrow will serve, I ween."
Then he charged the usher strictly, and said:
"No word of this to the Queen."

But the usher came again to the King.
"Shall I call her back?" quoth he:
"For as she went on her way, she cried,
'Woe! Woe! then the thing must be!'"

And the King paused, but he did not speak.
Then he called for the Voidee cup:
And as we heard the twelfth hour strike,
There by true lips and false lips alike
Was the draught of trust drained up.

So with reverence meet to King and Queen,
To bed went all from the board;
And the last to leave of the courtly train
Was Robert Stuart the chamberlain
Who had sold his sovereign lord.

And all the locks of the chamber door
Had the traitor riven and brast;
And that Fate might win sure way from afar,
He had drawn out every bolt and bar
That made the entrance fast.

And now at midnight he stole his way
To the moat of the outer wall,
And laid strong hurdles closely across
Where the traitors' tread should fall.

But we that were the Queen's bower maids
Alone were left behind;
And with heed we drew the curtains close
Against the winter wind.

And now that all was still through the hall,
More clearly we heard the rain
That clamored ever against the glass
And the boughs that beat on the pane.

But the fire was bright in the ingle nook,
And through empty space around
The shadows cast on the arras'd wall
'Mid the pictured kings stood sudden and tall
Like specters sprung from the ground.

And the bed was dight in a deep alcove;
And as he stood by the fire
The King was still in talk with the Queen
While he doffed his goodly attire.

And the song had brought the image back
Of many a bygone year;
And many a loving word they said
With hand in hand and head laid to head;
And none of us went anear.

But Love was weeping outside the house,
A child in the piteous rain;
And as he watched the arrow of Death,
He wailed for his own shafts close in the sheath
That never should fly again.

And now beneath the window arose
A wild voice suddenly:
And the King reared straight, but the Queen fell back
As for bitter dule to dree;
And all of us knew the woman's voice
Who spoke by the Scottish Sea.

"O King," she cried, "in an evil hour
They drove me from thy gate;
And yet my voice must rise to thine ears;
But alas! it comes too late!

"Last night at mid watch, by Aberdour,
When the moon was dead in the skies,
O King, in a death light of thine own
I saw thy shape arise.

"And in full season, as erst I said,
The doom had gained its growth ;
And the shroud had risen above thy neck
And covered thine eyes and mouth.

"And no moon woke, but the pale dawn broke,
And still thy soul stood there ;
And I thought its silence cried to my soul
As the first rays crowned its hair.

"Since then have I journeyed fast and fain
In very despite of Fate,
Lest Hope might still be found in God's will :
But they drove me from thy gate.

"For every man on God's ground, O King,
His death grows up from his birth
In a shadow plant perpetually ;
And thine towers high, a black yew tree,
O'er the Charterhouse of Perth !"

That room was built far out from the house ;
And none but we in the room
Might hear the voice that rose beneath,
Nor the tread of the coming doom.

For now there came a torchlight glare,
And a clang of arms there came ;
And not a soul in that space but thought
Of the foe Sir Robert Graeme.

Yea, from the country of the Wild Scots,
O'er mountain, valley, and glen,
He had brought with him in murderous league
Three hundred armed men.

The King knew all in an instant's flash,
And like a King did he stand ;
But there was no armor in all the room,
Nor weapon lay to his hand.

And all we women flew to the door
And thought to have made it fast;
But the bolts were gone and the bars were gone
And the locks were riven and brast.

And he caught the pale, pale Queen in his arms
As the iron footsteps fell, —
Then loosed her, standing alone, and said,
“Our bliss was our farewell!”

And 'twixt his lips he murmured a prayer,
And he crossed his brow and breast;
And proudly in royal hardihood
Even so with folded arms he stood, —
The prize of the bloody quest.

Then on me leaped the Queen like a deer: —
“O Catherine, help!” she cried.
And low at his feet we clasped his knees
Together side by side.
“Oh! even a King, for his people's sake,
From treasonous death must hide!”

“For *her* sake most!” I cried, and I marked
The pang that my words could wring.
And the iron tongs from the chimney nook
I snatched and held to the King: —
“Wrench up the plank! and the vault beneath
Shall yield safe harboring.”

With brows low-bent, from my eager hand
The heavy heft did he take;
And the plank at his feet he wrenched and tore;
And as he frowned through the open floor,
Again I said, “For her sake!”

Then he cried to the Queen, “God's will be done!”
For her hands were clasped in prayer.
And down he sprang to the inner crypt;
And straight we closed the plank he had ripped
And toiled to smooth it fair.

(Alas! in that vault a gap once was
Wherethro' the King might have fled:
But three days since close-walled had it been
By his will; for the ball would roll therein
When without at the palm he played.)

Then the Queen cried, "Catherine, keep the door,
And I to this will suffice!"
At her word I rose all dazed to my feet,
And my heart was fire and ice.

And louder ever the voices grew,
And the tramp of men in mail;
Until to my brain it seemed to be
As though I tossed on a ship at sea
In the teeth of a crashing gale.

Then back I flew to the rest; and hard
We strove with sinews knit
To force the table against the door;
But we might not compass it.

Then my wild gaze sped far^d down the hall
To the place of the hearthstone sill;
And the Queen bent ever above the floor,
For the plank was rising still.

And now the rush was heard on the stair,
And "God, what help?" was our cry.
And was I frenzied or was I bold?
I looked at each empty stanchion hold,
And no bar but my arm had I!

Like iron felt my arm, as through
The staple I made it pass:—
Alack! it was flesh and bone—no more!
'Twas Catherine Douglas sprang to the door,
But I fell back Kate Barlass.

With that they all thronged into the hall,
Half dim to my failing ken;
And the space that was but a void before
Was a crowd of wrathful men.

Behind the door I had fallen and lay,
Yet my sense was widely aware,
And for all the pain of my shattered arm
I never fainted there.

Even as I fell, my eyes were cast
Where the King leaped down to the pit;
And lo! the plank was smooth in its place,
And the Queen stood far from it.

And under the litters and through the bed
And within the presses all
The traitors sought for the King, and pierced
The arras around the wall.

And through the chamber they ramped and stormed
Like lions loose in the lair,
And scarce could trust to their very eyes, —
For behold! no King was there.

Then one of them seized the Queen, and cried, —
“Now tell us, where is thy lord?”
And he held the sharp point over her heart:
She drooped not her eyes nor did she start,
But she answered never a word.

Then the sword half pierced the true, true breast:
But it was the Graeme's own son
Cried, “This is a woman, — we seek a man!”
And away from her girdle zone
He struck the point of the murderous steel;
And that foul deed was not done.

And forth flowed all the throng like a sea,
And 'twas empty space once more;
And my eyes sought out the wounded Queen
As I lay behind the door.

And I said: “Dear Lady, leave me here,
For I cannot help you now;
But fly while you may, and none shall reck
Of my place here lying low.”

And she said, “My Catherine, God help thee!”
Then she looked to the distant floor,
And clasping her hands, “O God help *him*,”
She sobbed, “for we can no more!”

But God He knows what help may mean,
If it mean to live or to die;
And what sore sorrow and mighty moan
On earth it may cost ere yet a throne
Be filled in His house on high.

And now the ladies fled with the Queen;
And through the open door
The night wind wailed round the empty room
And the rushes shook on the floor.

And the bed drooped low in the dark recess
Whence the arras was rent away;
And the firelight still shone over the space
Where our hidden secret lay.

And the rain had ceased, and the moonbeams
The window high in the wall, —
Bright beams that on the plank that I knew
Through the painted pane did fall
And gleamed with the splendor of Scotland's crown
And shield armorial.

But then a great wind swept up the skies,
And the climbing moon fell back;
And the royal blazon fled from the floor,
And naught remained on its track;
And high in the darkened window pane
The shield and the crown were black.

And what I say next I partly saw
And partly I heard in sooth,
And partly since from the murderers' lips
The torture wrung the truth.

For now again came the armed tread,
And fast through the hall it fell;
But the throng was less: and ere I saw,
By the voice without I could tell
That Robert Stuart had come with them
Who knew that chamber well.

And over the space the Graeme strode dark
With his mantle round him flung;
And in his eye was a flaming light
But not a word on his tongue.

And Stuart held a torch to the floor,
And he found the thing he sought;
And they slashed the plank away with their swords;
And O God! I fainted not!

And the traitor held his torch in the gap,
All smoking and smoldering;
And through the vapor and fire, beneath
In the dark crypt's narrow ring,
With a shout that pealed to the room's high roof,
They saw their naked King.

Half naked he stood, but stood as one
Who yet could do and dare:
With the crown, the King was stript away,—
The Knight was reft of his battle array,—
But still the Man was there.

From the rout then stepped a villain forth,—
Sir John Hall was his name;
With a knife unsheathed he leapt to the vault
Beneath the torchlight flame.

Of his person and stature was the King
A man right manly strong,
And mightily by the shoulder blades
His foe to his feet he flung.

Then the traitor's brother, Sir Thomas Hall,
Sprang down to work his worst;
And the King caught the second man by the neck
And flung him above the first.

And he smote and trampled them under him;
And a long month thence they bare
All black their throats with the grip of his hands
When the hangman's hand came there.

And sore he strove to have had their knives,
But the sharp blades gashed his hands.
Oh James! so armed, thou hadst battled there
Till help had come of thy bands;
And oh! once more thou hadst held our throne
And ruled thy Scotch lands!

But while the King o'er his foes still raged
With a heart that naught could tame,
Another man sprang down to the crypt;
And with his sword in his hand hard-gripped,
There stood Sir Robert Graeme.

(Now shame on the recreant traitor's heart
Who durst not face his King
Till the body unarmed was wearied out
With twofold combating!

Ah! well might the people sing and say,
As oft ye have heard aright:—
“*O Robert Graeme, O Robert Graeme,*
Who slew our King, God give thee shame!”
For he slew him not as a knight.)

And the naked King turned round at bay,
But his strength had passed the goal,
And he could but gasp: “Mine hour is come;
But oh! to succor thine own soul's doom,
Let a priest now shrive my soul!”

And the traitor looked on the King's spent strength
And said: “Have I kept my word?—
Yea, King, the mortal pledge that I gave?
No black friar's shrift thy soul shall have,
But the shrift of this red sword!”

With that he smote his King through the breast;
And all they three in the pen
Fell on him and stabbed and stabbed him there
Like merciless murderous men.

Yet seemed it now that Sir Robert Graeme,
Ere the King's last breath was o'er,
Turned sick at heart with the deadly sight
And would have done no more.

But a cry came from the troop above:—
“If him thou do not slay,
The price of his life that thou dost spare
Thy forfeit life shall pay!”

O God! what more did I hear or see,
Or how should I tell the rest?
But there at length our King lay slain
With sixteen wounds in his breast.

O God! and now did a bell boom forth,
And the murderers turned and fled;—

Too late, too late, O God, did it sound!—
And I heard the true men mustering round,
And the cries and the coming tread.

But ere they came, to the black death gap
Somewise did I creep and steal;
And lo! or ever I swooned away,
Through the dusk I saw where the white face lay
In the Pit of Fortune's Wheel.

And now, ye Scottish maids who have heard
Dread things of the days grown old,—
Even at the last, of true Queen Jane
May somewhat yet be told,
And how she dealt for her dear lord's sake
Dire vengeance manifold.

'Twas in the Charterhouse of Perth,
In the fair-lit Death chapelle,
That the slain King's corpse on bier was laid
With chaunt and requiem knell.

And all with royal wealth of balm
Was the body purified;
And none could trace on the brow and lips
The death that he had died.

In his robes of state he lay asleep
With orb and scepter in hand;
And by the crown he wore on his throne
Was his kingly forehead spanned.

And, girls, 'twas a sweet sad thing to see
How the curling golden hair,
As in the day of the poet's youth,
From the King's crown clustered there.

And if all had come to pass in the brain
That throbbed beneath those curls,
Then Scots had said in the days to come
That this their soil was a different home
And a different Scotland, girls!

And the Queen sat by him night and day,
And oft she knelt in prayer,
All wan and pale in the widow's veil
That shrouded her shining hair.

And I had got good help of my hurt :
And only to me some sign
She made ; and save the priests that were there
No face would she see but mine.

And the month of March wore on apace ;
And now fresh couriers fared
Still from the country of the Wild Scots
With news of the traitors snared.

And still as I told her day by day,
Her pallor changed to sight,
And the frost grew to a furnace flame,
That burnt her visage white.

And evermore as I brought her word,
She bent to her dead King James,
And in the cold ear with fire-drawn breath
She spoke the traitors' names.

But when the name of Sir Robert Graeme
Was the one she had to give,
I ran to hold her up from the floor ;
For the froth was on her lips, and sore
I feared that she could not live.

And the month of March wore nigh to its end,
And still was the death pall spread ;
For she would not bury her slaughtered lord
Till his slayers all were dead.

And now of their dooms dread tidings came,
And of torments fierce and dire ;
And naught she spake, — she had ceased to speak, —
But her eyes were a soul on fire.

But when I told her the bitter end
Of the stern and just award,
She leaned o'er the bier, and thrice three times
She kissed the lips of her lord.

And then she said, — " My King, they are dead ! "
And she knelt on the chapel floor,
And whispered low with a strange proud smile, —
" James, James, they suffered more ! "

Last she stood up to her queenly height,
 But she shook like an autumn leaf,
 As though the fire wherein she burned
 Then left her body, and all were turned
 To winter of lifelong grief.

And "O James!" she said, — "My James!" she said, —
 "Alas for the woeful thing,
 That a poet true and a friend of man,
 In desperate days of bale and ban,
 Should needs be born a King!"



THE KING'S QUAIR (BOOK).

BY JAMES I. OF SCOTLAND.

[This is the poem Rossetti quotes from in "The King's Tragedy."]

BEWAILING in my chamber thus alone,
 Despairèd of all joy and remedy,
 For-tirèd of my thought and wo-begone,
 And to the window 'gan I walk on high,
 To see the world and folk that went forby,
 As for the time though I of mirthès food
 Might have no more, to look it did me good.

Now was there made fast by the Tower's wall
 A garden fair, and in the corner's set
 An herbery green, with wandës long and small
 Railèd about and so with treës set
 Was all the place, and hawthorn hedges knet,
 That life was nonë walking there forby,
 That might within scarce any wight espy.

So thick the boughës and the leavës green
 Beshaded all the alleys that there were,
 And middës every herbery might be seen
 The sharpë greenë sweetë juniper,
 Growing so fair with branches here and there,
 That, as it seemèd to a life without,
 The boughës spread the herbery all about.

And on the smallē greenē twistēs sate
 The little sweetē nightingale, and song
 So loud and clear, the hymnēs consecrate
 Of lovēs use, now soft now loud among,
 That all the gardens and tne wallēs rung
 Right of their song, and on the cupel next
 Of their sweet harmony, and lo the text:—

“Worship, ye that loverēs been, this May,
 For of your bliss the kalendēs are begun,
 And sing with us, away winter, away,
 Come summer, come, the sweetē season and sun,
 Awake, for shame ! that have your heavenēs won,
 And amorously lift up your headēs all,
 Thank Love that list you to his mercy call.”

When they this song had sung a little throw [space],
 They stent a while, and therewith unafraid,
 As I beheld, and cast mine eyne alow,
 From bough to bough they hippēd and they played,
 And freshly in their birdē’s kind arrayed
 Their featherēs new, and fret them in the sun,
 And thankēd Love, that had their matēs won.

This was the plainē ditty of their note,
 And therewithal unto myself I thought,
 What love is this, that makēs birdēs dote ?
 What may this be, how cometh it of aught ?
 What needeth it to be so dear ybought ?
 It is nothing, trow I, but feignēd cheer,
 And that one list to counterfeiten cheer.

Eft would I think, O Lord, what may this be ?
 That Love is of so noble might and kind,
 Loving his folk, and such prosperity
 Is it of him, as we in bookēs find,
 May be our heartēs setten and unbind :
 Hath he upon our heartēs such maistry ?
 Or all this is but feignēd fantasy ?

For gif he be of so great excellence,
 That he of every wight hath cure and charge,
 What have I guilt to him, or done offense
 That I am thrall, and birdēs go at large ?
 Since him to serve he might set my courage,
 And, gif he be not so, then may I seyne [see]
 What makēs folk to jangle of him in vain ?

Can I not ellës [else] find but gif that he
 Belovd, and as a god, may live and reign,
 To bind, and loose, and maken thrallës free,
 Then would I pray his blissful grace benign
 To hable [enable] me unto his service dign,
 And evermore for to be one of tho
 Him truly for to serve in weal and woe.

And therewith cast I down mine eye again,
 Where as I saw walking under the tower,
 Full secretly, new comen here to plain,
 The fairest or the freshest youngë flower
 That ever I saw, methought, before that hour,
 For which suddain abate, anon astart
 The blood of all my body to my heart.

And though I stood abasëd there a lyte [little],
 No wonder was; for why? my wittës all
 Were so overcome with pleasance and delight,
 Only through letting of mine eyen fall,
 That suddenly my heart become her thrall,
 Forever of free will, for of manáce [pride]
 There was no token in her sweetë face.

And in my head I drew right hastily,
 And eft soonës I leant it out again,
 And saw her walk that very womanly,
 With no wight more, but only women twain;
 Then gan I study in myself and sayen,
 Ah! sweet, are ye a worldly creature,
 Or heavenly thing in likeness of nature?

Or are ye god Cupidë's own princesse?
 And comen are to loose me out of band,
 Or are ye very Nature the goddëss,
 That have depainted with your heavenly hand
 This garden full of flowerës, as they stand?
 What shall I think, alas! what reverence
 Shall I miníster to your excellence

Gif ye a goddess be, and that ye like
 To do me pain, I may it not astart;
 Gif ye be worldly wight, that doth me sike [sigh],
 Why list God make you so, my dearest heart,
 To do a seely [simple] prisoner thus smart,
 That lovës you all, and wot of naught but wo?
 And therefore, merci, sweet! since it is so.

When I a little throw had made my moan,
 Bewailing mine infortune and my chance,
 Unknowing how or what was best to done,
 So far I falling into lovè's dance,
 That suddenly my wit, my countenance,
 My heart, my will, my nature, and my mind,
 Was changèd clean right in another kind.

* * * * *

In her was youth, beauté, with humble port,
 Bountée, richesse, and womanly faitüre,
 God better wot than my pen can report;
 Wisdom, largesse, estate, and cunning sure
 In every point, so guided her measúre,
 In word, in deed, in shape, in countenance,
 That Nature might no more her child advance.

Through which anon I knew and understood
 Well that she was a worldly creature,
 On whom to rest mine eyè, so much good
 It did my woful heart, I you assure
 That it was to me joy without measúre,
 And, at the last, my look unto the heaven
 I threw forthwith, and said these verses [lines] seven:—

O Venus clear! of goddës stellifièd,
 To whom I yield homáge and sacrifice,
 From this day forth your grace be magnifièd,
 That we receivèd have in such a wise,
 To live under your law and your servise;
 Now help me forth, and for your mercy lead
 My heart to rest, that diès near for dread.

When I with good intent this orison
 Thus ended had, I stint a little stound,
 And eft mine eye full pitously adown
 I cast, beholding unto her little hound,
 That with his bellës playèd on the ground,
 Then would I say, and sigh therewith a lite,
 Ah! well were him that now were in thy plight!

FIFTEENTH-CENTURY CORRESPONDENCE

(From the "Paston Letters.")

FROM A WIFE TO A CONVALESCENT HUSBAND.

Margaret Paston to John Paston.

(September 28, 1443.)

RIGHT WORSHIPFUL HUSBAND :

I recommend me to you, desiring heartily to hear of your welfare, thanking God of your amending of the great disease that ye have had ; and I thank you for the letter ye sent me, for my troth my mother and I were naught in heart's ease for the time that we wost [knew] of your sickness till we wost verily of your amending. My mother behested [vowed] another image of wax of the weight of you to Our Lady of Walsingham, and she sent iiij nobles [about \$6.50] to the iiij orders of Friars at Norwich to pray for you, and I have behested to go on pilgrimage to Walsingham and to Saint Leonard's for you ; by my troth I had never so heavy a season as I had from the time that I wost of your sickness till I wost of your amending, and sith [since then] my heart is in no great ease, nor naught shall be till I wot that ye be very hale. Your father and mine was this day seventh [a week ago] at Beccles for a matter of the Friar of Bromholme, and he lay at Gelderstone that night, and was there till it was nine of the clock, and the tother day. And I sent thither for a gown, and my mother said that I should have [none ?] then, till I had been there anon, and so they could none get.

My father Garneys sent me word that he should be here the next week, and my emme [uncle] also, and play [entertain] them here with their hawks, and they should have me home with them ; and so God help me, I shall excuse me of mine going thither if I may, for I suppose that I shall readilier have tidings from you here than I should have there. I shall send my mother a token that she took [brought] me, for I suppose the time is come that I should send [it] her, if I keep the behest that I have made ; I suppose I have told you what it was. I pray you heartily that ye will vouchsafe to send me a letter as hastily as ye may, if writing be no disease [discomfort] to you, and that ye will vouchsafe to send me word how

your sore doeth. If I might have had my will, I should have seen you ere this time; I would ye were at home, if it were your ease, and your sore might be as well looked to here as it is where ye be, now lever [rather] thou a gown, though it were of scarlet. I pray you if your sore be whole, and so that ye may endure to ride, when by father come to London, that he will ask leave, and come home when the horse shall be sent home again, for I hope ye should be kept as tenderly here as ye be in London.

I may not leisure have to do writing half a quarter so much as I should say to you if I might speak with you. I shall send you another letter as hastily as I may. I thank you that ye would vouchsafe to remember my girdle, and that ye would write to me at the time, for I suppose that writing was none ease to you. Almighty God have you in his keeping, and send you health.

Written at Onead, in right great haste, on St. Michael's Even.

Yours, M. PASTON.

My mother greets you well, and sendeth you God's blessing and hers; and she prayeth you, and I pray you also, that ye be well dieted of meat and drink, for that is the greatest help that ye may have now to your health ward. Your son fareth well, blessed be God.

A FATHER'S FAREWELL AND ADMONITION.

The Duke of Suffolk to his Son.

(April 30, 1456.)

My Dear and only Well-beloved Son, I beseech our Lord in Heaven, the Maker of all the World, to bless you, and to send you ever grace to love him and to dread him; to the which, as far as a father may charge his child, I both charge you and pray you to set all spirits and wits to do, and to know his holy laws and commandments, by the which ye shall with his great mercy pass all the great tempests and troubles of this wretched world. And that willingly ye do nothing for love nor dread of any earthly creature that should displease him. And thercas [whenever] any frailty maketh you to fall, be such his mercy soon to call you to him again with repentance, satisfaction, and contrition of your heart never more in will to offend him.

Secondly, next him, above all earthly things, to be true liege man in heart, in will, in thought, in deed, unto the king our aldermost [supreme] high and sovereign lord, to whom both ye and I be so much bound to; charging you, as father can and may, rather to die than to be the contrary, or to know anything that were against the welfare and prosperity of his most royal person; but that as far as your body and life may stretch, ye live and die to defend it, and to let his highness have knowledge thereof in all the haste ye can.

Thirdly, in the same wise, I charge you, my dear son, alway, as ye be bounden by the commandment of God to do, to love, to worship your lady and mother, and also that ye obey alway her commandments, and to believe her counsels and advices in all your works, the which dread not but shall be best and truest to you. And if any other body would steer you to the contrary, to flee the counsel in any wise, for ye shall find it naught and -evil.

Furthermore, as far as father may and can, I charge you in any wise to flee the company and counsel of proud men, of covetous men, and of flattering men, the more especially and mightily to withstand them, and not to draw nor to meddle with them, with all your might and power. And to draw to you and to your company good and virtuous men, and such as be of good conversation and of truth, and by them shall ye never be deceived nor repent you of. Moreover, never follow your own wit in no wise, but in all your works, of such folks as I write above, ask your advice and counsel; and doing this, with the mercy of God, ye shall do right well, and live in right much worship, and great heart's rest and ease. And I will be to you as good lord and father as my heart can think.

And last of all, as heartily and as lovingly as ever father blest his child in earth, I give you the blessing of our Lord and of me, which of his infinite mercy increase you in all virtue and good living. And that your blood may by his grace from kindred to kindred multiply in this earth to his service, in such wise as after the departing fro this wretched world here, ye and they may glorify him eternally, among his angels in heaven.

Written of mine hand,
The day of my departing fro this land.
Your true and loving father, SUFFOLK.

THE MURDER OF THE DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

William Lomner to John Paston.

(May 5, 1450.)

TO MY RIGHT WORSHIPFUL JOHN PASTON, AT NORWICH :

Right Worshipful Sir : I recommend me to you, and am right sorry of that I shall say, and have so wash this little bill[et] with sorrowful tears, that uneths [hardly] ye shall read it.

As on Monday next after May day there come tidings to London, that on Thursday before, the Duke of Suffolk come to the coasts of Kent full near Dover, with his ii. ships and a little spinner ; the which spinner he sent with certain letters to certain of his trusted men unto Calais ward, to know how he should himself be received ; and with him met a ship called Nicholas of the Tower, with other ships waiting on him, and by them that were in the spinner the master of the Nicholas had knowledge of the Duke's coming. And when he espied the Duke's ships he sent forth his boat to wit what they were, and the Duke spoke to them and said he was by the king's commandment sent to Calais ward, etc.

And they said he must speak with their master. And so he, with ii. or iii. of his men, went forth with them in their boat to the Nicholas ; and when he come, the master bad him "Welcome Traitor," as men say ; and further the master desired to wit if the shipmen would hold with the duke, and they sent word they would not in no wise ; and so he was in the Nicholas till Saturday next following.

Some say he wrote much thing even to be delivered to the King, but that is not verily known. He had his confessor with him, etc.

And some say he was arraigned in the ship on their manner upon the appeachments and found guilty, etc.

Also he asked the name of the ship, and when he knew it, he remembered Stacy that said, if he might escape the danger of the Tower, he should be safe ; and then his heart failed him, for he thought he was deceived, and in the sight of all his men he was drawn out of the great ship into the boat ; and there was an ax, and a stock, and one of the lewdest [lowest] of the ship bade him lay down his head, and he should be fair fared with, and die on a sword ; and took a rusty sword, and smote

off his head within half a dozen strokes, and took away his gown of russet, and his doublet of velvet mailed, and laid his body on the sands of Dover; and some say his head was set on a pole by it, and his men set on the land by great circumstance and prey [with great formality and parade]. And the sheriff of Kent doth watch the body, and sent his under sheriff to the judges to wit what to do, and also to the King what shall be done.

Further I wot not, but thus far is that if the process be erroneous, let his council reverse it, etc.

Also for all your other matters they sleep, and the friar also, etc.

Sir Thomas Keriel is taken prisoner, and all the leg harness and about iii. m^l [3000] Englishmen slain.

Matthew Gough with xvc. [1500] fled, and saved himself and them; and Peris Brusy was chief captain, and had x. m^l [10,000] French men and more, etc.

I pray you let my mistress your mother know these tidings, and God have you all in his keeping.

I pray you this bill may recommend me to my mistresses your mother and wife, etc.

James Gresham hath written to John of Dam, and recommendeth him, etc.

Written in great haste at London, the v. day of May, etc.

By your wife, W. L.

[He had been Margaret Paston's amanuensis, and absently signed as often before.]

AN EPISODE OF JACK CADE'S REBELLION, 1450.

J. Payn to John Paston.

(A Reminiscence written in 1465.)

TO MY RIGHT HONORABLE MASTER, JOHN PASTON :

Right honorable and my right entirely beloved master, I recommend me unto you, with all manner of due reverence, in the most lowly wise as we ought to do, evermore desiring to hear of your worshipful state, prosperity, and welfare; the which I beseech God of his abundant grace increase and maintain to his most pleasance, and to your heart's desire.

Pleaseth it your good and gracious mastership tenderly to consider the great losses and hurts that your poor petitioner

hath, and hath had ever sith the commons of Kent come to the Blackheath, and that is at xv. year passed, whereas my master Sir John Fastolf, Knight, that is your testator, commanded your beseecher to take a man and two of the best horse that were in his stable, with him to ride to the commons of Kent to get the articles [demands] that they come for. And so I did; and all so soon as I come to the Blackheath, the captain [Cade] made the commons to take me. And for the salvation of my master's horse, I made my fellow to ride away with the two horses; and I was brought forthwith before the captain of Kent. And the captain demanded me what was the cause of my coming thither, and why that I made my fellow to steal away with the horse. And I said that I come thither to cheer with my wife's brethren and other that were my allies and gossips of mine that were present there. And then was there one there and said to the captain that I was one of Sir John Fastolf's men, and the ii. horse were Sir John Fastolf's; and then the captain let cry treason upon me throughout all the field, and brought me at iii. parts of the field with a herald of the Duke of Exeter before me in the duke's coat of arms, making iii. *Oyes* at iii. parts of the field; proclaiming that I was sent thither for to espy their puissance, and their habiliments of war, from the greatest traitor that was in England or in France, as the said captain made proclamation at that time, from one Sir John Fastolf, Knight, the which [di]minished all the garrisons of Normandy, and [Le] Mans, and Maine, the losing of all the king's title and right of an inheritance that he had beyond sea. And moreover he said that the said Sir John Fastolf had furnished his place with the old soldiers of Normandy and habiliments of war, to destroy the commons of Kent when that they come to Southwark; and therefore he said plainly that I should lose my head.

And so forthwith I was taken, and led to the captain's tent, and i. ax and i. block was brought forth to have smitten off mine head; and then my master Poynings, your brother [in-law] with other of my friends, come and letted [prevented] the captain, and said plainly that there should die a C. or ii. [a hundred or two] that in case be that I died; and so by that means my life was saved at that time. And then I was sworn to the captain, and to the commons, that I should go to Southwark, and array me in the best wise that I could, and come again to them to help them; and so I got the arti-

cles, and brought them to my master, and that cost me more amongst the commons that day than xxvii.s.

Whereupon I come to my Master Fastolf, and brought him the articles, and informed him of all the matter, and counseled him to put away all the habiliments of war and the old soldiers; and so he did, and went himself to the Tower, and all his meinie [household] with him but Betts and i. [one] Matthew Brayn; and had not I been, the commons would have burnt his place and all his tenuries, wherethrough it cost me of mine own proper goods at that time more than vi. marks [£20] in meat and drink; and notwithstanding, the captain that same time let take me at White Hart in Southwark, and there commanded Lovelace to despoil me out of mine array, and so he did. And there he took a fine gown of muster dewillers furred with fine beavers, and i. pair of brigandines [a coat of mail, breast and back] covered with blue velvet and gilt nails, with leg harness, the value of the gown and the brigandine viii.l.

Item, the captain sent certain of his meinie [retinue] to my chamber in your rents [buildings], and there broke up my chest, and took away one obligation of mine that was due unto me of xxxvii.l. by a priest of Paul's, and i. nother obligation of i. knight of x.l., and my purse with v. rings of gold, and xvii.s. vi.d. of gold and silver; and i. harness complete of the touch [make] of Milan; and i. gown of fine perse blue furred with martens, and ii. gowns, one furred with bogey [budge] and i. nother lined with frieze; and there would have smitten off mine head, when that they had despoiled me at White Hart. And there my Master Poynings and my friends saved me, and so I was put up till at night that the battle was at London Bridge; and then at night the captain put me out into the battle at [the] Bridge, and there I was wounded, and hurt near hand at death; and there I was vi. hours in the battle, and might never come out thereof; and iiij. times before that time I was carried about through Kent and Sussex, and there they would have smitten off my head.

And in Kent, thercas my wife dwelled, they took away all our goods movable that we had, and there would have hanged my wife and v. of my children, and left her no more goods than her kirtle and her smock. And anon after that hurling [hurly-burly], the bishop Roffe [of Rochester] appeached me to the Queen, and so I was arrested by the Queen's command-

ment into the Marshalsea, and there was in right great duresse and fear of mine life, and was threatened to have been hanged, drawn, and quartered; and so would have made me to have peached my master Fastolf of treason. Any by cause that I would not, they had me up to Westminster, and there would have sent me to the jail house at Windsor; but my wife's and i. cousin of mine own that were yeomen of the Crown, they went to the King, and got grace and i. charter of pardon.

Per le vostre, J. PAYN.

WARWICK THE KINGMAKER, THE FUTURE EDWARD IV.,
AND LORD RIVERS.

William Paston to John Paston.

(January 28, 1460.)

TO HIS RIGHT WORSHIPFUL BROTHER, JOHN PASTON,
be this letter delivered.

After due recommendation had, please you to wit that we came to London on the Tuesday by noon, next after our departure from Norwich, and sent our men to inquire after my Lord Chancellor and Master John Stokes and Malmesbury.

And as for my Lord Chancellor, he was departed from London, and was ridden to the King ii. days ere we were come to London; and as we understand, he hasted him to the King by cause of my Lord Rivers taking [being taken] at Sandwich, etc.

As to tidings, my Lord Rivers was brought to Calais, and before the Lords with viii.^{xx} [eight score] torches, and there my Lord of Salisbury rated him, calling him knave's son, that he should be [so] rude to call him and these other Lords traitors, for they shall be found the King's true liege men, when he should be found a traitor, etc. And my Lord of Warwick rated him, and said that his father was but a squire, and brought up with King Harry the Vth, and sithen [since then] himself made by marriage, and also made Lord, and that it was not his part to have such language of Lords being of the King's blood. And my Lord of March [afterwards Edward IV.] rated him in like wise. And Sir Antony [Widville, afterwards Earl Rivers and Edward IV.'s father-in-law] was rated for his language of all iii. Lords in like wise.

Item, the King cometh to London ward, and, as it is said, reareth [raises] the people as he come; but it is certain there be commissions made into divers shires that every man be

ready in his best array to come when the King send for them.

Item, my Lord Roos is come from Guisnes.

No more, but we pray to Jesu have you in his most merciful keeping. Amen.

Written at London the Monday next after Saint Paul's day.
Your brother, WILLIAM PASTON.



WARWICK THE KINGMAKER.

By CHARLES W. OMAN.

[CHARLES WILLIAM CHADWICK OMAN, historical scholar and writer, was born in India in 1860, and educated at Winchester School and at New College, Oxford. His massive work (only one volume yet published) is the "History of the Art of War in the Middle Ages" (1898); but he has written several excellent manuals and compendiums, of which the best are the "Life of Warwick," here excerpted (1891), and the "History of Europe, 476-918" (1893).]

THE SOIL FROM WHICH THE WARS OF THE ROSES GREW.

OF ALL the great men of action who since the Conquest have guided the course of English policy, it is probable that none is less known to the reader of history than Richard Neville Earl of Warwick and Salisbury. . . . For the Kingmaker, the man who for ten years was the first subject of the English Crown, and whose figure looms out with a vague grandeur even through the misty annals of the Wars of the Roses, no writer has spared a monograph. Every one, it is true, knows his name, but his personal identity is quite ungrasped. Nine persons out of ten if asked to sketch his character would find, to their own surprise, that they were falling back for their information to Lord Lytton's "Last of the Barons" or Shakespeare's "Henry the Sixth."

An attempt therefore, even an inadequate attempt, to trace out with accuracy his career and his habits of mind from the original authorities cannot fail to be of some use to the general reader as well as to the student of history. The result will perhaps appear meager to those who are accustomed to the biographies of the men of later centuries. We are curiously ignorant of many of the facts that should aid us to build up a picture of the man. No trustworthy representation of his bodily form exists. The day of portraits was not yet come; his monument

in Bisham Abbey has long been swept away ; no writer has even deigned to describe his personal appearance — we know not if he was dark or fair, stout or slim. At most we may gather from the vague phrases of the chroniclers, and from his quaint armed figure in the Rous Roll, that he was of great stature and breadth of limb. But perhaps the good Rous was thinking of his fame rather than his body, when he sketched the Earl in that quaint pictorial pedigree overtopping all his race save his cousin and king and enemy, Edward the Fourth.

But Warwick has only shared the fate of all his contemporaries. The men of the fifteenth century are far less well known to us than are their grandfathers or their grandsons. In the fourteenth century the chroniclers were still working on their old scale ; in the sixteenth the literary spirit had descended on the whole nation, and great men and small were writing hard at history as at every other branch of knowledge. But in the days of Lancaster and York the old fountains had run dry, and the new flood of the Renaissance had not risen. The materials for reconstructing history are both scanty and hard to handle. . . .

The whole picture of the times is very depressing on the moral if not on the material side. There are few more pitiful episodes in history than the whole tale of the reign of Henry the Sixth, the most unselfish and well-intentioned king that ever sat upon the English throne — a man of whom not even his enemies and oppressors could find an evil word to say ; the troubles came, as they confessed, “all because of his false lords, and never of him.” We feel that there must have been something wrong with the heart of a nation that could see unmoved the meek and holy King torn from wife and child, sent to wander in disguise up and down the kingdom for which he had done his poor best, and finally doomed to pine for five years a prisoner in the fortress where he had so long held his royal Court. Nor is our first impression concerning the demoralization of England wrong. Every line that we read bears home to us more and more the fact that the nation had fallen on evil times.

First and foremost among the causes of its moral deterioration was the wretched French War, a war begun in the pure spirit of greed and ambition, — there was not even the poor excuse that had existed in the time of Edward the Third — carried on by the aid of hordes of debauched foreign mercenaries (after Henry the Fifth's death the native English seldom

formed more than a third of any host that took the field in France), and persisted in long after it had become hopeless, partly from misplaced national pride, partly because of the personal interests of the ruling classes. Thirty-five years of a war that was as unjust as it was unfortunate had both soured and demoralized the nation. England was full of disbanded soldiers of fortune; of knights who had lost the ill-gotten lands across the Channel, where they had maintained a precarious lordship in the days of better fortune; of castellans and governors whose occupation was gone; of hangers-on of all sorts who had once maintained themselves on the spoils of Normandy and Guienne. Year after year men and money had been lavished on the war to no effect; and when the final catastrophe came, and the fights of Formigny and Chatillon ended the chapter of our disasters, the nation began to cast about for a scapegoat on whom to lay the burden of its failures.

The real blame lay on the nation itself, not on any individual; and the real fault that had been committed was not the mismanagement of an enterprise which presented any hopes of success, but a wrong-headed persistence in an attempt to conquer a country which was too strong to be held down. However, the majority of the English people chose to assume firstly that the war with France might have been conducted to a prosperous issue, and secondly that certain particular persons were responsible for its having come to the opposite conclusion. At first the unfortunate Suffolk and Somerset had the responsibility laid upon them. A little later the outcry became more bold and fixed upon the Lancastrian dynasty itself as being to blame not only for disaster abroad, but for the "want of governance" at home. If King Henry had understood the charge, and possessed the wit to answer it, he might fairly have replied that his subjects must fit the burden upon their own backs, not upon his. The war had been weakly conducted, it was true; but weakly because the men and money for it were grudged. The England that could put one hundred thousand men into the field in a civil broil at Towton sent four thousand to fight the decisive battle at Formigny that settled our fate in Normandy.

At home the bulwarks of social order seemed crumbling away. Private wars, riot, open highway robbery, murder, abduction, armed resistance to the law, prevailed on a scale that had been unknown since the troublous times of Edward the

Second — we might almost say since the evil days of Stephen. But it was not the Crown alone that should have been blamed for the state of the realm. The nation had chosen to impose over-stringent constitutional checks on the kingly power before it was ripe for self-government, and the Lancastrian house sat on the throne because it had agreed to submit to those checks. If the result of the experiment was disastrous, both parties to the contract had to bear their share of the responsibility. But a nation seldom allows that it has been wrong; and Henry of Windsor had to serve as scapegoat for all the misfortunes of the realm, because Henry of Bolingbroke had committed his descendants to the unhappy compact.

Want of a strong central government was undoubtedly the complaint under which England was laboring in the middle of the fifteenth century, and all the grievances against which outcry was made were but symptoms of one latent disease.

Ever since the death of Henry the Fifth the internal government of the country had been steadily going from bad to worse. The mischief had begun in the young King's earliest years. The Council of Regency that ruled in his name had from the first proved unable to make its authority felt as a single individual ruler might have done. With the burden of the interminable French War weighing upon their backs, and the divisions caused by the quarrels of Beaufort and Gloucester dividing them into factions, the councilors had not enough attention to spare for home government. As early as 1428 we find them, when confronted by the outbreak of a private war in the north, endeavoring to patch up the quarrel by arbitration instead of punishing the offenders on each side. Accounts of riotous assemblages in all parts of the country, of armed violence at parliamentary elections, of party fights in London at Parliament time — like that which won for the meeting of 1426 the name of the Parliament of Bats (bludgeons) — grow more and more common. We even find treasonable insurrection appearing in the strange obscure rising of the political Lollards under Jack Sharp in 1431, an incident which shows how England was on the verge of bloodshed twenty years before the final outbreak of civil war was to take place.

But all these public troubles would have been of comparatively small importance if the heart of the nation had been sound. The phenomenon which makes the time so depressing is the terrible decay in private morals since the previous century.

A steady deterioration is going on through the whole period, till at its end we find hardly a single individual in whom it is possible to interest ourselves, save an occasional Colet or Caxton, who belongs in spirit, if not date, to the oncoming renaissance of the next century. There is no class or caste in England which comes well out of the scrutiny. The church, which had served as the conscience of the nation in better times, had become dead to spiritual things; it no longer produced either men of saintly life or learned theologians or patriotic statesmen. In its corporate capacity it had grown inertly orthodox. Destitute of any pretense of spiritual energy, yet showing a spirit of persecution such as it had never displayed in earlier centuries, its sole activity consisted in hunting to the stake the few men who displayed any symptoms of thinking for themselves in matters of religion. So great was the deadness of the Church that it was possible to fall into trouble, like Bishop Pecock, not for defending Lollardry, but for showing too much originality in attacking it. Individually the leading churchmen of the day were politicians and nothing more, nor were they as a rule politicians of the better sort; for one like Beaufort, who was at any rate consistent and steadfast, there were many Bouchiers and George Nevilles and Beauchamps, who merely sailed with the wind and intrigued for their own fortunes or those of their families.

Of the English baronage of the fifteenth century we shall have so much to say in future chapters that we need not here enlarge on its characteristics. Grown too few and too powerful, divided into a few rival groups, whose political attitude was settled by a consideration of family grudges and interests rather than by any grounds of principle, or patriotism, or loyalty, they were as unlike their ancestors of the days of John or Edward the First as their ecclesiastical contemporaries were unlike Langton or even Winchelsey. The baronage of England had often been unruly, but it had never before developed the two vices which distinguished it in the times of the Two Roses—a taste for indiscriminate bloodshed and a turn for rapid political apostasy. To put prisoners to death by torture as did Tiptoft Earl of Worcester, to desert to the enemy in the midst of battle like Lord Grey de Ruthyn at Northampton, or Stanley at Bosworth, had never before been the custom of England. It is impossible not to recognize in such traits the results of the French War. Twenty years spent in contact with French

factions, and in command of the godless mercenaries who formed the bulk of the English armies, had taught our nobles lessons of cruelty and faithlessness such as they had not before imbibed. Their demoralization had been displayed in France long ere the outbreak of civil war caused it to manifest itself at home.

But if the Church was effete and the baronage demoralized, it might have been thought that England should have found salvation in the sound-heartedness of her gentry and her burgesses. Unfortunately such was not to be the case. Both of these classes were growing in strength and importance during the century, but when the times of trouble came they gave no signs of aspiring to direct the destinies of the nation. The House of Commons, which should as representing those classes, have gone on developing its privileges, was, on the contrary, thrice as important in the reign of Henry the Fourth as in that of Edward the Fourth. The knights and squires showed on a smaller scale all of the vices of the nobility. Instead of holding together and maintaining a united loyalty to the Crown, they bound themselves by solemn sealed bonds and the reception of "liveries" each to the baron whom he preferred. This fatal system, by which the smaller landholder agreed on behalf of himself and his tenants to follow his greater neighbor in peace and war, had ruined the military system of England, and was quite as dangerous as the ancient feudalism. The salutary old usage, by which all freemen who were not tenants of a lord served under the sheriff in war, and not under the banner of any of the baronage, had long been forgotten. Now, if all the gentry of a county were bound by these voluntary indentures to serve some great lord, there was no national force in that county on which the Crown could count, for the yeoman followed the knight as the knight followed the baron.

If the gentry constituted themselves the voluntary followers of the baronage, and aided their employers to keep England unhappy, the class of citizens and burgesses took a very different line of conduct. If not actively mischievous, they were sordidly inert. They refused to entangle themselves in politics at all. They submitted impassively to each ruler in turn, when they had ascertained that their own persons and property were not endangered by so doing. A town, it has been remarked, seldom or never stood a siege during the Wars of the Roses, for no town ever refused to open its gates to any commander with an adequate force who asked for entrance.

If we find a few exceptions to the rule, we almost always learn that entrance was denied not by the citizens, but by some garrison of the opposite side which was already within the walls. Loyalty seems to have been as wanting among the citizens as among the barons of England. If they generally showed some slight preference for York rather than for Lancaster, it was not on any moral or sentimental ground, but because the house of Lancaster was known by experience to be weak in enforcing "good governance," and the house of York was pledged to restore the strength of the Crown and to secure better times for trade than its rival.

Warwick was a strong man, born at the commencement of Henry the Sixth's unhappy minority, whose coming of age coincided with the outburst of national rage caused by the end of the disastrous French War, whose birth placed him at the head of one of the great factions in the nobility, whose strength of body and mind enabled him to turn that headship to full account. How he dealt with the problems which inevitable necessity laid before him we shall endeavor to relate.

THE BATTLE OF BARNET AND WARWICK'S DEATH.

The Easter morning dawned dim and gray; a dense fog had rolled up from the valley, and the two hosts could see no more of each other than on the previous night. Only the dull sound of unseen multitudes told each that the other was still before them in position.

Of the two armies each, so far as we can judge, must have numbered some twenty-five thousand men. It is impossible in the conflict of evidence to say which was the stronger, but there cannot have been any great difference in force. Each had drawn itself up in the normal order of a mediæval army, with a central main battle, the van and rear ranged to its right and left, and a small reserve held back behind the center. Both sides, too, had dismounted nearly every man, according to the universal practice of the English in the fifteenth century. Even Warwick himself, — whose wont it had been to lead his first line to the charge, and then to mount and place himself at the head of the reserve, ready to deliver the final blow, — on this one occasion sent his horse to the rear and fought on foot all day. He wished to show his men that this was no common battle, but that

he was risking life as well as lands and name and power in their company.

In the Earl's army Montagu and Oxford, with their men from the North and East, held the right wing; Somerset with his West-Country archery and billmen formed the center; Warwick himself with his own Midland retainers had the left wing; with him was his old enemy Exeter,—his unwilling partner in the famous procession of 1457, his adversary at sea in the spring of 1460. Here and all down the line the old Lancastrians and the partisans of Warwick were intermixed; the Cresset of the Hollands stood hard by the Ragged Staff; the Dun Bull of Montagu and the Radiant Star of the De Veres were side by side. We cannot doubt that many a look was cast askance at new friends who had so long been old foes, and that the suspicion of possible treachery must have been present in every breast.

Edward's army was drawn up in a similar order. Richard of Gloucester commanded the right wing; he was but eighteen, but his brother had already learnt to trust much to his zeal and energy. The King himself headed Clarence's men in the center; he was determined to keep his shifty brother at his side, lest he might repent at the eleventh hour of his treachery to his father-in-law. Hastings led the rear battle on the left.

The armies were too close to each other to allow of maneuvering; the men rose from the muddy ground on which they had lain all night, and dressed their line where they stood. But the night had led King Edward astray; he had drawn up his host so as to overlap the Earl's extreme left, while he opposed nothing to his extreme right. Gloucester in the one army and Montagu and Oxford in the other had each the power of outflanking and turning the wing opposed to them. The first glimpse of sunlight would have revealed these facts to both armies had the day been fair; but in the dense fog neither party had perceived as yet its advantage or its danger. It was not till the lines met that they made out each other's strength and position.

Between four and five o'clock, in the first gray of the dawn-ing, the two hosts felt their way towards each other; each side could at last descry the long line of bills and bows opposed to it, stretching right and left till it was lost in the mist. For a time the archers and the bombards of the two parties played their part; then the two lines rolled closer, and met from end

to end all along Gladsmore Heath. The first shock was more favorable to Warwick than to the King. At the east end of the line, indeed, the Earl himself was outflanked by Gloucester, forced to throw back his wing, and compelled to yield ground towards his center. But at the other end of the line the Yorkists suffered a far worse disaster; Montagu and Oxford not only turned Hastings' flank, but rolled up his line, broke it, and chased it right over the heath, and down toward Barnet town. Many of the routed troops fled as far as London ere they stopped, spreading everywhere the news that the King was slain and the cause of York undone. But the defeat of Edward's left wing had not all the effect that might have been expected. Owing to the fog it was unnoticed by the victorious right, and even by the center, where the King and Clarence were now hard at work with Somerset, and gaining rather than losing ground. No panic spread down the line, "for no man was in anything discouraged, because, saving a few that stood nearest to them, no man wist of the rout: also the other party by the same flight and chase were never the greatlier encouraged." Moreover, the victorious troops threw away their chance; instead of turning to aid his hard-pressed comrades, Oxford pursued recklessly, cutting down the flying enemy for a mile, even into the streets of Barnet. Consequently he and his men lost themselves in the fog; many were scattered; the rest collected themselves slowly, and felt their way back towards the field, guiding themselves by the din that sounded down from the hillside. Montagu appears not to have gone so far in pursuit; he must have retained part of his wing with him, and would seem to have used it to strengthen his brother's hard-pressed troops on the left.

But meanwhile King Edward himself was gaining ground in the center; his own column, as the Yorkist chronicler delights to record, "beat and bare down all that stood in his way, and then turned to range, first on that hand and then on the other hand, and in length so beat and bare them down that nothing might stand in the sight of him and of the well-assured fellowship that attended truly upon him." Somerset, in short, was giving way; in a short time the Lancastrian center would be broken.

At this moment, an hour after the fight had begun, Oxford and his victorious followers came once more upon the scene. Lost in the fog, they appeared, not where they might have been

expected, on Edward's rear, but upon the left rear of their own center. They must have made a vast detour in the darkness.

Now came the fatal moment of the day. Oxford's men, whose banners and armor bore the Radiant Star of the De Veres, were mistaken by their comrades for a flanking column of Yorkists. In the mist their badge had been taken for the Sun with Rays, which was King Edward's cognizance. When they came close to their friends they received a sharp volley of arrows, and were attacked by Warwick's last reserves. This mistake had the most cruel results. The old and the new Lancastrians had not been without suspicions of each other. Assailed by his own friends, Oxford thought that some one — like Grey de Ruthyn at Northampton — had betrayed the cause. Raising the cry of treason, he and all his men fled northward from the field.

The fatal cry ran down the laboring lines of Warwick's army and wrecked the whole array. The old Lancastrians made up their minds that Warwick — or at least his brother the Marquis, King Edward's ancient favorite — must have followed the example of the perjured Clarence. Many turned their arms against the Nevilles, and the unfortunate Montagu was slain by his own allies in the midst of the battle. Many more fled without striking another blow ; among these was Somerset, who had up to this moment fought manfully against King Edward in the center.

Warwick's wing still held its ground, but at last the Earl saw that all was lost. His brother was slain ; Exeter had been struck down at his side ; Somerset and Oxford were in flight. He began to draw back toward the line of thickets and hedges which had lain behind his army. But there the fate met him that had befallen so many of his enemies, at St. Albans and Northampton, at Towton and Hexham. His heavy armor made rapid flight impossible ; and in the edge of Wrotham Wood he was surrounded by the pursuing enemy, wounded, beaten down, and slain.

The plunderers stripped the fallen ; but King Edward's first desire was to know if the Earl was dead. The field was carefully searched, and the corpses of Warwick and Montagu were soon found. Both were carried to London, where they were laid on the pavement of St. Paul's, stripped to the breast, and exposed three days to the public gaze, "to the intent that the

people should not be abused by feigned tales, else the rumor should have been sowed about that the Earl was yet alive."

After lying three days on the stones, the bodies were given over to George Neville the Archbishop, who had them both borne to Bisham, and buried in the abbey, hard by the tombs of their father Salisbury and their ancestors the Earls of the house of Montacute. All alike were swept away, together with the roof that covered them, by the Vandalism of the Edwardian reformers, and not a trace remains of the sepulcher of the two unquiet brothers.

Thus ended Richard Neville in the forty-fourth year of his age, slain by the sword in the sixteenth year since he had first taken it up at the Battle of St. Albans. Fortune, who had so often been his friend, had at last deserted him; for no reasonable prevision could have foreseen the series of chances which ended in the disaster of Barnet. Montagu's irresolution and Clarence's treachery were not the only things that had worked against him. If the winds had not been adverse, Queen Margaret, who had been lying on the Norman coast since the first week in March, would have been in London long before Edward arrived, and could have secured the city with the three thousand men under Wenlock, Langstrother, and John Beaufort whom her fleet carried. But for five weeks the wind blew from the north and made the voyage impossible; on Good Friday only did it turn and allow the Queen to sail. It chanced that the first ship, which came to land in Portsmouth harbor the very morning of Barnet, carried among others the Countess of Warwick; at the same moment that she was setting her foot on shore her husband was striking his last blows on Gladsmore Heath. Nor was it only from France that aid was coming; there were reinforcements gathering in the North, and the Kentishmen were only waiting for a leader. Within a few days after Warwick's death the Bastard of Fauconbridge had mustered seventeen thousand men at Canterbury in King Henry's name. If Warwick could have avoided fighting, he might have doubled his army in a week, and offered the Yorkists battle under far more favorable conditions. The wrecks of the party were strong enough to face the enemy on almost equal terms at Tewkesbury, even when their head was gone. The stroke of military genius which made King Edward compel the Earl to fight, by placing his army so close that no retreat was possible from the position of Barnet, was the proximate cause of War-

wick's ruin ; but in all the rest of the campaign it was fortune rather than skill which fought against the Earl. His adversary played his dangerous game with courage and success ; but if only ordinary luck had ruled, Edward must have failed ; the odds against him were too many.

But fortune interposed and Warwick fell. For England's sake perhaps it was well that it should be so. If he had succeeded, and Edward had been driven once more from the land, we may be sure that the Wars of the Roses would have dragged on for many another year ; the house of York had too many heirs and too many followers to allow of its dispossession without a long time of further trouble. The cause of Lancaster, on the other hand, was bound up in a single life ; when Prince Edward fell in the Bloody Meadow, as he fled from the field of Tewkesbury, the struggle was ended perforce, for no one survived to claim his rights. Henry of Richmond, whom an unexpected chance ultimately placed on the throne, was neither in law nor in fact the real heir of the house of Lancaster. On the other hand, Warwick's success would have led, so far as we can judge, first to a continuance of civil war, then, if he had ultimately been successful in rooting out the Yorkists, to a protracted political struggle between the house of Neville and the old Lancastrian party headed by the Beauforts and probably aided by the Queen ; for it is doubtful how far the marriage of Prince Edward and Anne Neville would ever have served to reconcile two such enemies as the Earl and Margaret of Anjou. If Warwick had held his own, and his abilities and his popularity combined to make it likely, his victory would have meant the domination of a family group—a form of government which no nation has endured for long. At the best, the history of the last thirty years of the fifteenth century in England would have been a tale resembling that of the days when the house of Douglas struggled with the crown of Scotland, or the Guises with the rulers of France.

Yet for Warwick as a ruler there would have been much to be said. To a king of the type of Henry the Sixth the Earl would have made a perfect minister and vicegerent, if only he could have been placed in the position without a preliminary course of bloodshed and civil war. The misfortune for England was that his lot was cast not with Henry the Sixth, but with strong-willed, hot-headed, selfish Edward the Fourth.

The two prominent features in Warwick's character which made him a leader of men were not those which might have been expected in a man born and reared in his position. The first was an inordinate love of the activity of business; the second was a courtesy and affability which made him the friend of all men save the one class he could not brook—the "made lords," the parvenu nobility which Edward the Fourth delighted to foster.

Of these characteristics it is impossible to exaggerate the strength of the first. Warwick's ambition took the shape of a devouring love of work of all kinds. Prominent though he was as a soldier, his activity in war was only one side of his passionate desire to manage well and thoroughly everything that came to his hand. He never could cease for a moment to be busy; from the first moment when he entered into official harness in 1455 down to the day of his death, he seems hardly to have rested for a moment. The energy of his soul took him into every employment—general, admiral, governor, judge, councilor, ambassador, as the exigencies of the moment demanded; he was always moving, always busy, and never at leisure. When the details of his life are studied, the most striking point is to find how seldom he was at home, how constantly away at public service. His castles and manors saw comparatively little of him. It was not at Warwick or Amesbury, at Caerphilly or Middleham, that he was habitually to be found, but in London, or Calais, or York, or on the Scotch Border. It was not that he neglected his vassals and retainers, —the loyalty with which they rallied to him on every occasion is sufficient evidence to the contrary, —but he preferred to be a great minister and official, not merely a great baron and feudal chief.

In this sense, then, it is most deceptive to call Warwick the Last of the Barons. Vast though his strength might be as the greatest landholder in England, it was as a statesman and administrator that he left his mark on the age. He should be thought of as the forerunner of Wolsey rather than as the successor of Robert of Belesme, or the Bohuns and Bigods. That the world remembers him as a turbulent noble is a misfortune. Such a view is only drawn from a hasty survey of the last three or four years of his life, when under desperate provocation he was driven to use for personal ends the vast feudal power that

lay ready to his hand. If he had died in 1468, he would be remembered in history as an able soldier and statesman, who with singular perseverance and consistency devoted his life to consolidating England under the house of York.

After his restless activity, Warwick's most prominent characteristic was his geniality. No statesman was ever so consistently popular with the mass of the nation, through all the alternations of good and evil fortune. This popularity the Earl owed to his unswerving courtesy and affability; "he ever had the good voice of the people, because he gave them fair words, showing himself easy and familiar," says the chronicler. Wherever he was well known he was well liked. His own Yorkshire and Midland vassals, who knew him as their feudal lord, the seamen who had served under him as admiral, the Kentishmen who saw so much of him while he was captain of Calais, were all his unswerving followers down to the day of his death. The Earl's boundless generosity, the open house which he kept for all who had any claim on him, the zeal with which he pushed the fortunes of his dependents, will only partially explain his popularity. As much must be ascribed to his genial personality as to the trouble which he took to court the people. His whole career was possible because the majority of the nation not only trusted and respected but honestly liked him. This it was which explains the "kingmaking" of his later years. Men grew so accustomed to follow his lead that they would even acquiesce when he transferred his allegiance from King Edward to King Henry. It was not because he was the greatest landholder of England that he was able to dispose of the crown at his good will; but because, after fifteen years of public life, he had so commended himself to the majority of the nation that they were ready to follow his guidance even when he broke with all his earlier associations.

But Warwick was something more than active, genial, and popular; nothing less than first-rate abilities would have sufficed to carry him through his career. On the whole, it was as a statesman that he was most fitted to shine. His power of managing men was extraordinary; even King Louis of France, the hardest and most unemotional of men, seems to have been amenable to his influence. He was as successful with men in the mass as with individuals; he could sway a parliament or an army with equal ease to his will. How far he surpassed

the majority of his contemporaries in political prescience is shown by the fact that, in spite of Yorkist traditions, he saw clearly that England must give up her ancient claims on France, and continually worked to reconcile the two countries.

In war Warwick was a commander of ability; good for all ordinary emergencies where courage and a cool head would carry him through, but not attaining the heights of military genius displayed by his pupil Edward. His battles were fought in the old English style of Edward the Third and Henry the Fifth, by lines of archery flanked by clumps of billmen and dismounted knights. He is found employing both cannon and hand-gun men, but made no decisive or novel use of either, except in the case of his siege artillery in the campaign of 1464. Nor did he employ cavalry to any great extent; his men dismounted to fight like their grandfathers at Agincourt, although the power of horsemen had again revindicated itself on the Continent. The Earl was a cool and capable commander; he was not one of the hot-headed feudal chiefs who strove to lead every charge. It was his wont to conduct his first line to the attack and then to retire and take command of the reserve, with which he delivered his final attack in person. This caution led some contemporary critics, especially Burgundians who contrasted his conduct with the headlong valor of Charles the Rash, to throw doubts on his personal courage. The sneer was ridiculous. The man who was first into the High Street at St. Albans, who fought through the ten hours of Towton, and won a name by his victories at sea in an age when sea fights were carried on by desperate hand-to-hand attempts to board, might afford to laugh at any such criticism. If he fell at Barnet "somewhat flying," as the Yorkist chronicler declares, he was surely right in endeavoring to save himself for another field; he knew that one lost battle would not wreck his cause, while his own life was the sole pledge of the union between the Lancastrian party and the majority of the nation.

Brave, courteous, liberal, active, and able, a generous lord to his followers, an untiring servant to the commonweal, Warwick had all that was needed to attract the homage of his contemporaries: they called him, as the Kentish ballad monger sang, "a very noble knight, the flower of manhood." But it

is only fair to record that he bore in his character the fatal marks of the two sins which distinguished the English nobles of his time. Occasionally he was reckless in bloodshedding. Once in his life he descended to the use of a long and deliberate course of treason and treachery.

In the first-named sin Warwick had less to reproach himself with than most of his contemporaries. He never authorized a massacre, or broke open a sanctuary, or entrapped men by false pretenses in order to put them to death. In battle, too, he always bid his men to spare the Commons. Moreover, some of his crimes of bloodshed are easily to be palliated: Mundeford and the other captains whom he beheaded at Calais had broken their oath of loyalty to him; the Bastard of Exeter, whom he executed at York, had been the prime agent in the murder of his father. The only wholly unpardonable act of the Earl was his slaying of the Woodvilles and Herberts in 1469. They had been his bitter enemies, it is true; but to avenge political rivalries with the ax, without any legal form of trial, was unworthy of the high reputation which Warwick had up to that moment enjoyed. It increases rather than lessens the sum of his guilt to say that he did not publicly order their death, but allowed them to be executed by rebels whom he had roused and might as easily have quieted.

But far worse, in a moral aspect, than the slaying of the Woodvilles and Herberts, was the course of treachery and deceit that had preceded it. That the Earl had been wantonly insulted by his thankless master in a way that would have driven even one of milder mood to desperation, we have stated elsewhere. An ideally loyal man might have borne the King's ingratitude in silent dignity, and forsworn the Court forever: a hot-headed man might have burst out at once into open rebellion; but Warwick did neither. When his first gust of wrath had passed, he set himself to seek revenge by secret treachery. He returned to the Court, was superficially reconciled to his enemies, and bore himself as if he had forgotten his wrongs. Yet all the while he was organizing an armed rising to sweep the Woodvilles and Herberts away, and to coerce the King into subjection to his will. The plan was as unwise as it was unworthy. Although Warwick's treason was for the moment entirely successful, it made any confidence between himself and his master impossible for the future. At

the earliest opportunity Edward revenged himself on Warwick with the same weapons that had been used against himself, and drove the Earl into exile.

There is nothing in Warwick's subsequent reconciliation with the Lancastrians which need call up our moral indignation. It was the line of conduct which forced him into that connection that was evil, not the connection itself. There is no need to reproach him for changing his allegiance; no other course was possible to him in the circumstances. The King had cast him off, not he the King. When he transferred his loyalty to the house of Lancaster, he never swerved again. All the offers which Edward made to him after his return in 1471 were treated with contempt. Warwick was not the man to sell himself to the highest bidder.

If then Warwick was once in his life driven into treachery and bloodthirsty revenge, we must set against his crime his fifteen long years of honest and consistent service to the cause he had made his own, and remember how dire was the provocation which drove him to betray it. Counting his evil deeds of 1469-1470 at their worst, he will still compare not unfavorably with any other of the leading Englishmen of his time. Even in that demoralized age his sturdy figure stands out in not unattractive colors. Born in a happier generation, his industry and perseverance, his courage and courtesy, his liberal hand and generous heart, might have made him not only the idol of his followers, but the bulwark of the commonwealth. Cast into the godless times of the Wars of the Roses, he was doomed to spend in the cause of a faction the abilities that were meant to benefit a whole nation; the selfishness, the cruelty, the political immorality of the age, left their mark on his character; his long and honorable career was at last stained by treason, and his roll of successes terminated by a crushing defeat. Even after his death his misfortune has not ended. Popular history has given him a scanty record merely as the Kingmaker or the Last of the Barons, as a selfish intriguer or a turbulent feudal chief; and for four hundred and ten years he has lacked even the doubtful honor of a biography.

IN THE GENERATION BEFORE ERASMUS.

By CHARLES READE.

(From "The Cloister and the Hearth.")

[CHARLES READE : A distinguished English novelist, born at Ipsden, Oxfordshire, June 8, 1814; died at London, April 11, 1884. He graduated at Magdalen College, Oxford (1835); was elected to a Vinerian fellowship (1842); and was admitted to the bar at Lincoln's Inn (1847). He made his début as a novelist with "Peg Woffington" (1852), which had an immediate success. His subsequent works include: "Christie Johnstone"; "It is Never Too Late to Mend"; "Love me Little, Love me Long"; "The Cloister and the Hearth," a powerful historical novel; "Hard Cash"; "Griffith Gaunt"; "Foul Play"; "Put Yourself in his Place." Among his plays are: "Masks and Faces" (with Tom Taylor); "Drink," an adaptation of Zola's "L'Assommoir"; and dramatizations of some of his own novels.]

GERARD found the surly innkeepers licked the very ground before him now; nor did a soul suspect the hosier's son in the Count's feathers, nor the Count in the minstrel's weeds. This seems to have surprised him; for he enlarged on it with the naïveté and pomposity of youth. At one place, being humbly requested to present the inn with his armorial bearings, he consented loftily; but painted them himself, to mine host's wonder, who thought he lowered himself by handling brush. The true Count stood grinning by, and held the paint-pot, while the sham Count painted a shield with three red herrings under a sort of Maltese cross made with two ell-measures. At first his plebeian servants were insolent. But, this coming to the notice of his noble one, he forgot what he was doing penance for, and drew his sword to cut off their ears, heads included. But Gerard interposed and saved them, and rebuked the Count severely. And finally they all understood one another, and the superior mind obtained its natural influence. He played the barbarous noble of that day vilely; for his heart would not let him be either tyrannical or cold. He tried to make them all happier than he was; held them ravished with stories and songs, and set Herr Penitent & Co. dancing with his whistle and psaltery.

GERARD'S DIARY.

"This first day of January I observed a young man of the country to meet a strange maiden, and kissed his hand, and

then held it out to her. She took it with a smile, and lo! acquaintance made; and babbled like old friends. Greeting so pretty and delicate I ne'er did see. Yet were they both of the baser sort. So the next lass I saw a coming, I said to my servant lord: 'For further penance bow thy pride, go meet yon base-born girl; kiss thy homicidal hand, and give it her, and hold her in discourse as best ye may.' And my noble servant said humbly, 'I shall obey my lord.' And we drew rein and watched while he went forward, kissed his hand, and held it out to her. Forthwith she took it smiling, and was most affable with him, and he with her. Presently came up a band of her companions. So this time I bade him doff his bonnet to them, as though they were empresses; and he did so. And lo! the lasses drew up as stiff as hedge stakes, and moved not nor spake."

Denys — "Aie! aie! aie! Pardon, the company."

"This surprised me none; for so they did discountenance poor Denys. And that whole day I wore in experimenting these German lasses; and 'twas still the same. An ye doff bonnet to them they stiffen into statues; distance for distance. But accost them with honest freedom, and with that customary, and, though rustical, most gracious proffer of the kissed hand, and they withhold neither their hands in turn nor their acquaintance in an honest way. Seeing which I vexed myself that Denys was not with us to prattle with them; he is so fond of women." ("Are you fond of women, Denys?") And the reader opened two great violet eyes upon him with gentle surprise.

Denys — "Ahem! He says so, she-comrade. By Hannibal's helmet 'tis their fault, not mine. They *will* have such soft voices, and white skins, and sunny hair, and dark blue eyes, and ——"

Margaret [reading suddenly] — "Which their affability I put to profit thus. I asked them how they made shift to grow roses in yule. For know, dear Margaret, that throughout Germany the baser sort of lasses wear for headdress naught but a 'crantz,' or wreath of roses, encircling their bare hair, as laurel Cæsar's; and though of the worshipful scorned, yet is braver, I wist, to your eye and mine which painters be, though sorry ones, than the gorgeous, uncouth, mechanical head gear of the time, and adorns, not hides, her hair, that goodly ornament fitted to her head by craft divine. So the

good lasses, being questioned close, did let me know the rosebuds are cut in summer and laid then in great clay pots, thus ordered : first bay salt, then a row of buds, and over that row bay salt sprinkled ; then another row of buds placed crosswise ; for they say it is death to the buds to touch one another ; and so on, buds and salt in layers. Then each pot is covered and soldered tight, and kept in cool cellar. And on Saturday night the master of the house, or mistress, if master be none, opens a pot, and doles the rosebuds out to every female in the house, high or low, without grudge ; then solders it up again. And such as of these buds would full-blown roses make put them in warm water a little space, or else in the stove, and then with tiny brush and soft, wetted in Rhenish wine, do coax them till they ope their folds. And some perfume them with rose water. For, alack ! their smell it is fled with the summer ; and only their fair bodyes lie withouten soul, in tomb of clay, awaiting resurrection.

“ And some with the roses and buds mix nutmegs gilded, but not by my good will ; for gold, brave in itself, cheek by jowl with roses, is but yellow earth. And it does the eye’s heart good to see these fair heads of hair come, blooming with roses, over snowy roads, and by snow-capped hedges, setting winter’s beauty by the side of summer’s glory. For what so fair as winter’s lilies, snow yecept, and what so brave as roses ? And shouldst have had a picture here, but for their superstition. Leaned a lass in Sunday garb, cross-ankled, against her cottage corner, whose low roof was snow-clad, and with her crantz did seem a summer flower sprouting from winter’s bosom. I drew rein, and out pencil and brush to limn her for thee. But the simpleton, fearing the evil eye, or glamour, claps both hands to her face and flies panic-stricken. But, indeed, they are more superstitious than the Sevenbergen folk, which take thy father for a magician. Yet softly, sith at this moment I profit by this darkness of their minds ; for at first, sitting down to write this diary, I could frame nor thought nor word, so harried and deaved was I with noise of mechanical persons, and hoarse laughter at dull jests of one of these party-colored ‘fools,’ which are so rife in Germany. But, O sorry wit, that is driven to the poor resource of pointed eareaps, and a green and yellow body. True wit, methinks, is of the mind. We met in Burgundy an honest wench, though overfree for my palate, a chambermaid, had made havoc of all these zanies,

droll by brute force. O Digressor ! Well, then, I to be rid of roaring rusticalls and mindless jests, put my finger in a glass and drew on the table a great watery circle ; whereat the rusticalls did look askant, like venison at a cat ; and in that circle a smaller circle. The rusticalls held their peace ; and beside these circles cabalistical I laid down on the table solemnly yon parchment deed I had out of your house. The rusticalls held their breath. Then did I look as glum as might be, and muttered thus : ‘ Videamus — quamdiu tu fictus multo — vosque veri stulti — audebitis — in hac aula morari, strepitantes ita — et olentes — ut dulcissimæ nequeam miser scribere.’ They shook like aspens, and stole away on tiptoe one by one at first, then in a rush and jostling, and left me alone ; and most scared of all was the fool ; never earned jester fairer his ass’s ears. So rubbed I their foible, who first rubbed mine ; for of all a traveler’s foes I dread those giants twain, Sir Noise and eke Sir Stench. The saints and martyrs forgive my peevishness. Thus I write to thee in balmy peace, and tell thee trivial things scarce worthy ink, also how I love thee, which there was no need to tell, for well thou knowest it. And, O dear Margaret, looking on their roses, which grew in summer, but blew in winter, I see the picture of our true affection ; born it was in smiles and bliss, but soon adversity beset us sore with many a bitter blast. Yet our love hath lost no leaf, thank God, but blossoms full and fair as ever, proof against frowns, and gibes, and prison, and banishment, as those sweet German flowers a blooming in winter’s snow.

“*January 2.* — My servant, the count, finding me curious, took me to the stables of the prince that rules this part. In the first court was a horse bath, adorned with twenty-two pillars, graven with the prince’s arms ; and also the horse-leech’s shop, so furnished as a rich apothecary might envy. The stable is a fair quadrangle, whereof three sides filled with horses of all nations. Before each horse’s nose was a glazed window, with a green curtain to be drawn at pleasure, and at his tail a thick wooden pillar with a brazen shield, whence by turning of a pipe he is watered, and serves too for a cupboard to keep his comb and rubbing cloths. Each rack was iron, and each manger shining copper, and each nag covered with a scarlet mantle, and above him his bridle and saddle hung, ready to gallop forth in a minute ; and not less than three hundred horses, whereof twelve score of foreign breed. And we returned to

our inn full of admiration, and the two varlets said sorrowfully, 'Why were we born with two legs?' And one of the grooms that was civil and had of me trinkgeld, stood now at his cottage door, and asked us in: There we found his wife and children of all ages, from five to eighteen, and had but one room to bide and sleep in, a thing pestiferous and most uncivil. Then I asked my servant, knew he this prince? Ay, did he, and had often drunk with him in a marble chamber above the stable, where, for table, was a curious and artificial rock, and the drinking vessels hang on its pinnacles, and at the hottest of the engagement a statue of a horseman in bronze came forth bearing a bowl of liquor, and he that sat nearest behooved to drain it. 'Tis well,' said I: 'now, for the penance; whisper thou in yon prince's ear, that God hath given him his people freely, and not sought a price for them as for horses. And pray him look inside the huts at his horse-palace door, and bethink himself is it well to house his horses and stable his folk.' Said he, 'Twill give sore offense.' 'But,' said I, 'ye must do it discreetly, and choose your time.' So he promised. And riding on we heard plaintive cries. 'Alas,' said I, 'some sore mischance hath befallen some poor soul; what may it be?' And we rode up, and lo! it was a wedding feast, and the guests were playing the business of drinking sad and silent, but ever and anon cried loud and dolefully, 'Seyte frolich! Be merry.'

"January 3. — Yesterday between Nürnberg and Augsburg we parted company. I gave my lord, late servant, back his brave clothes for mine, but his horse he made me keep, and five gold pieces, and said he was still my debtor; his penance it had been slight along of me, but profitable. But his best word was this: 'I see it is more noble to be loved than feared.' And then he did so praise me as I blush to put on paper; yet, poor fool, would fain thou couldst hear his words, but from some other pen than mine. And the servants did heartily grasp my hand, and wish me good luck. And riding apace, yet could I not reach Augsburg till the gates were closed; but it mattered little, for this Augsburg it is an enchanted city. For a small coin one took me a long way round to a famous postern called *der Einlasse*. Here stood two guardians like statues. To them I gave my name and business. They nodded me leave to knock. I knocked, and the iron gate opened with a great noise and hollow rattling of a chain, but no hand seen nor chain; but he who drew the hidden chain sits a butt's length from the gate, and I

rode in, and the gate closed with a clang after me. I found myself in a great building with a bridge at my feet. This I rode over, and presently came to a porter's lodge, where one asked me again my name and business, then rang a bell, and a great portcullis that barred the way began to rise, drawn by a wheel overhead, and no hand seen. Behind the portcullis was a thick oaken door studded with steel. It opened without hand, and I rode into a hall as dark as pitch. Trembling there awhile, a door opened, and showed me a smaller hall lighted. I rode into it: a tin goblet came down from the ceiling by a little chain; I put two batzen into it, and it went up again. Being gone, another thick door creaked and opened, and I rid through. It closed on me with a tremendous clang, and behold me in Augsburg city. I lay at an inn called 'The Three Moors,' over an hundred years old; and this morning, according to my way of viewing towns to learn their compass and shape, I mounted the highest tower I could find, and, setting my dial at my foot, surveyed the beautiful city; whole streets of palaces, and churches tiled with copper burnished like gold; and the house fronts gayly painted, and all glazed, and the glass so clean and burnished as 'tis most resplendent and rare; and I, now first seeing a great citie, did crow with delight, and like cock on his ladder, and at the tower foot was taken into custody for a spy; for, whilst I watched the city, the watchman had watched me. The burgomaster received me courteously, and heard my story; then rebuked his officers. 'Could ye not question him yourselves, or read in his face? This is to make our city stink in stranger's report.' Then he told me my curiosity was of a commendable sort; and, seeing I was a craftsman and inquisitive, bade his clerk take me among the guilds. God bless the city where the very burgomaster is cut of Solomon's cloth!

"*January 5.* — Dear Margaret, it is a noble city, and a kind mother to arts. Here they cut in wood and ivory, that 'tis like spider's work, and paint on glass, and sing angelical harmonies. Writing of books is quite gone by: here be six printers. Yet was I offered a bountiful wage to write fairly a merchant's accounts, one Fugger, a grand and wealthy trader, and hath store of ships, yet his father was but a poor weaver. But here in commerce, her very garden, men swell like mushrooms. And he bought my horse of me, and abated me not a jot, which way of dealing is not known in Holland. But, O Margaret, the workmen of all the guilds are so kind and brotherly to one another,

and to me. Here, methinks, I have found the true German mind, loyal, frank, and kindly, somewhat choleric withal, but naught revengeful. Each mechanic wears a sword. The very weavers at the loom sit girded with their weapons, and all Germans on too slight occasion draw them and fight; but no treachery; challenge first, then draw, and with the edge only, mostly the face, not with Sir Point; for if in these combats one thrust at his adversary and hurt him, 'tis called *ein schelemstucke*, a heinous act; both men and women turn their backs on him; and even the judges punish thrusts bitterly, but pass over cuts. Hence in Germany be good stores of scarred faces, three in five at least, and in France scarce more than one in three.

“But in arts mechanical no citizens may compare with these. Fountains in every street that play to heaven, and in the gardens seeming trees, which, being approached, one standing afar touches a spring, and every twig shoots water, and souses the guests, to their host's much delectation. Big culverins of war they cast with no more ado than our folk horseshoes, and have done this fourscore years. All stuffs they weave, and linen fine as ours at home, or nearly, which elsewhere in Europe vainly shall you seek. Sir Printing Press—sore foe to poor Gerard, but to other humans beneficial—plieth by night and day, and casteth goodly words like sower afield; while I, poor fool, can but sow them as I saw women in France sow rye, dribbling it in the furrow grain by grain. And of their strange mechanical skill take two examples. For ending of exemplary rogues they have a figure like a woman, seven feet high, and called Jung Frau; but lo! a spring is touched, she seizeth the poor wretch with her iron arms, and, opening herself, hales him inside her, and there pierces him through and through with twoscore lances. Secondly, in all great houses the spit is turned, not by a scrubby boy, but by smoke. Ay, mayst well admire, and judge me a lying knave. These cunning Germans do set in the chimney a little windmill, and the smoke, struggling to wend past, turns it, and from the mill a wire runs through the wall and turns the spit on wheels; beholding which I doffed my bonnet to the men of Augsburg, for who but these had ere devised to bind ye so dark and subtle a knave as Sir Smoke, and set him to roast Dame Pullet?

“This day, January 5, with three craftsmen of the town, I painted a pack of cards. They were for a senator in a hurry.

I the diamonds. My queen came forth with eyes like spring violets, hair a golden brown, and witching smile. My fellow-craftsmen saw her, and put their arms round my neck and hailed me master. O noble Germans! No jealousy of a brother workman: no sour looks at a stranger: and would have me spend Sunday with them after matins; and the merchant paid me so richly as I was ashamed to take the guerdon: and I to my inn, and tried to paint the queen of diamonds for poor Gerard; but no, she would not come like again. Luck will not be bespoke. O happy rich man that hath got her! Fie! fie! Happy Gerard, that shall have herself one day, and keep house with her at Augsburg. . . .

“January 10.—This day started for Venice. . . .

“January 18.—In the midst of life we are in death. O dear Margaret, I thought I had lost thee. Here I lie in pain and dole, and shall write ye that, which read you it in a romance ye should cry ‘most improbable!’ And so still wondering that I am alive to write it, and thanking for it God and the saints, this is what befell thy Gerard. Yestreen I wearied of being shut up in litter, and of the mule’s slow pace, and so went forward; and being, I know not why, strangely full of spirit and hope, as I have heard befall some men when on trouble’s brink, seemed to tread on air and soon distanced them all. Presently I came to two roads, and took the larger; I should have taken the smaller. After traveling a good half-hour I found my error and returned, and, deeming my company had long passed by, pushed bravely on, but I could not overtake them, and small wonder, as you shall hear. Then I was anxious, and ran; but bare was the road of those I sought, and night came down, and the wild beasts afoot, and I bemoaned my folly; also I was hungered. The moon rose clear and bright exceedingly, and presently, a little way off the road, I saw a tall windmill. ‘Come,’ said I, ‘mayhap the miller will take ruth on me.’ Near the mill was a haystack, and scattered about were store of little barrels, but lo! they were not flour barrels, but tar barrels, one or two, and the rest of spirits, Brantvein and Schiedam; I knew them momentarily, having seen the like in Holland. I knocked at the mill door, but none answered. I lifted the latch, and the door opened inwards. I went in, and gladly, for the night was fine but cold, and a rime on the trees, which were a kind of lofty sycamores. There was a stove, but black; I lighted it with some of the hay and wood, for there

was a great pile of wood outside ; and, I know not how, I went to sleep. Not long had I slept, I trow, when, hearing a noise, I awoke, and there were a dozen men around me, with wild faces, and long black hair, and black sparkling eyes."

Catherine — "O my poor boy! those black-haired ones do still scare me to look on."

"I made my excuses in such Italian as I knew, and eking out by signs. They grinned. 'I had lost my company.' They grinned. 'I was an hungered.' Still they grinned, and spoke to one another in a tongue I knew not. At last one gave me a piece of bread and a tin mug of wine, as I thought, but it was spirits neat. I made a wry face, and asked for water, then these wild men laughed a horrible laugh. I thought to fly, but, looking towards the door, it was bolted with two enormous bolts of iron ; and now first, as I ate my bread, I saw it was all guarded too, and ribbed with iron. My blood curdled within me, and yet I could not tell thee why, but hadst thou seen the faces, wild, stupid, and ruthless! I mumbled my bread, not to let them see I feared them ; but O, it cost me to swallow it and keep it in me. Then it whirled in my brain, was there no way to escape? Said I, 'They will not let me forth by the door ; these be smugglers or robbers.' So I feigned drowsiness, and taking out two batzen said, 'Good men, for Our Lady's grace let me lie on a bed and sleep, for I am faint with travel.' They nodded and grinned their horrible grin, and bade one light a lantern and lead me. He took me up a winding staircase, up, up, and I saw no windows, but the wooden walls were pierced like a barbican tower, and methinks for the same purpose ; and through these slits I got glimpses of the sky, and thought, 'Shall I e'er see thee again?' He took me to the very top of the mill, and there was a room with a heap of straw in one corner, and many empty barrels, and by the wall a truckle-bed. He pointed to it, and went downstairs heavily, taking the light, for in this room was a great window, and the moon came in bright. I looked out to see, and lo, it was so high that even the mill sails at their highest came not up to my window by some feet, but turned very slow and stately underneath, for wind there was scarce a breath ; and the trees seemed silver filigree made by angel craftsmen. My hope of flight was gone.

"But now, those wild faces being out of sight, I smiled at my fears : what an if they were ill men would it profit them to hurt me? Natheless, for caution against surprise, I would

put the bed against the door. I went to move it, but could not. It was free at the head, but at the foot fast clamped with iron to the floor. So I flung my psaltery on the bed, but for myself made a layer of straw at the door, so none could open on me unawares. And I laid my sword ready to my hand. And said my prayers for thee and me, and turned to sleep.

"Below they drank and made merry. And hearing this gave me confidence. Said I, 'Out of sight, out of mind. Another hour and the good Schiedam will make them forget that I am here.' And so I composed myself to sleep. And for some time could not for the boisterous mirth below. At last I dropped off. How long I slept I knew not; but I woke with a start; the noise had ceased below, and the sudden silence woke me. And scarce was I awake, when sudden the truckle-bed was gone with a loud clang all but the feet, and the floor yawned, and I heard my psaltery fall and break to atoms, deep, deep, below the very floor of the mill. It had fallen into a well. And so had I done, lying where it lay."

Margaret shuddered, and put her face in her hands. But speedily resumed.

"I lay stupefied at first. Then horror fell on me and I rose, but stood rooted there, shaking from head to foot. At last I found myself looking down into that fearsome gap, and my very hair did bristle as I peered. And then, I remember, I turned quite calm, and made up my mind to die sword in hand. For I saw no man must know this their bloody secret and live. And I said, 'Poor Margaret!' And I took out of my bosom, where they lie ever, our marriage lines, and kissed them again and again. And I pinned them to my shirt again, that they might lie in one grave with me, if die I must. And I thought, 'All our love and hopes to end thus!'"

Eli — "Whisht all! Their marriage lines? Give her time! But no word. I can bear no chat. My poor lad!"

During the long pause that ensued, Catherine leaned forward, and passed something adroitly from her own lap under her daughter's apron who sat next her.

"Presently thinking, all in a whirl, of all that ever passed between us, and taking leave of all those pleasant hours, I called to mind how one day at Sevenbergen thou taughtest me to make a rope of straw. Mindest thou? The moment memory brought that happy day back to me, I cried out very loud: 'Margaret gives me a chance for life even here.' I woke from

my lethargy. I seized on the straw and twisted it eagerly, as thou didst teach me, but my fingers trembled and delayed the task. Whiles I wrought I heard the door open below. That was a terrible moment. Even as I twisted my rope I got to the window and looked down at the great arms of the mill coming slowly up, passing, then turning less slowly down, as it seemed ; and I thought, 'They go not as when there is wind ; yet, slow or fast, what man rid ever on such steed as these, and lived ? Yet,' said I, 'better trust to them and God than to ill men.' And I prayed to him whom even the wind obeyeth.

"Dear Margaret, I fastened my rope, and let myself gently down, and fixed my eyes on that huge arm of the mill, which was then creeping up to me, and went to spring on to it. But my heart failed me at the pinch. And methought it was not near enow. And it passed calm and awful by. I watched for another ; they were three. And after a little while one crept up slower than the rest methought. And I with my foot thrust myself in good time somewhat out from the wall, and crying aloud, 'Margaret !' did grip with all my soul the woodwork of the sail, and that moment was swimming in the air."

Giles — "Well done ! well done !"

"Motion I felt little ; but the stars seemed to go round the sky, and then the grass came up to me nearer and nearer, and when the hoary grass was quite close I was sent rolling along it as if hurled from a catapult, and got up breathless, and every point and tie about me broken. I rose, but fell down again in agony. I had but one leg I could stand on."

Catherine — "Eh ! dear ! his leg is broke, my boy's leg is broke !"

"And, e'en as I lay groaning, I heard a sound like thunder. It was the assassins running up the stairs. The crazy old mill shook under them. They must have found I had not fallen into their bloody trap, and were running to dispatch me. Margaret, I felt no fear, for now I had no hope. I could neither run nor hide, so wild the place, so bright the moon. I struggled up, all agony and revenge, more like some wounded wild beast than your Gerard. Leaning on my sword hilt I hobbled round ; and swift as lightning, or vengeance, I heaped a great pile of their hay and wood at the mill door ; then drove my dagger into a barrel of their smuggled spirits, and flung it on ; then out with my tinder and lighted the pile. 'This will bring true men round my dead body,' said I. 'Aha !' I cried, 'think you

I'll die alone, cowards, assassins ! reckless fiends !' and at each word on went a barrel pierced. But, O Margaret ! the fire, fed by the spirits, surprised me ; it shot up and singed my very hair ; it went roaring up the side of the mill, swift as falls the lightning ! and I yelled and laughed in my torture and despair, and pierced more barrels, and the very tar barrels, and flung them on. The fire roared like a lion for its prey, and voices answered it inside from the top of the mill, and the feet came thundering down, and I stood as near that awful fire as I could, with uplifted sword to slay and be slain. The bolt was drawn. A tar barrel caught fire. The door was opened. What followed ? Not the men came out, but the fire rushed in at them like a living death, and the first I thought to fight with was blackened and crumpled on the floor like a leaf. One fearsome yell, and dumb forever. The feet ran up again, but fewer. I heard them hack with their swords a little way up, at the mill's wooden sides ; but they had no time to hew their way out ; the fire and reek were at their heels, and the smoke burst out at every loophole, and oozed blue in the moonlight through each crevice. I hobbled back, racked with pain and fury. There were white faces up at my window. They saw me. They cursed me. I cursed them back, and shook my naked sword. 'Come down the road I came,' I cried. 'But ye must come one by one, and, as ye come, ye die upon my sword.' Some cursed at that, but others wailed. For I had them all at deadly vantage. And doubtless with my smoke-grimed face and fiendish rage I looked a demon. And now there was a steady roar inside the mill. The flames were going up it as from furnace up its chimney. The mill caught fire. Fire glimmered through it. Tongues of flame darted through each loophole, and shot sparks and fiery flakes into the night. One of the assassins leaped on to the sail, as I had done. In his hurry he missed his grasp and fell at my feet, and bounded from the hard ground like a ball, and never spoke a word nor moved again. And the rest screamed like women, and, with their despair, came back to me both ruth for them and hope of life for myself. And the fire gnawed through the mill in placen, and shot forth showers of great flat sparks like flakes of fiery snow ; and the sails caught fire one after another ; and I became a man again, and staggered away terror-stricken, leaning on my sword, from the sight of my revenge, and, with great bodily pain, crawled back to the road. And, dear Margaret, the rimy trees were all now

like pyramids of golden fligree, and lace, cobweb fine, in the red firelight. O, most beautiful! And a poor wretch got entangled in the burning sails, and whirled round screaming, and lost hold at the wrong time, and hurled like stone from mangonel high into the air; then a dull thump; it was his carcass striking the earth. The next moment there was a loud crash. The mill fell in on its destroyer, and a million great sparks flew up, and the sails fell over the burning wreck, and at that a million more sparks flew up, and the ground was strewn with burning wood and men. I prayed God forgive me, and, kneeling with my back to that fiery shambles, I saw lights on the road; a welcome sight. It was a company coming towards me, and scarce two furlongs off. I hobbled towards them. Ere I had gone far, I heard a swift step behind me. I turned. One had escaped; how escaped, who can divine? His sword shone in the moonlight. I feared him, methought the ghosts of all those dead sat on that glittering glaive. I put my other foot to the ground, mauger the anguish, and fled towards the torches, moaning with pain, and shouting for aid. But what could I do? He gained on me. Behooved me turn and fight. Denys had taught me sword play in sport. I wheeled, our swords clashed. His clothes they smelled all singed. I cut swiftly upward with supple hand, and his dangled bleeding at the wrist, and his sword fell: it tinkled on the ground. I raised my sword to hew him if he stoop for't. He stood and cursed me. He drew his dagger with his left; I opposed my point, and dared him with my eye to close. A great shout arose behind me from true men's throats. He started. He spat at me in his rage, then gnashed his teeth and fled, blaspheming. I turned, and saw red torches close at hand. Lo, they fell to dancing up and down methought, and the next — moment — all — was — dark. I had — ah!"

Catherine — "Here, help! water! Stand aloof, you that be men!"

Margaret had fainted away.

When she recovered, her head was on *Catherine's* arm, and the honest half of the family she had invaded like a foe stood round her uttering rough homely words of encouragement, especially *Giles*, who roared at her that she was not to take on like that. "Gerard was alive and well, or he could not have writ this letter, the biggest mankind had seen as yet, and, as he thought, the beautifullest, and most moving, and smallest writ."

"Ay, good Master Giles," sighed Margaret, feebly, "he was alive. But how know I what hath since befallen him? O, why left he Holland to go amongst strangers fierce as lions? And why did I not drive him from me sooner than part him from his own flesh and blood? Forgive me, you that are his mother!"

And she gently removed Catherine's arm, and made a feeble attempt to slide off the chair on to her knees, which, after a brief struggle with superior force, ended in her finding herself on Catherine's bosom. Then Margaret held out the letter to Eli, and said faintly but sweetly, "I will trust it from my hand now. In sooth, I am little fit to read any more—and—and loath to leave my comfort:" and she wreathed her other arm round Catherine's neck.

"Read thou, Richart," said Eli; "thine eyes be younger than mine."

Richart took the letter. "Well," said he, "such writing saw I never. A writeth with a needle's point; and clear to boot. Why is not he in my counting-house at Amsterdam instead of vagabonding it out yonder?"

"When I came to myself I was seated in the litter, and my good merchant holding of my hand. I babbled I know not what, and then shuddered awhile in silence. He put a horn of wine to my lips."

Catherine—"Bless him! bless him!"

Eli—"Whisht."

"And I told him what had befallen. He would see my leg. It was sprained sore, and swelled at the ankle; and all my points were broken, as I could scarce keep up my hose; and I said, 'Sir, I shall be but a burden to you, I doubt, and can make you no harmony now; my poor psaltery, it is broken;' and I did grieve over my broken music, companion of so many weary leagues. But he patted me on the cheek, and bade me not fret; also he did put up my leg on a pillow, and tended me like a kind father.

"*January 20.*—I sit all day in the litter, for we are pushing forward with haste, and at night the good kind merchant sendeth me to bed, and will not let me work. Strange! whene'er I fall in with men like fiends, then the next moment God still sendeth me some good man or woman, lest I should turn away from humankind. O Margaret! how strangely mixed they be, and how old I am by what I was three months ago!

And lo if good Master Fugger hath not been and bought me a psaltery."

Catherine — "Eli, my man, an yon merchant comes our way, let us buy a hundred ells of cloth of him, and not higgle."

Eli — "That will I, take your oath on't!"

While Richart prepared to read, Kate looked at her mother, and with a faint blush drew out the piece of work from under her apron, and sewed, with head depressed a little more than necessary. On this her mother drew a piece of work out of her pocket, and sewed too, while Richart read. Both the specimens these sweet surreptitious creatures now first exposed to observation were babies' caps, and not more than half finished, which told a tale. Horror! they were like little monks' cowls in shape and delicacy.

"*January 22.* — Laid up in the litter, and as good as blind, but, halting to bait, Lombardy plains burst on me. O Margaret! a land flowing with milk and honey; all sloping plains, goodly rivers, jocund meadows, delectable orchards, and blooming gardens; and, though winter, looks warmer than poor beloved Holland at midsummer, and makes the wanderer's face to shine, and his heart to leap for joy to see earth so kind and smiling. Here be vines, cedars, olives, and cattle plenty, but three goats to a sheep. The draught oxen wear white linen on their necks, and, standing by dark green olive trees each one is a picture; and the folk, especially women, wear delicate strawen hats with flowers and leaves fairly imitated in silk, with silver mixed. This day we crossed a river prettily in a chained ferry-boat. On either bank was a windlass, and a single man by turning of it drew our whole company to his shore, whereat I did admire, being a stranger. Passed over with us some country folk. And, an old woman looking at a young wench, she did hide her face with her hand, and held her crucifix out like knight his sword in tourney, dreading the evil eye.

"*January 25.* — Safe at Venice. A place whose strange and passing beauty is well known to thee by report of our mariners. Dost mind, too, how Peter would oft fill our ears withal, we handed beneath the table, and he still discoursing of this sea-enthroned and peerless citie, in shape a bow, and its great canal and palaces on piles, and its watery ways plied by scores of gilded boats; and that market place of nations, *orbis, non urbis, forum*, St. Mark his place; and his statue with the

peerless jewels in his eyes, and the lion at his gate. But I, lying at my window in pain, may see none of these beauties as yet, but only a street fairly paved, which is dull, and houses with oiled paper and linen, in lieu of glass, which is rude, and the passers-by, their habits and their gestures, wherein they are superfluous. Therefore, not to miss my daily comfort of whispering to thee, I will e'en turn mine eyes inward, and bind my sheaves of wisdom reaped by travel. For I love thee so, that no treasure pleases me not shared with thee; and what treasure so good and enduring as knowledge? This then have I, Sir Footsore, learned, that each nation hath its proper wisdom, and its proper folly; and methinks, could a great king, or duke, tramp like me, and see with his own eyes, he might pick the flowers and eschew the weeds of nations, and go home and set his own folk on Wisdom's hill. The Germans in the north were churlish, but frank and honest; in the south, kindly and honest too. Their general blot is drunkenness, the which they carry even to dislike and contempt of sober men. They say commonly, 'Kanstu niecht sauffen und fressen so kanstu kienem hern wol dienen.' In England the vulgar sort drink as deep, but the worshipful hold excess in this a reproach, and drink a health or two for courtesy, not gluttony, and still sugar the wine. In their cups the Germans use little mirth, or discourse, but ply the business sadly, crying, 'Seyte frolich!' The best of their drunken sport is 'Kurlemurlehuff,' a way of drinking with touching deftly of the glass, the beard, the table, in due turn, intermixed with whistlings and snappings of the finger, so curiously ordered as 'tis a labor of Hercules, but to the beholder right pleasant and mirthful. Their toppers, by advice of German leeches, sleep with pebbles in their mouths. For, as of a boiling pot the lid must be set ajar, so with these fleshly wine pots, to vent the heat of their inward parts; spite of which many die suddenly from drink; but 'tis a matter of religion to slur it, and gloze it, and charge some innocent disease therewith. Yet 'tis more a custom than very nature, for their women come among the tipplers, and do but stand a moment, and, as it were, kiss the wine cup; and are indeed most temperate in eating and drinking, and, of all women, modest and virtuous, and true spouses and friends to their mates; far before our Holland lasses, that, being maids, put the question to the men, and, being wived, do lord it over them. Why, there is a wife in Tergou, not far from our door. One came to the house

and sought her man. Says she, 'You'll not find him; he asked my leave to go abroad this afternoon, and I did give it him.'"

Catherine — "'Tis sooth! 'tis sooth! 'Twas Beek Hulse, Jonah's wife. This comes of a woman wedding a boy."

"In the south, where wine is, the gentry drink themselves bare; but not in the north; for with beer a noble shall sooner burst his body than melt his lands. They are quarrelsome, but 'tis the liquor, not the mind; for they are none revengeful. And when they have made a bad bargain drunk, they stand to it sober. They keep their windows bright; and judge a man by his clothes. Whatever fruit, or grain, or herb, grows by the roadside, gather and eat. The owner, seeing you, shall say, 'Art welcome, honest man.' But an ye pluck a wayside grape, your very life is in jeopardy. 'Tis eating of that Heaven gave to be drunken. The French are much fairer spoken, and not nigh so true-hearted. Sweet words cost them naught. They call it 'payer en blanche.'"

Denys — "Les coquins! ha, ha!"

"Natheless, courtesy is in their hearts, ay, in their very blood. They say commonly, 'Give yourself the trouble of sitting down.' And such straws of speech show how blows the wind. Also, at a public show, if you would but leave your seat, yet not lose it, tie but your napkin round the bench and no French man or woman will sit there, but rather keep the place for you."

Catherine — "Gramercy! that is manners. France for me!"

Denys rose and placed his hand gracefully to his breast-plate.

"Natheless, they say things in sport which are not courteous, but shocking. 'Le diable t'emporte!' 'Allez au diable!' and so forth. But I trow they mean not such dreadful wishes: custom belike. Moderate in drinking, and mix water with their wine, and sing and dance over their cups, and are then enchanting company. They are curious not to drink in another man's cup. In war the English gain the better of them in the field, but the French are their masters in attack and defense of cities; witness Orleans, where they besieged their besiegers, and hashed them sore with their double and treble culverins; and many other sieges in this our century. More than all nations they flatter their women, and despise them. No She may be their

sovereign ruler. Also, they often hang their female malefactors, instead of drowning them decently, as other nations use. The furniture in their inns is walnut, in Germany only deal. French windows are ill. The lower half is of wood, and opens; the upper half is of glass, but fixed, so that the servant cannot come at it to clean it. The German windows are all glass, and movable, and shine far and near like diamonds. In France many mean houses are not glazed at all. Once I saw a Frenchman pass a church without unbonneting. This I ne'er witnessed in Holland, Germany, or Italy. At many inns they show the traveler his sheets to give him assurance they are clean, and warm them at the fire before him, — a laudable custom. They receive him kindly, and like a guest; they mostly cheat him, and whiles cut his throat. They plead in excuse hard and tyrannous laws. And true it is their law thrusteth its nose into every platter, and its finger into every pie. In France worshipful men wear their hats and their furs indoors, and go abroad lighter clad. In Germany they don hat and furred cloak to go abroad, but sit bareheaded and light-clad round the stove.

“The French intermix not the men and women folk in assemblies, as we Hollanders use. Round their preachers the women sit on their heels in rows, and the men stand behind them. Their harvests are rye, and flax, and wine. Three mules shall you see to one horse, and whole flocks of sheep as black as coal.

“In Germany the snails be red. I lie not. The French buy minstrelsy, but breed jests, and make their own mirth. The Germans foster their set fools with earcaps, which move them to laughter by simulating madness, — a calamity that asks pity, not laughter. In this particular I deem that lighter nation wiser than the graver German. What sayest thou? Alas! canst not answer me now.

“In Germany the petty laws are wondrous wise and just; those against criminals bloody. In France, bloodier still, and executed a trifle more cruelly there. Here the wheel is common, and the fiery stake; and under this king they drown men by the score in Paris river, Seine yeleft. But the English are as peremptory in hanging and drowning for a light fault; so travelers report. Finally, a true-hearted Frenchman, when ye chance on one, is a man as near perfect as earth affords; and such a man is my Denys, spite of his foul mouth.”

Denys — "My foul mouth ! Is that so writ, Master Richart ?"

Richart — "Ay, in sooth ; see else."

Denys [*inspecting the letter gravely*] — "I read not the letter so."

Richart — "How then ?"

Denys — "Humph ! ahem ! why, just the contrary." He added, "'Tis kittle work perusing of these black scratches men are agreed to take for words. And I trow 'tis still by guess you clerks do go, worthy sir. My foul mouth ! This is the first time e'er I heard on't. Eh, mesdames ?"

But the females did not seize the opportunity he gave them, and burst into a loud and general disclaimer. Margaret blushed and said nothing ; the other two bent silently over their work with something very like a sly smile. Denys inspected their countenances long and carefully, and the perusal was so satisfactory, that he turned with a tone of injured but patient innocence, and bade Richart read on.

"The Italians are a polished and subtle people. They judge a man, not by his habits, but his speech and gestures. Here Sir Chough may by no means pass for falcon gentle, as did I in Germany, pranked in my noble servant's feathers. Wisest of all nations in their singular temperance of food and drink : most foolish of all to search strangers coming into their borders, and stay them from bringing much money in. They should rather invite it, and, like other nations, let the traveler from taking of it out. Also, here in Venice the dames turn their black hair yellow by the sun and art, to be wiser than Him who made them. Ye enter no Italian town without a bill of health, though now is no plague in Europe. This peevishness is for extortion's sake. The innkeepers cringe and fawn and cheat, and, in country places, murder you. Yet will they give you clean sheets by paying therefor. Delicate in eating, and abhor from putting their hand in the plate ; sooner will they apply a crust or what not. They do even tell of a cardinal at Rome which armeth his guest's left hand with a little bifurcal dagger to hold the meat, while his knife cutteth it. But methinks this, too, is to be wiser than Him who made the hand so supple and prehensile."

Eli — "I am of your mind, my lad."

"They are sore troubled with the itch ; and ointment for it, *unguento per la rognà*, is cried at every corner of Venice. From

this my window I saw an urchin sell it to three several dames in silken trains, and to two velvet knights."

Catherine — "Italy, my lass, I rede ye wash your body i' the tub o' Sundays; and then ye can put your hand i' the plate o' Thursday withouten offense."

"Their bread is lovely white. Their meats they spoil with sprinkling cheese over them; O perversity! Their salt is black: without a lie. In commerce these Venetians are masters of the earth and sea, and govern their territories wisely. Only one flaw I find, the same I once heard a learned friar cast up against Plato his republic: to wit, that here women are encouraged to venal frailty, and to pay a tax to the State, which, not content with silk and spice and other rich and honest freights, good store, must trade in sin. Twenty thousand of these Jezebels there be in Venice and Candia, and about, pampered and honored for bringing strangers to the city, and many live in princely palaces of their own. But herein methinks the politic signors of Venice forget what King David saith, 'Except the Lord keep the citie, the watchman waketh but in vain.' Also, in religion, they hang their cloth according to the wind, siding now with the Pope, now with the Turk, but ay with the god of traders, Mammon hight. Shall flower so cankered bloom to the world's end? But, since I speak of flowers, this none may deny them, that they are most cunning in making roses and gillyflowers to blow unseasonably. In summer they nip certain of the budding roses and water them not. Then in winter they dig round these discouraged plants, and put in cloves; and so with great art rear sweet-scented roses, and bring them to market in January. And did first learn this art of a cow. Buds she grazed in summer, and they sprouted at Yule. Women have sat in the doctor's chairs at their colleges. But she that sat in St. Peter's was a German. Italy, too, for artful fountains and figures that move by water and enact life. And next for fountains is Augsburg, where they harness the foul knave Smoke to good Sir Spit, and he turneth stout Master Roast. But lest any one place should vaunt, two towns there be in Europe, which, scorning giddy fountains, bring water tame into pipes to every burgher's door, and he filleth his vessels with but turning of cock. One is London, so watered this many a year by pipes of a league from Paddington, a neighboring city; and the other is the fair town of Lubeck. Also the fierce English are reported to me wise in that they will not share their lands and flocks with wolves, but

have fairly driven those marauders into their mountains. But neither in France, nor Germany, nor Italy, is a wayfarer's life safe from the vagabones after sundown. I can hear of no glazed house in all Venice, but only oiled linen and paper ; and, behind these barbarian eyelets, a wooden jalousie. Their name for a cowardly assassin is 'a brave man,' and for an harlot, 'a courteous person,' which is as much as to say that a woman's worst vice, and a man's worst vice, are virtues. But I pray God for little Holland that there an assassin may be yept an assassin, and an harlot an harlot, till doomsday ; and then gloze foul faults with silken names who can !”

Eli [*with a sigh*] — “He should have been a priest, saving your presence, my poor lass.”

“Go to, peevish writer ; art tied smarting by the leg, and may not see the beauties of Venice ; so thy pen kicketh all around like a wicked mule.

“*January* 26. — Sweetheart, I must be brief and tell thee but a part of that I have seen, for this day my journal ends. To-night it sails for thee, and I, unhappy, not with it, but tomorrow in another ship to Rome.

“Dear Margaret, I took a hand litter, and was carried to St. Mark his church. Outside it, towards the market place, is a noble gallery, and above it four famous horses, cut in brass by the ancient Romans, and seem all moving, and at the very next step must needs leap down on the beholder. About the church are six hundred pillars of marble, porphyry, and ophites. Inside is a treasure greater than either at St. Denys, or Loretto. Here a jeweled pitcher given the seigniory by a Persian king, also the ducal cap blazing with jewels, and on its crown a diamond and a chrysolite, each as big as an almond ; two golden crowns and twelve golden stomachers studded with jewels, from Constantinople ; item, a monstrous sapphire ; item, a great diamond given by a French king ; item, a prodigious carbuncle ; item, three unicorns' horns. But what are these compared with the sacred relics ?

“Dear Margaret, I stood and saw the brazen chest that holds the body of St. Mark the Evangelist. I saw with these eyes, and handled, his ring and his gospel written with his own hand, and all my travels seemed light ; for who am I that I should see such things ? Dear Margaret, his sacred body was first brought from Alexandria by merchants in 810, and then not prized as now ; for between 829, when this church was builded, and 1094,

the very place where it lay was forgotten. The holy priests fasted and prayed many days seeking for light, and lo, the Evangelist's body brake at midnight through the marble and stood before them. They fell to the earth, but in the morning found the crevice the sacred body had burst through, and, peering through it, saw him lie. Then they took and laid him in his chest beneath the altar, and carefully put back the stone with its miraculous crevice, which crevice I saw, and shall gape for a monument while the world lasts. After that they showed me the Virgin's chair; it is of stone; also her picture, painted by St. Paul, very dark, and the features now scarce visible. This picture, in time of drought, they carry in procession, and brings the rain. I wish I had not seen it. Item, two pieces of marble spotted with John the Baptist's blood; item, a piece of the true cross and of the pillar to which Christ was tied; item, the rock struck by Moses, and wet to this hour; also a stone Christ sat on, preaching at Tyre; but some say it is the one the patriarch Jacob laid his head on, and I hold with them, by reason our Lord never preached at Tyre. Going hence they showed me the state nursery for the children of those aphrodisian dames, their favorites. Here in the outer wall was a broad niche, and if they bring them so little as they can squeeze through it alive, the bairn falls into a net inside, and the state takes charge of it, but, if too big, their mothers must even take them home again, with whom abiding 'tis like to be *mali corvi mali ovum*. Coming out of the church we met them carrying in a corpse, with the feet and face bare. This I then first learned is Venetian custom; and sure no other town will ever rob them of it, nor of this that follows. On a great porphyry slab in the piazza were three ghastly heads rotting and tainting the air, and in their hot summers like to take vengeance with breeding of a plague. These were traitors to the state, and, a heavy price — two thousand ducats — being put on each head, their friends had slain them and brought all three to the slab, and so sold blood of others and their own faith. No state buys heads so many, nor pays half so high a price for that sorry merchandise. But what I most admired was to see over against the duke's palace a fair gallows in alabaster, reared express to hang him, and no other, for the least treason to the state; and there it stands in his eye, whispering him *memento mori*. I pondered, and owned these seigniors my masters, who will let no man, not even their sovereign, be above the common weal.

Hard by, on a wall, the workmen were just finishing, by order of the seignior, the stone effigy of a tragical and enormous act enacted last year, yet on the wall looks innocent. Here two gentlefolks whisper together, and there other twain, their swords by their side. Four brethren were they, which did on either side conspire to poison the other two, and so halve their land in lieu of quartering it; and at a mutual banquet these twain drugged the wine, and those twain envenomed a march-pane, to such good purpose that the same afternoon lay four 'brave men' around one table groveling in mortal agony, and cursing of one another and themselves, and so concluded miserably, and the land, for which they had lost their immortal souls, went into another family. And why not? it could not go into a worse.

"But O sovereign wisdom of bywords! how true they put the finger on each nation's, or particular's, fault.

"Quand Italie sera sans poison
Et France sans trahison
Et l'Angleterre sans guerre,
Lors sera le monde sans terre."

Richart explained this to Catherine, then proceeded: "And after this they took me to the quay, and presently I espied among the masts one garlanded with amaranth flowers. 'Take me thither,' said I, and I let my guide know the custom of the Dutch skippers to hoist flowers to the masthead when they are courting a maid. Oft had I scoffed at this, saying, 'So then his wooing is the earth's concern.' But now, so far from the 'Rotter,' that bunch at her masthead made my heart leap with assurance of a countryman. They carried me, and, O Margaret! on the stern of that Dutch hoy was writ in muckle letters,

RICHART ELIASOEN, AMSTERDAM.

'Put me down,' I said: 'for Our Lady's sake put me down.' I sat on the bank and looked, scarce believing my eyes, and looked, and presently fell to crying till I could see the words no more. Ah me, how they went to my heart, those bare letters in a foreign land!"

POEMS OF FRANÇOIS VILLON.

[FRANÇOIS VILLON, one of the earliest of French poets (real name uncertain, perhaps Corbier), was born in Paris in 1431. Little is known of his life except what may be gathered from his writings, from which it is evident that he was a vagabond and a thief, was several times imprisoned for burglary or sacrilege, and was once condemned to death, but on appeal to Parliament managed to have the sentence commuted to banishment. He passed the summer of 1461 in the prison of the Bishop of Orleans at Meung. This time he owed his escape to Louis XI., who passed through Meung, October 2, and ordered a jail delivery in honor of his accession. Villon's works consist of "The Greater Testament"; "The Little Testament"; forty or fifty short pieces, chiefly ballads, such as "The Ballad of the Condemned" and "The Ladies of Bygone Days"; and a series of obscure slang rhymes, entitled "Le Jargon."]

ON DEATH.

(Preceding the "Ballad of Dead Ladies" in the "Greater Testament": Swinburne's Translation.)

Who dies soever, dies with pain;
No man may ease him of his grief. . . .

Death makes him shudder, swoon, wax pale,
Nose bend, veins stretch, and breath surrender,
Neck swell, flesh soften, joints that fail
Crack their strained nerves and arteries slender.
O woman's body found so tender,
Smooth; sweet, so precious in men's eyes,
Must thou too bear such count to render? —
Yes; or pass quick into the skies.

THE BALLAD OF DEAD LADIES.

(Rossetti's Translation.)

Tell me now in what hidden way is
Lady Flora the lovely Roman?
Where's Hipparchia, and where is Thais,
Neither of them the fairer woman?
Where is Echo, beheld of no man,
Only heard on river and mere, —
She whose beauty was more than human? —
But where are the snows of yester-year?

Where's Héloïse, the learned nun,
For whose sake Abeillard, I ween,
Lost manhood and put priesthood on?
(From Love he won such dule and teen!)
And where, I pray you, is the Queen

Who willed that Buridan should steer
 Sewed in a sack's mouth down the Seine? —
 But where are the snows of yester-year?

White Queen Blanche, like a queen of lilies,
 With a voice like any mermaiden, —
 Bertha Broadfoot, Beatrice, Alice,
 And Ermengarde the lady of Maine, —
 And that good Joan whom Englishmen
 At Rouen doomed and burned her there, —
 Mother of God, where are they then? —
 But where are the snows of yester-year?

Nay, never ask this week, fair lord,
 Where they are gone, nor yet this year,
 Except with this for an overword, —
 But where are the snows of yester-year?

TO DEATH, OF HIS LADY.

(Rossetti's Translation.)

Death, of thee do I make my moan,
 Who hadst my lady away from me,
 Nor wilt assuage thine enmity
 Till with her life thou hast mine own;
 For since that hour my strength has flown.
 Lo! what wrong was her life to thee,
 Death?

Two we were, and the heart was one;
 Which now being dead, dead I must be,
 Or seem alive as lifelessly
 As in the choir the painted stone,
 Death!

HIS MOTHER'S SERVICE TO OUR LADY.

(Rossetti's Translation.)

Lady of Heaven and earth, and therewithal
 Crowned Empress of the nether clefts of Hell, —
 I, thy poor Christian, on thy name do call,
 Commending me to thee, with thee to dwell,
 Albeit in naught I be commendable.
 But all mine undeserving may not mar

Such mercies as thy sovereign mercies are;
 Without the which (as true words testify)
 No soul can reach thy Heaven so fair and far.
 Even in this faith I choose to live and die.

Unto thy Son say thou that I am His,
 And to me graceless make Him gracious.
 Sad Mary of Egypt lacked not of that bliss,
 Nor yet the sorrowful clerk Theophilus,
 Whose bitter sins were set aside even thus
 Though to the Fiend his bounden service was.
 Oh help me, lest in vain for me should pass
 (Sweet Virgin that shalt have no loss thereby !)
 The blessed Host and sacring of the Mass.
 Even in this faith I choose to live and die.

A pitiful poor woman, shrunk and old,
 I am, and nothing learned in letter lore.
 Within my parish cloister I behold
 A painted Heaven where harps and lutes adore,
 And eke an Hell whose damned folk see the full sore.
 One bringeth fear, the other joy to me.
 That joy, great Goddess, make thou mine to be, —
 Thou of whom all must ask it even as I;
 And that which faith desires, that let it see.
 For in this faith I choose to live and die.

O excellent Virgin Princess! thou didst bear
 King Jesus, the most excellent comforter,
 Who even of this our weakness craved a share
 And for our sake stooped to us from on high,
 Offering to death His young life sweet and fair.
 Such as He is, Our Lord, I Him declare,
 And in this faith I choose to live and die.

BALLADS OF OLD-TIME LORDS.

(Translated by John Payne.)

I.

Where is Calixtus, third of the name,
 That died in the purple, whiles ago,
 Four years since he to the tiar came?
 And the King of Aragon, Alfonso?
 The Duke of Bourbon, sweet of show,
 And the Duke Arthur of Brittain?

And Charles the Seventh, the Good ? Heigho !
But where is the doughty Charlemagne ?

Likewise the King of Scots, whose shame
Was the half of his face (or folk say so),
Vermeil as amethyst held to the flame,
From chin to forehead all of a glow ?
The King of Cyprus, of friend and foe
Renowned ; and the gentle King of Spain,
Whose name, God 'ield me, I do not know ?
But where is the doughty Charlemagne ?

Of many more might I ask the same,
Who are but dust that the breezes blow ;
But I desist, for none may claim
To stand against Death, that lays all low.
Yet one more question before I go :
Where is Lancelot, King of Behaine ?
And where are his valiant ancestors, trow ?
But where is the doughty Charlemagne ?

ENVOI.

Where is Du Guesclin, the Breton prow ?
Where Auvergne's Dauphin, and where again
The late good Duke of Alençon ? Lo !
But where is the doughty Charlemagne ?

II.

Where are the holy Apostles gone,
Alb-clad and amice-tried and stoled
With the sacred tippet and that alone,
Wherewith, when he waxeth overbold,
The foul fiend's throttle they take and hold ?
All must come to the selfsame bay ;
Sons and servants, their days are told :
The wind carries their like away.

Where is he now that held the throne
Of Constantine, with the hands of gold ?
And the King of France, o'er all kings known
For grace and worship that was extolled,

Who convents and churches manifold
 Built for God's service? In their day
 What of the honor they had? Behold,
 The wind carries their like away.

Where are the champions every one,
 The Dauphins, the counselors, young and old?
 The barons of Salins, Dôl, Dijon,
 Vienne, Grenoble? They all are cold.
 Or take the folk under their banners enrolled, —
 Pursuivants, trumpeters, heralds, (hey!
 How they fed of the fat and the flagon trolled!)
 The wind carries their like away.

ENVOI.

Princes to death are all foretold,
 Even as the humblest of their array:
 Whether they sorrow or whether they scold,
 The wind carries their like away.

SEEMLY LESSON OF VILLON TO THE GOOD-FOR-NAUGHTS.

(Translated by John Payne.)

Fair sons, you're wasting, ere you're old,
 The fairest rose to you that fell.
 You, that like birdlime take and hold,
 When to Montpippeau or Ruel
 (My clerks) you wander, keep you well:
 For of the tricks that there be played,
 Thinking to 'scape a second spell,
 Colin of Cayeulx lost his head.

No trifling game is this to play,
 Where one stakes soul and body too:
 If losers, no remorse can stay
 A shameful death from ending you;
 And even the winner, for his due,
 Hath not a Dido to his wife.
 Foolish and lewd I hold him who
 Doth for so little risk his life.

Now all of you to me attend:
 Even a load of wine, folk say,
 With drinking at last comes to an end,
 By fire in winter, in woods in May.
 If you have money, it doth not stay,
 But this way and that it wastes amain:
 What does it profit you, anyway?
 Ill-gotten good is nobody's gain.

BALLAD OF VILLON IN PRISON.

(Translated by John Payne.)

Have pity, friends, have pity now, I pray,
 If it so please you, at the least, on me!
 I lie in fosse, not under holm or may,
 In this duresse, wherein, alas! I dree
 Ill fate, as God did thereanent decree.
 Lasses and lovers, younglings manifold,
 Dancers and mountebanks, alert and bold,
 Nimble as quarrel from a crossbow shot;
 Singers, that troll as clear as bells of gold,—
 Will you all leave poor Villon here to rot?

Clerks, that go caroling the livelong day,
 Scant-pursed, but glad and frank and full of glee;
 Wandering at will along the broad highway,
 Harebrained, perchance, but wit-whole too, perdie:
 Lo! now, I die, whilst that you absent be.
 Song singers, when poor Villon's days are told,
 You will sing psalms for him and candles hold;
 Here light nor air nor living enters not,
 Where ramparts thick are round about him rolled:
 Will you all leave poor Villon here to rot?

Consider but his piteous array,
 High and fair lords, of suit and service free,
 That nor to king nor kaiser homage pay,
 But straight from God in heaven hold your fee!
 Come fast or feast, all days alike fasts he,
 Whence are his teeth like rake's teeth to behold;
 No table hath he but the sheer black mold:
 After dry bread (not manchets), pot on pot
 They empty down his throat of water cold:
 Will you all leave poor Villon here to rot?

ENVOI.

Princes and lords aforesaid, young and old,
 Get me the king his letters sealed and scrolled
 And draw me from this dungeon; for, God wot,
 Even swine, when one squeaks in the butcher's fold,
 Flock round their fellow and do squeak and scold:
 Will you all leave poor Villon here to rot?

THE EPITAPH,

IN BALLAD FORM, THAT VILLON MADE FOR HIMSELF AND HIS
 COMPANIONS, EXPECTING NO BETTER THAN TO BE HANGED
 IN THEIR COMPANY.

Brothers, that after us on life remain,
 Harden your hearts against us not as stone;
 For, if to pity us poor wights you're fain,
 God shall the rather grant you benison.
 You see us six, the gibbet hereupon:
 As for the flesh that we too well have fed,
 'Tis all devoured and rotted, shred by shred.
 Let none make merry of our piteous case,
 Whose crumbling bones the life long since hath fled:
 The rather pray, God grant us of his grace!

Yea, we conjure you, look not with disdain,
 Brothers, on us, though we to death were done
 By justice. Well you know, the saving grain
 Of sense springs not in every mother's son:
 Commend us, therefore, now we're dead and gone,
 To Christ, the Son of Mary's maidenhead,
 That he leave not his grace on us to shed
 And save us from the nether torture place.
 Let no one harry us; for sooth, we're sped:
 The rather pray, God grant us of his grace!

We are whiles scoured and soddened of the rain,
 And whiles burnt up and blackened of the sun;
 Corbies and pyets have our eyes out ta'en,
 And plucked our beard and hair out, one by one.
 Whether by night or day, rest have we none:

Now here, now there, as the wind shifts its stead,
 We swing and creak and rattle overhead,
 No thimble dinted like our bird-pecked face.
 Brothers, have heed and shun the life we led:
 The rather pray, God grant us of his grace

ENVOI.

Prince Jesus, over all empowerèd,
 Let us not fall into the Place of Dread,
 But all our reckoning with the Fiend efface.
 Folk, mock us not that are forspent and dead;
 The rather pray, God grant us of his grace!



A LODGING FOR THE NIGHT.

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

[ROBERT LOUIS BALFOUR STEVENSON, cosmopolitan novelist, was born at Edinburgh, Scotland, November 13, 1850. Intended for an engineer, and then studying law and called to the bar, he became a traveler and story-teller, settling in Samoa in 1889 and dying there December 3, 1894. He was warmly interested in, and greatly beloved by, the Samoan natives, and "A Footnote to History" is an account of an episode in the foreign handling of their politics. His novels, stories, travel sketches, and poems all contribute to a high literary fame, as instance "Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes," "The New Arabian Nights," "Kidnapped," "The Master of Ballantrae," "A Child's Garden of Verse," "Prince Otto," "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "Catriona" (the same as "David Balfour"), and the unfinished "Weir of Hermiston," besides the "Life of Fleeming Jenkin," and others.]

It was late in November, 1456. The snow fell over Paris with rigorous, relentless persistence; sometimes the wind made a sally and scattered it in flying vortices; sometimes there was a lull, and flake after flake descended out of the black night air, silent, circuitous, interminable. To poor people, looking up under moist eyebrows, it seemed a wonder where it all came from. Master Francis Villon had propounded an alternative that afternoon, at a tavern window: was it only Pagan Jupiter plucking geese upon Olympus? or were the holy angels molting? He was only a poor Master of Arts, he went on; and as the question somewhat touched upon divinity, he durst not venture to conclude. A silly old priest from Montargis, who was among the company, treated the young rascal to a bottle

of wine in honor of the jest and grimaces with which it was accompanied, and swore on his own white beard that he had been just such another irreverent dog when he was Villon's age.

The air was raw and pointed, but not far below freezing; and the flakes were large, damp, and adhesive. The whole city was sheeted up. An army might have marched from end to end and not a footfall given the alarm. If there were any belated birds in heaven, they saw the island like a large white patch, and the bridges like slim white spars, on the black ground of the river. High up overhead the snow settled among the tracery of the cathedral towers. Many a niche was drifted full; many a statue wore a long white bonnet on its grotesque or sainted head. The gargoyles had been transformed into great false noses, drooping towards the point. The crockets were like upright pillows swollen on one side. In the intervals of the wind, there was a dull sound of dripping about the precincts of the church.

The cemetery of St. John had taken its own share of the snow. All the graves were decently covered; tall white house tops stood around in grave array; worthy burghers were long ago in bed, be-nightcapped like their domiciles; there was no light in all the neighborhood but a little peep from a lamp that hung swinging in the church choir, and tossed the shadows to and fro in time to its oscillations. The clock was hard on ten when the patrol went by with halberds and a lantern, beating their hands; and they saw nothing suspicious about the cemetery of St. John.

Yet there was a small house, backed up against the cemetery wall, which was still awake, and awake to evil purpose, in that snoring district. There was not much to betray it from without,—only a stream of warm vapor from the chimney top, a patch where the snow melted on the roof, and a few half-obliterated footprints at the door. But within, behind the shuttered windows, Master Francis Villon the poet, and some of the thievish crew with whom he consorted, were keeping the night alive and passing round the bottle.

A great pile of living embers diffused a strong and ruddy glow from the arched chimney. Before this straddled Dom Nicolas, the Picardy monk, with his skirts picked up and his fat legs bared to the comfortable warmth. His dilated shadow cut the room in half; and the firelight only escaped on either side of his broad person, and in a little pool between his outspread

feet. His face had the beery, bruised appearance of a continual drinker's; it was covered with a network of congested veins, purple in ordinary circumstances, but now pale violet, for even with his back to the fire the cold pinched him on the other side. His cowl had half fallen back, and made a strange excrescence on either side of his bull neck. So he straddled, grumbling, and cut the room in half with the shadow of his portly frame.

On the right, Villon and Guy Tabary were huddled together over a scrap of parchment, Villon making a ballade which he was to call the "Ballade of Roast Fish," and Tabary spluttering admiration at his shoulder. The poet was a rag of a man, dark, little, and lean, with hollow cheeks and thin black locks. He carried his four and twenty years with feverish animation. Greed had made folds about his eyes, evil smiles had puckered his mouth. The wolf and pig struggled together in his face. It was an eloquent, sharp, ugly, earthly countenance. His hands were small and prehensile, with fingers knotted like a cord; and they were continually flickering in front of him in violent and expressive pantomime. As for Tabary, a broad, complacent, admiring imbecility breathed from his squash nose and slobbering lips: he had become a thief, just as he might have become the most decent of burghesses, by the imperious chance that rules the lives of human geese and human donkeys.

At the monk's other hand, Montigny and Thevenin Pensete played a game of chance. About the first there clung some flavor of good birth and training, as about a fallen angel; something long, lithe, and courtly in the person; something aquiline and darkling in the face. Thevenin, poor soul, was in great feather: he had done a good stroke of knavery that afternoon in the Faubourg St. Jacques, and all night he had been gaining from Montigny. A flat smile illuminated his face; his bald head shone rosiely in a garland of red curls; his little protuberant stomach shook with silent chucklings as he swept in his gains.

"Doubles or quits?" said Thevenin.

Montigny nodded grimly.

"Some may prefer to dine in state," wrote Villon, "*On bread and cheese on silver plate.* Or, or—help me out, Guido!"

Tabary giggled.

"*Or parsley on a golden dish,*" scribbled the poet.

The wind was freshening without; it drove the snow before it, and sometimes raised its voice in a victorious whoop, and made sepulchral grumblings in the chimney. The cold was growing sharper as the night went on. Villon, protruding his lips, imitated the gust with something between a whistle and a groan. It was an eerie, uncomfortable talent of the poet's, much detested by the Picardy monk.

"Can't you hear it rattle in the gibbet?" said Villon. "They are all dancing the devil's jig on nothing, up there. You may dance, my gallants, you'll be none the warmer! Whew! what a gust! Down went somebody just now! A medlar the fewer on the three-legged medlar tree!—I say, Dom Nicolas, it'll be cold to-night on the St. Denis Road?" he asked.

Dom Nicolas winked both his big eyes, and seemed to choke upon his Adam's apple. Montfaucon, the great grisly Paris gibbet, stood hard by the St. Denis Road, and the pleasantry touched him on the raw. As for Tabary, he laughed immoderately over the medlars; he had never heard anything more light-hearted; and he held his sides and crowed. Villon fetched him a fillip on the nose, which turned his mirth into an attack of coughing.

"Oh, stop that row," said Villon, "and think of rhymes to 'fish.'"

"Doubles or quits," said Montigny, doggedly.

"With all my heart," quoth Thevenin.

"Is there any more in that bottle?" asked the monk.

"Open another," said Villon. "How do you ever hope to fill that big hogshead, your body, with little things like bottles? And how do you expect to get to heaven? How many angels, do you fancy, can be spared to carry up a single monk from Picardy? Or do you think yourself another Elias—and they'll send the coach for you?"

"*Hominibus impossibile*," replied the monk, as he filled his glass.

Tabary was in ecstasies.

Villon filliped his nose again.

"Laugh at my jokes, if you like," he said.

"It was very good," objected Tabary.

Villon made a face at him. "Think of rhymes to 'fish,'" he said. "What have you to do with Latin? You'll wish you knew none of it at the great assizes, when the devil calls for Guido Tabary, clericus—the devil with the humpback and

red-hot finger nails. Talking of the devil," he added in a whisper, "look at Montigny!"

All three peered covertly at the gamester. He did not seem to be enjoying his luck. His mouth was a little to a side; one nostril nearly shut, and the other much inflated. The black dog was on his back, as people say, in terrifying nursery metaphor; and he breathed hard under the grewsome burden.

"He looks as if he could knife him," whispered Tabary, with round eyes.

The monk shuddered, and turned his face and spread his open hands to the red embers. It was the cold that thus affected Dom Nicolas, and not any excess of moral sensibility.

"Come now," said Villon, "about this ballade. How does it run so far?" And beating time with his hand, he read it aloud to Tabary.

They were interrupted at the fourth rhyme by a brief and fatal movement among the gamesters. The round was completed, and Thevenin was just opening his mouth to claim another victory, when Montigny leaped up, swift as an adder, and stabbed him to the heart. The blow took effect before he had time to utter a cry, before he had time to move. A tremor or two convulsed his frame; his hands opened and shut, his heels rattled on the floor; then his head rolled backward over one shoulder with the eyes wide open; and Thevenin Pensete's spirit had returned to Him who made it.

Every one sprang to his feet; but the business was over in two twos. The four living fellows looked at each other in rather a ghastly fashion, the dead man contemplating a corner of the roof with a singular and ugly leer.

"My God!" said Tabary; and he began to pray in Latin.

Villon broke out into hysterical laughter. He came a step forward and ducked a ridiculous bow at Thevenin, and laughed still louder. Then he sat down suddenly, all of a heap, upon a stool, and continued laughing bitterly as though he would shake himself to pieces.

Montigny recovered his composure first.

"Let's see what he has about him," he remarked, and he picked the dead man's pockets with a practiced hand, and divided the money into four equal portions on the table. "There's for you," he said.

The monk received his share with a deep sigh, and a single

stealthy glance at the dead Thevenin, who was beginning to sink into himself and topple sideways off the chair.

"We're all in for it," cried Villon, swallowing his mirth. "It's a hanging job for every man jack of us that's here—not to speak of those who aren't." He made a shocking gesture in the air with his raised right hand, and put out his tongue and threw his head on one side, so as to counterfeit the appearance of one who has been hanged. Then he pocketed his share of the spoil, and executed a shuffle with his feet as if to restore the circulation.

Tabary was the last to help himself; he made a dash at the money, and retired to the other end of the apartment.

Montigny stuck Thevenin upright in the chair, and drew out the dagger, which was followed by a jet of blood.

"You fellows had better be moving," he said, as he wiped the blade on his victim's doublet.

"I think we had," returned Villon, with a gulp. "Damn his fat head!" he broke out. "It sticks in my throat like phlegm. What right has a man to have red hair when he is dead?" And he fell all of a heap again upon the stool, and fairly covered his face with his hands.

Montigny and Dom Nicolas laughed aloud, even Tabary feebly chiming in.

"Cry baby," said the monk.

"I always said he was a woman," added Montigny, with a sneer. "Sit up, can't you?" he went on, giving another shake to the murdered body. "Tread out that fire, Nick!"

But Nick was better employed; he was quietly taking Villon's purse, as the poet sat, limp and trembling, on the stool where he had been making a ballade not three minutes before. Montigny and Tabary dumbly demanded a share of the booty, which the monk silently promised as he passed the little bag into the bosom of his gown. In many ways an artistic nature unfits a man for practical existence.

No sooner had the theft been accomplished than Villon shook himself, jumped to his feet, and began helping to scatter and extinguish the embers. Meanwhile Montigny opened the door and cautiously peered into the street. The coast was clear; there was no meddlesome patrol in sight. Still it was judged wiser to slip out severally; and as Villon was himself in a hurry to escape from the neighborhood of the dead Thevenin, and the rest were in a still greater hurry to get rid of him

before he should discover the loss of his money, he was the first by general consent to issue forth into the street.

The wind had triumphed and swept all the clouds from heaven. Only a few vapors, as thin as moonlight, fled rapidly across the stars. It was bitter cold; and by a common optical effect, things seemed almost more definite than in the broadest daylight. The sleeping city was absolutely still; a company of white hoods, a field full of little alps, below the twinkling stars. Villon cursed his fortune. Would it were still snowing! Now, wherever he went, he left an indelible trail behind him on the glittering streets; wherever he went he was still tethered to the house by the cemetery of St. John; wherever he went he must weave, with his own plodding feet, the rope that bound him to the crime and would bind him to the gallows. The leer of the dead man came back to him with a new significance. He snapped his fingers as if to pluck up his own spirits, and choosing a street at random, stepped boldly forward in the snow. •

Two things preoccupied him as he went: the aspect of the gallows at Montfaucon in this bright, windy phase of the night's existence, for one; and for another, the look of the dead man with his bald head and garland of red curls. Both struck cold upon his heart, and he kept quickening his pace as if he could escape from unpleasant thoughts by mere fleetness of foot. Sometimes he looked back over his shoulder with a sudden nervous jerk; but he was the only moving thing in the white streets, except when the wind swooped round a corner and threw up the snow, which was beginning to freeze, in spouts of glittering dust.

Suddenly he saw, a long way before him, a black clump and a couple of lanterns. The clump was in motion, and the lanterns swung as though carried by men walking. It was a patrol. And though it was merely crossing his line of march, he judged it wiser to get out of eyeshot as speedily as he could. He was not in the humor to be challenged, and he was conscious of making a very conspicuous mark upon the snow. Just on his left hand there stood a great hotel, with some turrets and a large porch before the door; it was half ruinous, he remembered, and had long stood empty; and so he made three steps of it, and jumped into the shelter of the porch. It was pretty dark inside, after the glimmer of the snowy streets, and he was groping forward with outspread hands, when he stumbled over

some substance which offered an indescribable mixture of resistances, hard and soft, firm and loose. His heart gave a leap, and he sprang two steps back and stared dreadfully at the obstacle. Then he gave a little laugh of relief. It was only a woman, and she dead. He knelt beside her to make sure upon this latter point. She was freezing cold, and rigid like a stick. A little ragged finery fluttered in the wind about her hair, and her cheeks had been heavily rouged that same afternoon. Her pockets were quite empty; but in her stocking, underneath the garter, Villon found two of the small coins that went by the name of whites. It was little enough, but it was always something; and the poet was moved with a deep sense of pathos that she should have died before she had spent her money. That seemed to him a dark and pitiable mystery; and he looked from the coins in his hand to the dead woman, and back again to the coins, shaking his head over the riddle of man's life. Henry V. of England, dying at Vincennes just after he had conquered France, and this poor jade cut off by a cold draught in a great man's doorway, before she had time to spend her couple of whites—it seemed a cruel way to carry on the world. Two whites would have taken such a little while to squander; and yet it would have been one more good taste in the mouth, one more smack of the lips, before the devil got the soul, and the body was left to birds and vermin. He would like to use all his tallow before the light was blown out and the lantern broken.

While these thoughts were passing through his mind, he was feeling, half mechanically, for his purse. Suddenly his heart stopped beating; a feeling of cold scales passed up the back of his legs, and a cold blow seemed to fall upon his scalp. He stood petrified for a moment; then he felt again with one feverish movement; and then his loss burst upon him, and he was covered at once with perspiration. To spendthrifts money is so living and actual—it is such a thin veil between them and their pleasures! There is only one limit to their fortune—that of time; and a spendthrift with only a few crowns is the Emperor of Rome until they are spent. For such a person to lose his money is to suffer the most shocking reverse, and fall from heaven to hell, from all to nothing, in a breath. And all the more if he has put his head in the halter for it; if he may be hanged to-morrow for that same purse, so dearly earned, so foolishly departed! Villon stood and cursed; he threw the

two whites into the street ; he shook his fist at heaven ; he stamped, and was not horrified to find himself trampling the poor corpse. Then he began rapidly to retrace his steps towards the house beside the cemetery. He had forgotten all fear of the patrol, which was long gone by at any rate, and had no idea but that of his lost purse. It was in vain that he looked right and left upon the snow : nothing was to be seen. He had not dropped it in the streets. Had it fallen in the house ? He would have liked dearly to go in and see ; but the idea of the grisly occupant unmanned him. And he saw besides, as he drew near, that their efforts to put out the fire had been unsuccessful ; on the contrary, it had broken into a blaze, and a changeful light played in the chinks of door and window, and revived his terror for the authorities and Paris gibbet.

He returned to the hotel with the porch, and groped about upon the snow for the money he had thrown away in his childish passion. But he could only find one white ; the other had probably struck sideways and sunk deeply in. With a single white in his pocket, all his projects for a rousing night in some wild tavern vanished utterly away. And it was not only pleasure that fled laughing from his grasp : positive discomfort, positive pain, attacked him as he stood ruefully before the porch. His perspiration had dried upon him ; and although the wind had now fallen, a binding frost was setting in stronger with every hour, and he felt benumbed and sick at heart. What was to be done ? Late as was the hour, improbable as was success, he would try the house of his adopted father, the chaplain of St. Benoit.

He ran there all the way, and knocked timidly. There was no answer. He knocked again and again, taking heart with every stroke ; and at last steps were heard approaching from within. A barred wicket fell open in the iron-studded door, and emitted a gush of yellow light.

"Hold up your face to the wicket," said the chaplain from within.

"It's only me," whimpered Villon.

"Oh, it's only you, is it ?" returned the chaplain ; and he cursed him with foul unpriestly oaths for disturbing him at such an hour, and bade him be off to hell, where he came from.

"My hands are blue to the wrist," pleaded Villon ; "my feet are dead and full of twinges ; my nose aches with the sharp

air; the cold lies at my heart. I may be dead before morning. Only this once, father, and before God, I will never ask again!"

"You should have come earlier," said the ecclesiastic, coolly. "Young men require a lesson now and then." He shut the wicket and retired deliberately into the interior of the house.

Villon was beside himself; he beat upon the door with his hands and feet, and shouted hoarsely after the chaplain.

"Wormy old fox!" he cried. "If I had my hand under your twist, I would send you flying headlong into the bottomless pit."

A door shut in the interior, faintly audible to the poet down long passages. He passed his hand over his mouth with an oath. And then the humor of the situation struck him, and he laughed and looked lightly up to heaven, where the stars seemed to be winking over his discomfiture.

What was to be done? It looked very like a night in the frosty streets. The idea of the dead woman popped into his imagination, and gave him a hearty fright; what had happened to her in the early night might very well happen to him before morning. And he so young! and with such immense possibilities of disorderly amusement before him! He felt quite pathetic over the notion of his own fate, as if it had been some one else's, and made a little imaginative vignette of the scene in the morning when they should find his body.

He passed all his chances under review, turning the white between his thumb and forefinger. Unfortunately he was on bad terms with some old friends who would once have taken pity on him in such a plight. He had lampooned them in verses; he had beaten and cheated them; and yet now, when he was in so close a pinch, he thought there was at least one who might perhaps relent. It was a chance. It was worth trying at least, and he would go and see.

On the way, two little accidents happened to him which colored his musings in a very different manner. For, first, he fell in with the track of a patrol, and walked in it for some hundred yards, although it lay out of his direction. And this spirited him up; at least he had confused his trail; for he was still possessed with the idea of people tracking him all about Paris over the snow, and collaring him next morning before he was awake. The other matter affected him quite differently. He passed a street corner where, not so long before, a woman

and her child had been devoured by wolves. This was just the kind of weather, he reflected, when wolves might take it into their heads to enter Paris again; and a lone man in these deserted streets would run the chance of something worse than a mere scare. He stopped and looked upon the place with an unpleasant interest — it was a center where several lanes intersected each other; and he looked down them all, one after another, and held his breath to listen, lest he should detect some galloping black things on the snow or hear the sound of howling between him and the river. He remembered his mother telling him the story and pointing out the spot, while he was yet a child. His mother! If he only knew where she lived, he might make sure at least of shelter. He determined he would inquire upon the morrow; nay, he would go and see her, too, poor old girl! So thinking, he arrived at his destination — his last hope for the night.

The house was quite dark, like its neighbors; and yet after a few taps, he heard a movement overhead, a door opening, and a cautious voice asking who was there. The poet named himself in a loud whisper, and waited, not without some trepidation, the result. Nor had he to wait long. A window was suddenly opened, and a pailful of slops splashed down upon the doorstep. Villon had not been unprepared for something of the sort, and had put himself as much in shelter as the nature of the porch admitted; but for all that, he was deplorably drenched below the waist. His hose began to freeze almost at once. Death from cold and exposure stared him in the face; he remembered he was of phthisical tendency, and began coughing tentatively. But the gravity of the danger steadied his nerves. He stopped a few hundred yards from the door where he had been so rudely used, and reflected with his finger to his nose. He could see only one way of getting a lodging, and that was to take it. He had noticed a house not far away, which looked as if it might be easily broken into, and thither he betook himself promptly, entertaining himself on the way with the idea of a room still hot, with a table still loaded with the remains of supper, where he might pass the rest of the black hours and whence he should issue, on the morrow, with an armful of valuable plate. He even considered on what viands and what wines he should prefer; and as he was calling the roll of his favorite dainties, roast fish presented itself to his mind with an odd mixture of amusement and horror.

"I shall never finish that ballade," he thought to himself; and then, with another shudder at the recollection, "Oh, damn his fat head!" he repeated fervently, and spat upon the snow.

The house in question looked dark at first sight; but as Villon made a preliminary inspection in search of the handiest point of attack, a little twinkle of light caught his eye from behind a curtained window.

"The devil!" he thought. "People awake! Some student or some saint, confound the crew! Can't they get drunk and lie in bed snoring like their neighbors! What's the good of curfew, and poor devils of bell ringers jumping at a rope's end in bell towers? What's the use of day, if people sit up all night? The gripes to them!" He grinned as he saw where his logic was leading him. "Every man to his business, after all," added he, "and if they're awake, by the Lord, I may come by a supper honestly for once, and cheat the devil."

He went boldly to the door and knocked with an assured hand. On both previous occasions, he had knocked timidly and with some dread of attracting notice; but now, when he had just discarded the thought of a burglarious entry, knocking at a door seemed a mighty simple and innocent proceeding. The sound of his blows echoed through the house with thin, phantasmal reverberations, as though it were quite empty; but these had scarcely died away before a measured tread drew near, a couple of bolts were withdrawn, and one wing was opened broadly, as though no guile or fear of guile were known to those within. A tall figure of a man, muscular and spare, but a little bent, confronted Villon. The head was massive in bulk, but finely sculptured; the nose blunt at the bottom, but refining upward to where it joined a pair of strong and honest eyebrows; the mouth and eyes surrounded with delicate markings, and the whole face based upon a thick white beard, boldly and squarely trimmed. Seen as it was by the light of a flickering hand lamp, it looked perhaps nobler than it had a right to do; but it was a fine face, honorable rather than intelligent, strong, simple, and righteous.

"You knock late, sir," said the old man, in resonant, courteous tones.

Villon cringed, and brought up many servile words of apology; at a crisis of this sort, the beggar was uppermost in him, and the man of genius hid his head with confusion.

"You are cold," repeated the old man, "and hungry?"

Well, step in." And he ordered him into the house with a noble enough gesture.

"Some great seigneur," thought Villon, as his host, setting down the lamp on the flagged pavement of the entry, shot the bolts once more into their places.

"You will pardon me if I go in front," he said, when this was done; and he preceded the poet upstairs into a large apartment, warmed with a pan of charcoal and lit by a great lamp hanging from the roof. It was very bare of furniture: only some gold plate on a sideboard; some folios; and a stand of armor between the windows. Some smart tapestry hung upon the walls, representing the crucifixion of our Lord in one piece, and in another a scene of shepherds and shepherdesses by a running stream. Over the chimney was a shield of arms.

"Will you seat yourself," said the old man, "and forgive me if I leave you? I am alone in my house to-night, and if you are to eat I must forage for you myself."

No sooner was his host gone than Villon leaped from the chair on which he had just seated himself, and began examining the room, with the stealth and passion of a cat. He weighed the gold flagons in his hand, opened all the folios, and investigated the arms upon the shield, and the stuff with which the seats were lined. He raised the window curtains, and saw that the windows were set with rich stained glass in figures, so far as he could see, of martial import. Then he stood in the middle of the room, drew a long breath, and retaining it with puffed cheeks, looked round and round him, turning on his heels, as if to impress every feature of the apartment on his memory.

"Seven pieces of plate," he said. "If there had been ten, I would have risked it. A fine house, and a fine old master, so help me all the saints!"

And just then, hearing the old man's tread returning along the corridor, he stole back to his chair, and began humbly toasting his wet legs before the charcoal pan.

His entertainer had a plate of meat in one hand and a jug of wine in the other. He set down the plate upon the table, motioning Villon to draw in his chair, and going to the sideboard, brought back two goblets, which he filled.

"I drink your better fortune," he said, gravely touching Villon's cup with his own.

"To our better acquaintance," said the poet, growing bold.

A mere man of the people would have been awed by the courtesy of the old seigneur, but Villon was hardened in that matter; he had made mirth for great lords before now, and found them as black rascals as himself. And so he devoted himself to the viands with a ravenous gusto, while the old man, leaning backward, watched him with steady, curious eyes.

"You have blood on your shoulder, my man," he said.

Montigny must have laid his wet right hand upon him as he left the house. He cursed Montigny in his heart.

"It was none of my shedding," he stammered.

"I had not supposed so," returned his host, quietly. "A brawl?"

"Well, something of that sort," Villon admitted with a quaver.

"Perhaps a fellow murdered?"

"Oh, no, not murdered," said the poet, more and more confused. "It was all fair play — murdered by accident. I had no hand in it, God strike me dead!" he added fervently.

"One rogue the fewer, I dare say," observed the master of the house.

"You may dare to say that," agreed Villon, infinitely relieved. "As big a rogue as there is between here and Jerusalem. He turned up his toes like a lamb. But it was a nasty thing to look at. I dare say you've seen dead men in your time, my lord?" he added, glancing at the armor.

"Many," said the old man. "I have followed the wars, as you imagine."

Villon laid down his knife and fork, which he had just taken up again.

"Were any of them bald?" he asked.

"Oh yes, and with hair as white as mine."

"I don't think I should mind the white so much," said Villon. "His was red." And he had a return of his shuddering and tendency to laughter, which he drowned with a great draught of wine. "I'm a little put out when I think of it," he went on. "I knew him — damn him! And then the cold gives a man fancies — or the fancies give a man cold, I don't know which."

"Have you any money?" asked the old man.

"I have one white," returned the poet, laughing. "I got it out of a dead jade's stocking in a porch. She was as dead as Cæsar, poor wench, and as cold as a church, with bits of ribbon

sticking in her hair. This is a hard world in winter for wolves and wenches and poor rogues like me."

"I," said the old man, "am Enguerrand de la Feuillée, seigneur de Brisetout, bailly du Patatrac. Who and what may you be?"

Villon rose and made a suitable reverence. "I am called Francis Villon," he said, "a poor Master of Arts of this university. I know some Latin, and a deal of vice. I can make chansons, ballades, lays, virelais, and roundels, and I am very fond of wine. I was born in a garret, and I shall not improbably die upon the gallows. I may add, my lord, that from this night forward I am your lordship's very obsequious servant to command."

"No servant of mine," said the knight; "my guest for this evening, and no more."

"A very grateful guest," said Villon, politely, and he drank in dumb show to his entertainer.

"You are shrewd," began the old man, tapping his forehead, "very shrewd; you have learning; you are a clerk; and yet you take a small piece of money off a dead woman in the street. Is it not a kind of theft?"

"It is a kind of theft much practiced in the wars, my lord."

"The wars are the field of honor," returned the old man, proudly. "There a man plays his life upon the cast; he fights in the name of his lord the king, his Lord God, and all their lordships the holy saints and angels."

"Put it," said Villon, "that I were really a thief, should I not play my life also, and against heavier odds?"

"For gain, but not for honor."

"Gain?" repeated Villon, with a shrug. "Gain! The poor fellow wants supper, and takes it. So does the soldier in a campaign. Why, what are all these requisitions we hear so much about? If they are not gain to those who take them, they are loss enough to the others. The men at arms drink by a good fire, while the burgher bites his nails to buy them wine and wood. I have seen a good many plowmen swinging on trees about the country; ay, I have seen thirty on one elm, and a very poor figure they made; and when I asked some one how all these came to be hanged, I was told it was because they could not scrape together enough crowns to satisfy the men at arms."

"These things are a necessity of war, which the lowborn must endure with constancy. It is true that some captains

drive overhard; there are spirits in every rank not easily moved by pity; and, indeed, many follow arms who are no better than brigands."

"You see," said the poet, "you cannot separate the soldier from the brigand; and what is a thief but an isolated brigand with circumspect manners? I steal a couple of mutton chops, without so much as disturbing people's sleep; the farmer grumbles a bit, but sups none the less wholesomely on what remains. You come up blowing gloriously on a trumpet, take away the whole sheep, and beat the farmer pitifully into the bargain. I have no trumpet; I am only Tom, Dick, or Harry; I am a rogue and a dog, and hanging's too good for me—with all my heart; but just ask the farmer which of us he prefers, just find out which of us he lies awake to curse on cold nights."

"Look at us two," said his lordship. "I am old, strong, and honored. If I were turned from my house to-morrow, hundreds would be proud to shelter me. Poor people would go out and pass the night in the streets with their children, if I merely hinted that I wished to be alone. And I find you up, wandering homeless, and picking farthings off dead women by the wayside! I fear no man and nothing; I have seen you tremble and lose countenance at a word. I wait God's summons contentedly in my own house, or, if it please the king to call me out again, upon the field of battle. You look for the gallows; a rough, swift death, without hope or honor. Is there no difference between these two?"

"As far as to the moon," Villon acquiesced. "But if I had been born lord of Brisetout, and you had been the poor scholar Francis, would the difference have been any the less? Should not I have been warming my knees at this charcoal pan, and would not you have been groping for farthings in the snow? Should not I have been the soldier, and you the thief?"

"A thief?" cried the old man. "I a thief! If you understood your words, you would repent them."

Villon turned out his hands with a gesture of inimitable impudence. "If your lordship had done me the honor to follow my argument!" he said.

"I do you too much honor in submitting to your presence," said the knight. "Learn to curb your tongue when you speak with old and honorable men, or some one hastier than I may reprove you in a sharper fashion." And he rose and paced the lower end of the apartment, struggling with anger and antip-

athy. Villon surreptitiously refilled his cup, and settled himself more comfortably in the chair, crossing his knees and leaning his head upon one hand and the elbow against the back of the chair. He was now replete and warm; and he was in no wise frightened for his host, having gauged him as justly as was possible between two such different characters. The night was far spent, and in a very comfortable fashion after all; and he felt morally certain of a safe departure on the morrow.

"Tell me one thing," said the old man, pausing in his walk. "Are you really a thief?"

"I claim the sacred rights of hospitality," returned the poet. "My lord, I am."

"You are very young," the knight continued.

"I should never have been so old," replied Villon, showing his fingers, "if I had not helped myself with these ten talents. They have been my nursing mothers and my nursing fathers."

"You may still repent and change."

"I repent daily," said the poet. "There are few people more given to repentance than poor Francis. As for change, let somebody change my circumstances. A man must continue to eat, if it were only that he may continue to repent."

"The change must begin in the heart," returned the old man, solemnly.

"My dear lord," answered Villon, "do you really fancy that I steal for pleasure? I hate stealing, like any other piece of work or of danger. My teeth chatter when I see a gallows. But I must eat, I must drink, I must mix in society of some sort. What the devil! Man is not a solitary animal—*Cui Deus fœminam tradit*. Make me king's pantler—make me abbot of St. Denis; make me bailly of the Patatrac; and then I shall be changed indeed. But as long as you leave me the poor scholar Francis Villon, without a farthing, why, of course, I remain the same."

"The grace of God is all-powerful."

"I should be a heretic to question it," said Francis. "It has made you lord of Brisetout and bailly of the Patatrac; it has given me nothing but the quick wits under my hat and these ten toes upon my hands. May I help myself to wine? I thank you respectfully. By God's grace, you have a very superior vintage."

The lord of Brisetout walked to and fro with his hands behind his back. Perhaps he was not yet quite settled in his

mind about the parallel between thieves and soldiers; perhaps Villon had interested him by some cross thread of sympathy; perhaps his wits were simply muddled by so much unfamiliar reasoning; but whatever the cause, he somehow yearned to convert the young man to a better way of thinking, and could not make up his mind to drive him forth again into the street.

"There is something more than I can understand in this," he said at length. "Your mouth is full of subtleties, and the devil has led you very far astray; but the devil is only a very weak spirit before God's truth, and all his subtleties vanish at a word of true honor, like darkness at morning. Listen to me once more. I learned long ago that a gentleman should live chivalrously and lovingly to God, and the king, and his lady; and though I have seen many strange things done, I have still striven to command my ways upon that rule. It is not only written in all noble histories, but in every man's heart, if he will take care to read. You speak of food and wine, and I know very well that hunger is a difficult trial to endure; but you do not speak of other wants; you say nothing of honor, of faith to God and other men, of courtesy, of love without reproach. It may be that I am not very wise—and yet I think I am—but you seem to me like one who has lost his way and made a great error in life. You are attending to the little wants, and you have totally forgotten the great and only real ones, like a man who should be doctoring toothache on the Judgment Day. For such things as honor and love and faith are not only nobler than food and drink, but indeed I think we desire them more, and suffer more sharply for their absence. I speak to you as I think you will most easily understand me. Are you not, while careful to fill your belly, disregarding another appetite in your heart, which spoils the pleasure of your life and keeps you continually wretched?"

Villon was sensibly nettled under all this sermonizing. "You think I have no sense of honor!" he cried. "I'm poor enough, God knows! It's hard to see rich people with their gloves, and you blowing in your hands. An empty belly is a bitter thing, although you speak so lightly of it. If you had had as many as I, perhaps you would change your tune. Any way I'm a thief—make the most of that—but I'm not a devil from hell, God strike me dead. I would have you to know I've an honor of my own, as good as yours, though I don't prate about it all day long, as if it was a God's miracle to have any.

It seems quite natural to me ; I keep it in its box till it's wanted. Why now, look you here, how long have I been in this room with you? Did you not tell me you were alone in the house? Look at your gold plate! You're strong, if you like, but you're old and unarmed, and I have my knife. What did I want but a jerk of the elbow and here would have been you with the cold steel in your bowels, and there would have been me, linking in the streets, with an armful of golden cups! Did you suppose I hadn't wit enough to see that? And I scorned the action. There are your damned goblets, as safe as in a church; there are you, with your heart ticking as good as new; and here am I, ready to go out again as poor as I came in, with my one white that you threw in my teeth! And you think I have no sense of honor — God strike me dead!"

The old man stretched out his right arm. "I will tell you what you are," he said. "You are a rogue, my man, an impudent and black-hearted rogue and vagabond. I have passed an hour with you. Oh! believe me, I feel myself disgraced! And you have eaten and drunk at my table. But now I am sick at your presence; the day has come, and the night bird should be off to his roost. Will you go before, or after?"

"Which you please," returned the poet, rising. "I believe you to be strictly honorable." He thoughtfully emptied his cup. "I wish I could add you were intelligent," he went on, knocking on his head with his knuckles. "Age! age! the brains stiff and rheumatic."

The old man preceded him from a point of self-respect; Villon followed, whistling, with his thumbs in his girdle.

"God pity you," said the lord of Brisetout at the door.

"Good-by, papa," returned Villon, with a yawn. "Many thanks for the cold mutton."

The door closed behind him. The dawn was breaking over the white roofs. A chill, uncomfortable morning ushered in the day. Villon stood and heartily stretched himself in the middle of the road.

"A very dull old gentleman," he thought. "I wonder what his goblets may be worth."

COPLAS DE MANRIQUE.

(Longfellow's Translation.)

[**DON JORGE MANRIQUE**, the author of the following poem, flourished in the last half of the fifteenth century. He followed the profession of arms, and died on the field of battle. Mariana, in his "History of Spain," makes honorable mention of him, as being present at the siege of Uclés; and speaks of him as "a youth of estimable qualities, who in this war gave brilliant proofs of his valor. He died young, and was thus cut off from long exercising his great virtues, and exhibiting to the world the light of his genius, which was already known to fame." He was mortally wounded in a skirmish near Cañavete, in the year 1479. The name of Rodrigo Manrique, the father of the poet, Conde de Paredes and Maestre de Santiago, is well known in Spanish history and song. He died in 1476; according to Mariana, in the town of Uclés, but according to the poem of his son, in Ocaña. It was his death that called forth the poem upon which rests the literary reputation of the younger Manrique. In the language of his historian, "Don Jorge Manrique, in an elegant ode, full of poetic beauties, rich embellishments of genius, and high moral reflections, mourned the death of his father as with a funeral hymn." This praise is not exaggerated. The poem is a model in its kind. Its conception is solemn and beautiful; and in accordance with it the style moves on, — calm, dignified, and majestic. — LONGFELLOW.]

O LET the soul her slumbers break,
 Let thought be quickened, and awake;
 Awake to see
 How soon this life is past and gone,
 And death comes softly stealing on,
 How silently!

Swiftly our pleasures glide away,
 Our hearts recall the distant day
 With many sighs;
 The moments that are speeding fast
 We heed not, but the past, — the past, —
 More highly prize.

Onward its course the present keeps,
 Onward the constant current sweeps,
 Till life is done;
 And, did we judge of time aright,
 The past and future in their flight
 Would be as one.

Let no one fondly dream again,
 That Hope and all her shadowy train
 Will not decay;

Fleeting as were the dreams of old,
Remembered like a tale that's told,
They pass away.

Our lives are rivers, gliding free
To that unfathomed, boundless sea,
The silent grave!
Thither all earthly pomp and boast
Roll, to be swallowed up and lost
In one dark wave.

Thither the mighty torrents stray,
Thither the brook pursues its way,
And tinkling rill.
There all are equal. Side by side
The poor man and the son of pride
Lie calm and still.

I will not here invoke the throng
Of orators and sons of song,
The deathless few;
Fiction entices and deceives,
And, sprinkled o'er her fragrant leaves,
Lies poisonous dew.

To One alone my thoughts arise,
The Eternal Truth,—the Good and Wise,—
To Him I cry,
Who shared on earth our common lot,
But the world comprehended not
His deity.

This world is but the rugged road
Which leads us to the bright abode
Of peace above;
So let us choose that narrow way,
Which leads no traveler's foot astray
From realms of love.

Our cradle is the starting place,
In life we run the onward race,
And reach the goal;
When, in the mansions of the blest,
Death leaves to its eternal rest
The weary soul.

Did we but use it as we ought,
This world would school each wandering thought
To its high state.
Faith wings the soul beyond the sky,
Up to that better world on high,
For which we wait.

Yes, — the glad messenger of love,
To guide us to our home above,
The Savior came;
Born amid mortal cares and fears,
He suffered in this vale of tears
A death of shame.

Behold of what delusive worth
The bubbles we pursue on earth,
The shapes we chase,
Amid a world of treachery!
They vanish ere death shuts the eye,
And leave no trace.

Time steals them from us, — chances strange,
Disastrous accidents, and change,
That come to all;
Even in the most exalted state,
Relentless sweeps the stroke of fate;
The strongest fall.

Tell me, — the charms that lovers seek
In the clear eye and blushing cheek,
The hues that play
O'er rosy lip and brow of snow,
When hoary age approaches slow,
Ah, where are they?

The cunning skill, the curious arts,
The glorious strength that youth imparts
In life's first stage;
These shall become a heavy weight,
When Time swings wide his outward gate
To weary age.

The noble blood of Gothic name,
Heroes emblazoned high to fame,
In long array;

How, in the onward course of time,
The landmarks of that race sublime
Were swept away !

Some, the degraded slaves of lust,
Prostrate and trampled in the dust,
Shall rise no more ;
Others, by guilt and crime, maintain
The scutcheon, that, without a stain,
Their fathers bore.

Wealth and the high estate of pride,
With what untimely speed they glide,
How soon depart !
Bid not the shadowy phantoms stay,
The vassals of a mistress they,
Of fickle heart.

These gifts in Fortune's hands are found ;
Her swift revolving wheel turns round,
And they are gone !
No rest the inconstant goddess knows,
But changing, and without repose,
Still hurries on.

Even could the hand of avarice save
Its gilded baubles, till the grave
Reclaimed its prey,
Let none on such poor hopes rely ;
Life, like an empty dream, flits by,
And where are they ?

Earthly desires and sensual lust
Are passions springing from the dust, —
They fade and die ;
But, in the life beyond the tomb,
They seal the immortal spirit's doom
Eternally !

The pleasures and delights, which mask
In treacherous smiles life's serious task,
What are they, all,
But the fleet coursers of the chase,
And death an ambush in the race,
Wherein we fall ?

No foe, no dangerous pass, we heed,
 Brook no delay, — but onward speed
 With loosened rein;
 And, when the fatal snare is near,
 We strive to check our mad career,
 But strive in vain.

Could we new charms to age impart,
 And fashion with a cunning art
 The human face,
 As we can clothe the soul with light,
 And make the glorious spirit bright
 With heavenly grace, —

How busily each passing hour
 Should we exert that magic power!
 What ardor show,
 To deck the sensual slave of sin,
 Yet leave the freeborn soul within,
 In weeds of woe!

Monarchs, the powerful and the strong,
 Famous in history and in song
 Of olden time,
 Saw, by the stern decrees of fate,
 Their kingdoms lost, and desolate
 Their race sublime.

Who is the champion? who the strong?
 Pontiff and priest, and sceptered throng?
 On these shall fall
 As heavily the hand of Death,
 As when it stays the shepherd's breath
 Beside his stall.

I speak not of the Trojan name,
 Neither its glory nor its shame
 Has met our eyes;
 Nor of Rome's great and glorious dead,
 Though we have heard so oft, and read,
 Their histories.

Little avails it now to know
 Of ages passed so long ago,
 Nor how they rolled;

Our theme shall be of yesterday,
Which to oblivion sweeps away,
Like days of old.

Where is the King, Don Juan? Where
Each royal prince and noble heir
Of Aragon?
Where are the courtly gallantries?
The deeds of love and high emprise,
In battle done?

Tourney and joust, that charmed the eye,
And scarf, and gorgeous panoply,
And nodding plume, —
What were they but a pageant scene?
What but the garlands, gay and green,
That deck the tomb?

Where are the highborn dames, and where
Their gay attire, and jeweled hair,
And odors sweet?
Where are the gentle knights, that came
To kneel, and breathe love's ardent flame,
Low at their feet? . . .

The countless gifts, — the stately walls,
The royal palaces, and halls
All filled with gold;
Plate with armorial bearings wrought,
Chambers with ample treasures fraught
Of wealth untold;

The noble steeds, and harness bright,
And gallant lord, and stalwart knight,
In rich array, —
Where shall we seek them now? Alas!
Like the bright dewdrops on the grass,
They passed away. . . .

O World! so few the years we live,
Would that the life which thou dost give
Were life indeed!
Alas! thy sorrows fall so fast,
Our happiest hour is when at last
The soul is freed.

Our days are covered o'er with grief,
And sorrows neither few nor brief
Veil all in gloom;
Left desolate of real good,
Within this cheerless solitude
No pleasures bloom.

Thy pilgrimage begins in tears,
And ends in bitter doubts and fears,
Or dark despair;
Midway so many toils appear,
That he who lingers longest here
Knows most of care.

Thy goods are bought with many a groan,
By the hot sweat of toil alone,
And weary hearts;
Fleet-footed is the approach of woe,
But with a lingering step and slow
Its form departs.

And he, the good man's shield and shade,
To whom all hearts their homage paid,
As Virtue's son,—
Roderic Manrique, — he whose name
Is written on the scroll of Fame,
Spain's champion;

His signal deeds and prowess high
Demand no pompous eulogy, —
Ye saw his deeds!
Why should their praise in verse be sung?
The name, that dwells on every tongue,
No minstrel needs.

To friends a friend; — how kind to all
The vassals of this ancient hall
And feudal fief!
To foes how stern a foe was he!
And to the valiant and the free
How brave a chief!

What prudence with the old and wise:
What grace in youthful gayeties;
In all how sage!

Benignant to the serf and slave,
He showed the base and falsely brave
A lion's rage.

His was Octavian's prosperous star,
The rush of Cæsar's conquering car
At battle's call;
His, Scipio's virtue; his, the skill
And the indomitable will
Of Hannibal.

His was a Trajan's goodness, — his
A Titus' noble charities
And righteous laws;
The arm of Hector, and the might
Of Tully, to maintain the right
In truth's just cause;

The clemency of Antonine,
Aurelius' countenance divine,
Firm, gentle, still;
The eloquence of Adrian,
And Theodosius' love to man,
And generous will;

In tented field and bloody fray,
An Alexander's vigorous sway
And stern command;
The faith of Constantine; ay, more,
The fervent love Camillus bore
His native land.

He left no well-filled treasury,
He heaped no pile of riches high,
Nor massive plate;
He fought the Moors, and, in their fall,
City and tower and castled wall
Were his estate.

Upon the hard-fought battle ground,
Brave steeds and gallant riders found
A common grave;
And there the warrior's hand did gain
The rents, and the long vassal train,
That conquest gave.

And if, of old, his halls displayed
The honored and exalted grade
His worth had gained,
So, in the dark, disastrous hour,
Brothers and bondsmen of his power
His hand sustained.

After high deeds, not left untold,
In the stern warfare, which of old
'Twas his to share,
Such noble leagues he made, that more
And fairer regions, than before,
His guerdon were.

These are the records, half effaced,
Which, with the hand of youth, he traced
On history's page;
But with fresh victories he drew
Each fading character anew
In his old age.

By his unrivaled skill, by great
And veteran service to the state,
By worth adored,
He stood, in his high dignity,
The proudest knight of chivalry,
Knight of the Sword.

He found his cities and domains
Beneath a tyrant's galling chains
And cruel power;
But, by fierce battle and blockade,
Soon his own banner was displayed
From every tower.

By the tried valor of his hand,
His monarch and his native land
Were nobly served;—
Let Portugal repeat the story,
And proud Castile, who shared the glory
His arms deserved.

And when so oft, for weal or woe,
His life upon the fatal throw
Had been cast down;

When he had served, with patriot zeal,
Beneath the banner of Castile,
His sovereign's crown ;

And done such deeds of valor strong,
That neither history nor song
Can count them all ;
Then, on Ocaña's castled rock,
Death at his portal came to knock,
With sudden call, —

Saying, "Good Cavalier, prepare
To leave this world of toil and care
With joyful mien ;
Let thy strong heart of steel this day
Put on its armor for the fray, —
The closing scene.

"Since thou hast been, in battle strife,
So prodigal of health and life,
For earthly fame,
Let virtue nerve thy heart again ;
Loud on the last stern battle plain
They call thy name.

"Think not the struggle that draws near
Too terrible for man, — nor fear
To meet the foe ;
Nor let thy noble spirit grieve,
Its life of glorious fame to leave
On earth below.

"A life of honor and of worth
Has no eternity on earth, —
'Tis but a name ;
And yet its glory far exceeds
That base and sensual life, which leads
To want and shame.

"The eternal life, beyond the sky,
Wealth cannot purchase, nor the high
And proud estate ;
The soul in dalliance laid, — the spirit
Corrupt with sin, — shall not inherit
A joy so great.

"But the good monk, in cloistered cell,
Shall gain it by his book and bell,
His prayers and tears ;
And the brave knight, whose arm endures
Fierce battle, and against the Moors
His standard rears.

"And thou, brave knight, whose hand has poured
The lifeblood of the Pagan horde
O'er all the land,
In heaven shalt thou receive, at length,
The guerdon of thine earthly strength
And dauntless hand.

"Cheered onward by this promise sure,
Strong in the faith entire and pure
Thou dost profess,
Depart, — thy hope is certainty, —
The third — the better life on high
Shalt thou possess."

"O Death, no more, no more delay :
My spirit longs to flee away,
And be at rest ;
The will of Heaven my will shall be, —
I bow to the divine decree,
To God's behest.

"My soul is ready to depart,
No thought rebels, the obedient heart
Breathes forth no sigh ;
The wish on earth to linger still
Were vain, when 'tis God's sovereign will
That we shall die.

"O thou, that for our sins didst take
A human form, and humbly make
Thy home on earth ;
Thou, that to thy divinity
A human nature didst ally
By mortal birth,

"And in that form didst suffer her.
Torment, and agony, and fear,
So patiently ;

By thy redeeming grace alone,
And not for merits of my own,
O, pardon me!"

As thus the dying warrior prayed,
Without one gathering mist or shade
Upon his mind;
Encircled by his family,
Watched by affection's gentle eye
So soft and kind;

His soul to Him who gave it rose;
God lead it to its long repose,
Its glorious rest!
And, though the warrior's sun has set,
Its light shall linger round us yet,
Bright, radiant, blest.



PROLOGUE TO THE RECUEIL DES HISTOIRES DE TROYE.

By WILLIAM CAXTON.

[WILLIAM CAXTON, English printer-author, was born in Kent between 1411 and 1422. He became a mercer in Bruges; in 1465 was governor of the Company of Merchant Adventurers operating in the Low Countries; and arranged a commercial treaty with Charles the Bold. He entered the service of Charles' Duchess, sister of Edward IV., engaged in translating and learned the printing business, and in 1476 set up a press at Westminster, England. From this on he was very industrious in translating and printing till his death in 1491, and his work had important effects on the English language.]

HERE beginneth the volume entitled and named the *recueil* of the histories of Troy, composed and drawn out of divers books of Latin into French, by the right venerable person and worshipful man, Raoul le Fevre, priest and chaplain unto the right noble, glorious, and mighty prince in his time, Philip, duke of Bourgoyne, of Brabant, etc., in the year of the incarnation of our Lord God one thousand four hundred sixty and four, and translated and drawn out of French into English by William Caxton, mercer of the city of London, at the commandment of the right high, mighty, and virtuous princess, his redoubted lady Margaret, by the grace of God Duchess of

Bourgoyne, of Lotryk, of Brabant, etc., which said translation and work was begun in Bruges in the County of Flanders, the first day of March, the year of the incarnation of our said Lord God one thousand four hundred sixty and eight, and ended and finished in the holy city of Cologne the 19th day of September, the year of our said Lord God one thousand four hundred sixty and eleven, etc.

And on that other side of this leaf followeth the prologue.

When I remember that every man is bounden by the commandment and counsel of the wise man to eschew sloth and idleness, which is mother and nourisher of vices, and ought to put myself unto virtuous occupation and business, then I, having no great charge of occupation, following the said counsel, took a French book and read therein many strange and marvelous histories wherein I had great pleasure and delight, as well for the novelty of the same as for the fair language of French, which was in prose so well and compendiously set and written, which methought I understood the sentence and substance of every matter. And forsomuch as this book was new and late made and drawn into French, and never had seen it in our English tongue, I thought in myself it should be a good business to translate it into our English, to the end that it might be had as well in the realm of England as in other lands, and also for to pass therewith the time, and thus concluded in myself to begin this said work. And forthwith took pen and ink and began boldly to run forth as blind Bayard, in this present work which is named the *Recueil* of the Trojan histories. And afterward when I remembered myself of my simpleness and unperfectness that I had in both languages, that is, to wit, in French and in English, for in France was I never, and was born and learned mine English in Kent in the Weald where, I doubt not, is spoken as broad and rude English as in any place of England, and have continued, by the space of thirty years, for the most part in the countries of Brabant, Flanders, Holland, and Zealand; and thus when all these things came tofore me after that I had made and written a five or six quires, I fell in despair of this work and purposed no more to have continued therein, and those quires laid apart, and in two years after labored no more in this work. And was fully in will to have left it, till on a time it fortuneth that the right high, excellent, and right virtuous princess, my right redoubted lady, my lady Margaret, by the grace of God sister unto the King of England and of

France, my sovereign lord — Duchess of Bourgoyne, of Lotryk, of Brabant, of Lymburgh, and of Luxembourg, Countess of Flanders and Artois and of Bourgoyne, Palatine of Hainault, of Holland, of Zeeland, and of Namur, Marchioness of the holy empire, lady of Fries, of Salins, and of Mechlin — sent for me to speak with her good grace of divers matters. Among the which, I let her highness have knowledge of the foresaid beginning of this work, which anon commanded me to show the said five or six quires to her said grace, and when she had seen them, anon she found a default in mine English, which she commanded me to amend, and moreover commanded me straitly to continue and make an end of the residue then not translated; whose dreadful commandment I durst in no wise disobey, because I am a servant unto her said grace, and receive of her yearly fee, and other many good and great benefits, and also hope many more to receive of her highness; but forthwith went and labored in the said translation after my simple and poor cunning; also, nigh as I can, following mine author, meekly beseeching the bounteous highness of my said lady that of her benevolence list to accept and take in *gree* this simple and rude work here following. And if there be anything written or said to her pleasure, I shall think my labor well employed, and whereas there is default that she *arette* it to the simpleness of my cunning which is full small in this behalf, and require and pray all them that shall read this said work to correct it, and to hold me excused of the rude and simple translation. And thus I end my prologue.



EPILOGUE TO THE DICTES AND SAYINGS OF THE PHILOSOPHERS.

BY WILLIAM CAXTON.

HERE endeth the book named the dictes or sayings of the philosophers, imprinted by me, William Caxton, at Westminster, the year of our Lord 1477. Which book is late translated out of French into English, by the noble and puissant lord, Lord Anthony, Earl of Rivers, lord of Seales and of the Isle of Wight, Defender and Director of the *siege* apostolic for our holy Father the Pope, in this realm of England, and governor of my lord

Prince of Wales. And it is so that at such time as he had accomplished this said work, it liked him to send it to me in certain quires to oversee, which forthwith I saw and found therein many great, notable, and wise sayings of the philosophers, according unto the books made in French which I had oft afore read, but certainly I had seen none in English till that time. And so afterward, I came unto my said lord, and told him how I had read and seen his book, and that he had done a meritory deed in the labor of the translation thereof into our English tongue, wherein he had deserved a singular laud and thank, etc. Then my said lord desired me to oversee it and, whereas I should find fault, to correct it; wherein I answered unto his lordship that I could not amend it, but if I should so presume I might apaire it, for it was right well and cunningly made and translated into right good and fair English. Notwithstanding he willed me to oversee it, and showed me divers things which, as him seemed, might be left out, as divers letters missives sent from Alexander to Darius and Aristotle and each to other, which letters were little pertinent unto the dictes and sayings aforesaid forasmuch as they specify of other matters, and also desired me, that done, to put the said book in print. And thus, obeying his request and commandment, I have put me in devoir to oversee this his said book, and behold, as nigh as I could, how it accordeth with the original, being in French. And I find nothing discordant therein, save only in the dictes and sayings of Socrates. Wherein I find that my said lord hath left out certain and divers conclusions touching women. Whereof I marvel that my said lord hath not written them, nor what hath moved him so to do, nor what cause he had at that time. But I suppose that some fair lady hath desired him to leave it out of his book, or else he was amorous on some noble lady, for whose love he would not set it in his book, or else for the very affection, love, and good will that he hath unto all ladies and gentlewomen, he thought that Socrates spared the sooth and wrote of women more than truth, which I cannot think that so true a man and so noble a philosopher as Socrates was should write otherwise than truth. For if he had made fault in writing of women, he ought not nor should not be believed in his other dictes and sayings. But I apperceive that my said lord knoweth verily that such defaults be not had nor found in the women born and dwelling in these parts nor regions of the world. Socrates was a Greek born in a far country from hence, which country is all of other conditions

than this is. And men and women of other nature than they be here in this country. For I wot well, of whatsoever condition women be in Greece, the women of this country be right good, wise, pleasant, humble, discreet, sober, chaste, obedient to their husbands, true, secret, stedfast, ever busy and never idle, attemperate in speaking, and virtuous in all their works, or at least should be so. For which causes so evident my said lord, as I suppose, thought it was not of necessity to set in his book the sayings of his author Socrates touching women. But forasmuch as I had commandment of my said lord to correct and amend whereas I should find fault, and other find I none save that he has left out these dictes and sayings of the women of Greece. Therefore in accomplishing his commandment, forasmuch as I am not in certain whether it was in my lord's copy or not, or else peradventure that the wind had blown over the leaf, at the time of translation of his book, I purpose to write those same sayings of that Greek Socrates, which wrote of the women of Greece and nothing of them of this realm, whom I suppose he never knew. For if he had, I dare plainly say that he would have reserved them in especial in his said dictes. Alway not presuming to put and set them in my said lord's book, but in the end apart in the rehearsal of the works, humbly requiring all them that shall read this little rehearsal that if they find any fault to *arette* it to Socrates and not to me.



THE GREAT CAPTAIN.

BY ALBION W. TOURGÉE.¹

(From "Out of the Sunset Sea.")

[ALBION WINEGAR TOURGÉE, American judge and author, was born in Ohio, May 2, 1838. He served through the Civil War, and after it lived at Greensboro, N.C., till 1880; was judge of the Superior Court (1868-1874), member of the constitutional conventions of 1868 and 1875, and a commissioner to codify the state laws. He edited the weekly *Our Continent*, 1882-1884; was afterwards professor of the Buffalo Law School. Besides law books, he has written, among other novels, "A Fool's Errand" (1879), "Figs and Thistles" (1879), "Bricks without Straw" (1880), "Hot Plowshares" (1883), "Out of the Sunset Sea" (1893). "An Appeal to Cæsar" appeared in 1884. Died in 1905.]

GONSALVO DE CORDOVA was not then "the Great Captain," though he was already spoken of as "the Prince of

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Cavaliers." Handsome, gay, of a reckless daring, true to his friends, loyal to his King, and a prime favorite with Queen Isabella; of luxurious habits but able to undergo inconceivable fatigue, he had, also, the very remarkable distinction of having fewer enemies than any man of our time — perhaps fewer than any great man of any time. United with these qualities was a strange winsomeness of manner, which caused men to accept his leadership in battle or advice in counsel, without argument or suspicion, and a genius for military affairs as unobtrusive as it was marvelous. His long service with the Spanish armies had shown him their defects, and without discussion or advice he set himself to make those changes on which his future fame so greatly depended. He was one of the first to recognize the fact that a foot soldier is better and cheaper than a horseman, if he is so armed and disciplined as to develop his full capacity.

When I was first ushered into his presence he sat in a sumptuous chair having high carved arms, over which was thrown a lion's skin. It was of a fashion said to have been modeled on the throne chairs of the Moors, which was at that time much in vogue. He was attired in a suit of rich brocade and velvet. At his right was a small table, the top of which was a single slab of that rich stone, shining like emerald, only a paler green, as if it had caught the light by lying for ages under the waters of the sea, as indeed some say it hath, which the plunder of Moorish palaces had introduced into Spain. I had seen pieces of it before, but never one so large, and indeed only in the palace of the Alhambra have I seen its equal since. On this table were writing materials and a book to which he now and then recurred as if it contained memorandums of what he had in hand. Back of this, at another table, sat a secretary who took notes of such matters as he was directed to record. He was evidently engaged in the dispatch of business, for while I waited in the anteroom more than a score passed through the double velvet curtains into the room where he sat, only to come forth after a brief interview and hurry away as if charged to use dispatch in executing the orders they had received. At last, there was but one remaining with me, a small slender man of about my own age, with regular features, a piercing eye, and a composed manner. While others chafed at being required to wait, he stood quietly looking out of the window. I was greatly impressed with his youth and grace, both

of which were enhanced by the slightness of his form, which, however, was compact and wiry. We were bidden to enter together, and he led the way as if entitled of right to precedence. I noted the fact with a smile, as characteristic of the Spanish people to whom, though the most fastidious people in the world, self-assertion seems altogether consistent with gentle manners.

The Chevalier Gonsalvo looked up as we entered and watched our approach with a steady glance. I was becomingly arrayed and knew that my appearance was that of one accustomed to a military life, so I felt no discomposure in coming into the presence of the great Captain. Motioning me to one side with a gesture that was a request in its gentle courtesy, he addressed my companion: —

“Your name, Señor?”

“Alonzo de Ojeda.”

“Your wish?”

“To serve in the corps you are recruiting.”

“In what capacity?”

“Such as you may assign me.”

“What can you do?”

“I carry a sword,” touching the hilt lightly.

“What service would you prefer?”

“What others shrink from.”

“If I give thee a spear?”

“Thou shalt never find it out of line.”

“Bring me twenty spearmen and thou shalt be an ensign.”

He waved his hand and the other withdrew.

“And now, Señor, by what name shall I call you?”

There was something in his tone and smile which satisfied me that I was recognized; but I answered gravely: —

“Tallerte de Lajes, at your lordship’s service.”

“Tailerte de Lajes! Good sooth, a fair name, but I remember it not. May I ask if you are a Biscayan?”

I bowed my head but made no reply. He made a sign to his secretary, who left the room and we were alone.

“Thou wishest service?”

“That is my desire.”

“In what capacity?”

“Where I may serve with credit to myself and advantage to the cause of their Catholic Majesties.”

“What induces thee to seek service?”

"There be many reasons."

"What is the strongest?"

"A pair of spurs."

"What other reward dost thou expect?"

"Faith! I know of nothing, beyond reasonable pay and good equipment."

"Rank? Favor? Place for others?"

"I seek nothing for myself, beyond the distinction of a good soldier, and have neither family nor friends for whom I need ask favor."

"And if thy service be one of which few know the merit?"

"If Gonsalvo de Cordova counts it important, and it be worthy of a soldier, I am content."

"And how about the reward?"

"I leave that to thee."

"Hark ye, Señor; I am making up a body of foot soldiers. It is on them we must rely hereafter, regular foot battalions, not a horse among them. I mean to arm and drill them on a new plan; every third file to carry long pikes like the Swiss infantry, and the other two sword and buckler, with perhaps a short spear. What think ye of it?"

"If well trained they should be effective."

"I mean them to be pikemen against cavalry and swordsmen against infantry."

"Why not all pikemen at need?" I answered. "Short pikes in the front and long ones behind them?"

"God's death, Señor!" he exclaimed, springing to his feet. "Thou hast my thought exactly — a combination of Swiss pikemen and Asturian spearmen with bucklers and swords. Say one spearman to two swordsmen!"

"That should make a strong line and a flexible force."

"That is it; the Swiss pikes are too heavy."

"The Moors ran under them in the pass of Malaga and made short work with those that held them."

"Ah, thou sawest that? Yet the Swiss infantry bids defiance to the best cavalry in Europe as long as its formation holds. What we need is a union of heavy spearmen and light swordsmen — the one with shoulders like thine and the other with legs like mountain goats."

"Was that why you proffered a spear to the Señor Ojeda?" I asked with a smile.

"If he is content to bear a spear he will deserve a sword."

This was the key of "the Great Captain's" success. He knew every man's merit and how to make it available.

After a moment he added : —

"I am raising such a corps. There must be no rank or favor in it. A swineherd shall stand on a level with an *hidalgo* in opportunity, if intelligent and brave. There must be one uniform rule of merit ; and only courage and skill be of any avail to secure preferment. To assist in its organization I want one who has some idea of discipline and some experience as a soldier, but who knows no one in all the realm and is willing to remain unknown to the very end. Rank and favor are the curse of our Spanish army. Their Majesties have given me full control in this matter. Are you minded to take such place ?"

"What is the place ?" I asked, quite dazed by the offer.

"You will be the Adjutant of Infantry in my household. Everything concerning the equipment, drill, discipline of this corps will be done through you. You shall have clerks and couriers as many as you require, and any equipment you wish. Gonsalvo de Cordova is not niggardly with them that serve faithfully. But you will act only in my name ; I would you might be wholly unknown, except as my Adjutant."

"It is only a matter of a basinet and a visor," I responded, musingly. "How large is the corps to be ?"

"I am granted leave to muster ten thousand, and hope to get five ; perhaps no more than three !"

"I will try to fulfill your wish."

"Good. I will make order for your maintenance, forthwith. If you do not object to wear a basinet with an open visor, so much the better. It is a sure bar to prying eyes, even if it do not cover all the face. My armorer shall make one under my direction if you will allow him to take the necessary measurements. — I think one might be made that would become thee well. Thou shalt have a liberal provision, and if thou servest to my satisfaction, I will gladly charge myself with providing the golden ornaments thou wishest for thy heels — if thou be of noble blood, that is," he added cautiously.

"If it be not equal in honor with thine own, your Excellency, I will ask naught," I answered, a little proudly.

"Indeed !" he responded with more consideration than he had before shown ; "when shall I learn by what style thou art entitled to be known ?"

"When thou hast no farther use for an Adjutant of Infantry," I answered.

"Agreed. When that time comes, I will let thee know. When wilt thou begin thy duty?"

"To-morrow, your Excellency."

"Till to-morrow then, adios."

He extended his hand; I touched it, bowed, and withdrew, no longer wondering that the Queen had said it was "worth the trouble of being a sovereign to have one such subject as Gonsalvo de Cordova." . . . The memory of that time brings back a proud day when Gonsalvo de Cordova publicly acknowledged the indebtedness of his fame to my efficiency.

Nevertheless, there was one who had not forgotten Del Porro. Riding at eventide across the plain that lay without the walls of Granada after service in the conquered city had become monotonous, I spoke to one whom I overtook, somewhat bitterly of the wrongs imposed upon the subjugated people and the rapacity of the Holy Office, who, when the war against the Moors was over, began at once the spoliation of the Jews to fill the depleted treasury. As if shaped out of the gathering mist, an unshod mule came softly over the white dust to my side, and a voice I shall never forget, exclaimed in cold, harsh tones :—

"Who art thou that speakest thus lightly of the Right Hand of God?"

"And who art thou that makest such demand of a soldier of their Majesties?"

"Men call me the 'Pillar of Fire,'" was the calm, exultant reply.

"God have mercy!" shouted my companion. "Torquemada!" Thereupon he put spurs to his horse and fled. I never saw him more. As he had spoken quite as harshly as I, he had equal reason to fear. I did not attempt to fly; not because I did not fear, for I felt a chill as of death creep down my back under my armor, though it was midsummer and the breath of the south wind was stifling. But I knew it was useless to try to escape from one who had ten thousand eyes and ears at his command in Spain, and who held King and Queen in mortal terror of his wrath. Only guile could serve, and of this there was little hope. Even then a dull flame just visible to the right of the road we traveled, showed where another victim, 'delivered up to the civil authorities,' had expired in the

flames of the Quemadero, which was set up without the city, almost before the cross had been reared within it.

"What is thy name?" asked the Chief Inquisitor, sternly.

"In truth, Holy Father," I answered, "my words were but lightly spoken. A soldier abhors bloodshed except by the sword and in open strife."

"The Holy Office sheds no man's blood. The Holy Word declares an unqualified curse against every one by whom man's blood is shed: 'by man shall his blood be shed.' It is not seemly that the servants of the Most High should be exposed to this anathema, in their efforts to rid the world of error and unbelief. In all that they do, therefore, care is taken to shed no drop of blood, even of the unworthiest while probing his soul for sin and compelling assent to the truths he hates. Even when found incorrigible, the sentence of destruction is never executed by the agents of the Holy Office, but clothed in the garb of the impenitent, the unhappy one against whom eternal doom is pronounced, through the faithfulness of their Catholic Majesties, is executed by the civil authorities by burning only; in order that even by implication no drop of blood may be shed by our action."

"I doubt not thou art right, Holy Father; I am no casuist and shall willingly do penance for my words."

"Aye, thou shalt do penance, of that be assured; but thou wert not so modest about thy casuistic skill a little time ago, methinks. What is thy name?"

"Men call me Del Porro," I answered as calmly as I could.

But now it was my listener's turn to show surprise.

"Del Porro! The Duke of Medina Sidonia's Captain!" he exclaimed. "Where hast thou hid thyself so long?"

"In truth, Holy Father," I answered, "you must not blame a soldier if you find him not, because he is in the front of battle rather than with them that chant the victory."

"But thou mightest have heard the King's trumpets! Knowest thou not that for a year proclamation hath been made for thee in every camp and a reward offered for him that should find thee dead or alive! That every Familiar in Spain hath special order to seize thee and bring thee before their Majesties without delay or intervention! God and Saint Dominic be praised for this good fortune! Come thou with me, my son!"

He reached out his hand to take my rein, but the bridle of

Achmet's son was far beyond his reach before he could touch it with a finger. Ere he could recover, my sword was out and though I would not turn its point against a man of his calling, I thought it no harm to send it into the neck of his mule just where the jointure leaves the marrow exposed, whereby the good Father was suddenly rolled in the dust.

"Good-by, Holy Father!" I shouted as I spurred away. "It will be more than two years ere thou seest me again!"

"Stop! Stop!" he cried. "Thou knowest not what thou art fleeing from! I will forgive thy sacrilege and impiety!— I will absolve thy offense, if thou wilt but wait and hear me!"

Achmet's hoof strokes drowned his voice as we fled away into the darkness.

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